

The Sunday School Hymnal

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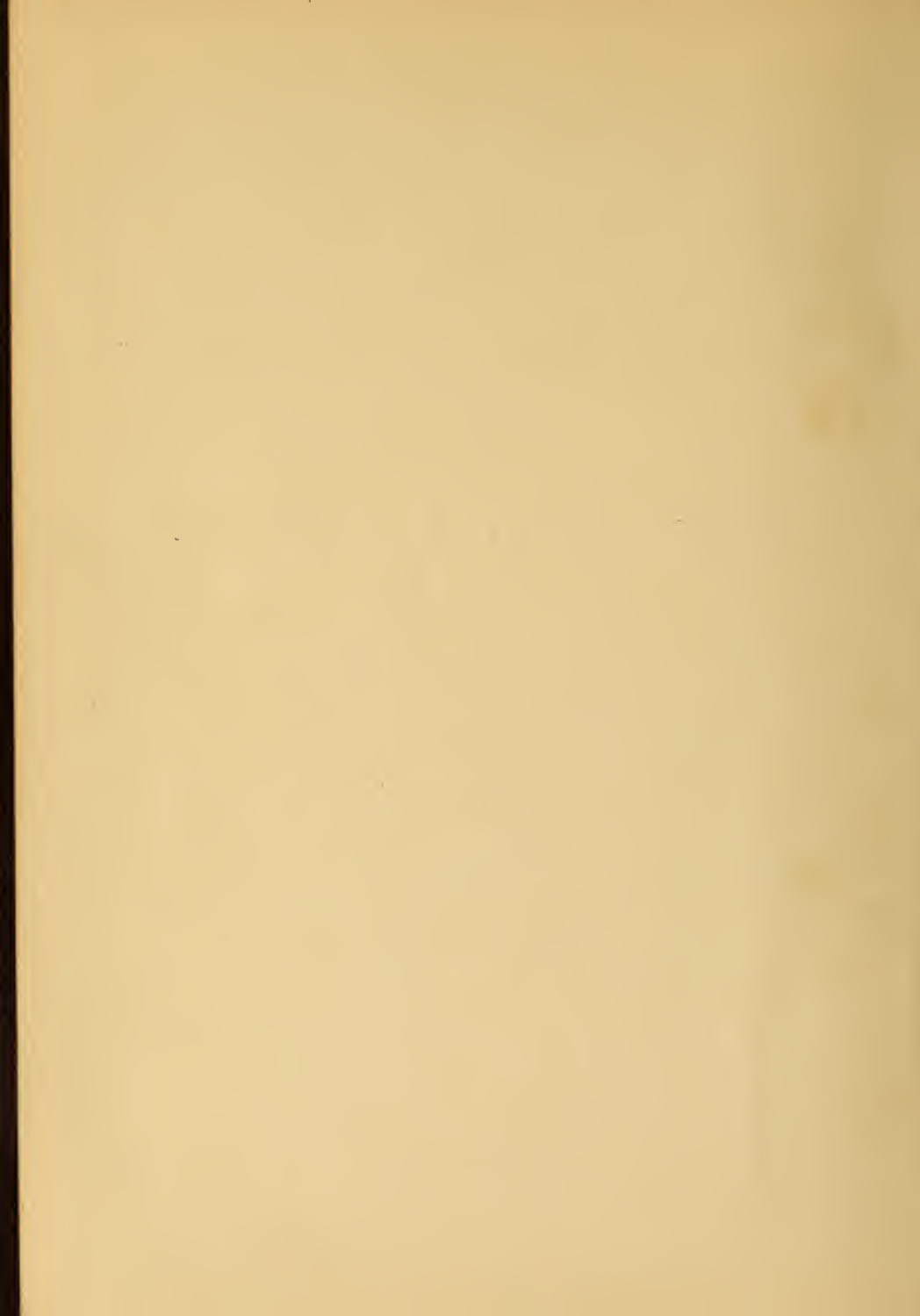
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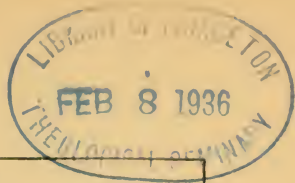
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The

Sunday School Hymnal

WITH

OFFICES OF DEVOTION

of
Reformed Church in America

Seventy-fifth Thousand

Philadelphia

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1902

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by The Heidelberg Press.



PREFATORY NOTE.

“We submitted the Sunday-school Hymnal for a test examination to several competent Sunday-school workers in three different departments of the Sunday-school, and belonging to three different denominations. It has stood the test well. The examiners have all recommended it as the best selection of hymns and tunes known to them, judged by its fitness for worship in young people’s assemblies, the sprightliness and chasteness of the music, the inspiring and elevating sentiment of the hymns, the variety and breadth of topics covered, and the happy adaptation of the tunes to the varied poetic expressions of praise and worship. The typographical execution is excellent, and the price is remarkably low for so choice and so large a book. It is worthy the attention of all large schools wishing to introduce a new book of praise.”

—*From The Sunday-school World,*
Philadelphia, Pa., June, 1900.





The music of this Hymnal was edited by
Profs. Adam Geibel, W. J. Baltzell, and
Prof. Irvin J. Morgan, Mus. Bac.



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Sunday-School Services.

Order of Service.

I. Opening Hymn.

II. Introductory Sentences. (School standing.)

Leader.—The Lord is nigh unto them that call upon Him :

School.—To all that call upon Him in truth.

L.—How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God !

S.—How great is the sum of them !

L.—If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand ;

S.—When I awake, I am still with Thee.

L.—Search me, O God, and know my heart :

S.—Try me, and know my thoughts :

L.—And see if there be any wicked way in me.

S.—And lead me in the way everlasting.
(For other selections, see pp. xii-xxii.)

III. Invocation. (Here may be used the following :)

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who art the Help of those that flee unto Thee ; we confess that we have offended against Thee, not only by evil words and deeds, but also by sinful thoughts and desires ; cleanse us, we beseech Thee, from our sins, secret and open. Let Thy favor be present with us, that with a firm faith, a calm hope, and a peaceful love, we may bring our worship

before Thee. By Thy Holy Spirit, enkindle within us holy and heavenly desires, that we may both ask such things as shall please Thee, and also obtain what we ask : through the glorious merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

IV. Selections. (Read responsively, or recite from memory : The Beatitudes, the Ten Commandments, or some other passage of Scripture.)

V. Hymn.

VI. Scripture Lesson for the day :
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost :

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

VII. The Apostles' Creed.

VIII. Prayer. (Here shall be offered the collect for the day, and the general prayer ; or a free prayer.)

IX. Lesson Hymn.

X. Lesson Study.

XI. Supplemental Lesson and Review.

XII. Secretary's Report.

XIII. Closing Hymn.

XIV. Prayer. (A free prayer or the closing prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer.)

I.

General Prayer.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, whose mercies are new unto us every morning, and Thy faithfulness every night, grant us, we beseech Thee, Thy Holy Spirit, that we may heartily acknowledge Thy merciful goodness toward us, give thanks for all Thy benefits, and serve Thee in willing obedience, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, who wast seated, when a Child, in the temple in the midst of the doctors, both hearing, and asking them questions; so rule us, we beseech Thee, by Thy Holy Spirit, that following Thy example, we may love the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth. May we diligently seek Thee, hear Thy word with gladness, and faithfully keep it to the saving of our souls, and to Thy name shall be the praise. *Amen.*

Merciful God, we ask Thy blessing upon all Thy servants to whom Thou hast committed the work of teaching the young; bless our pastor, parents, and teachers; guide them, O Thou good Shepherd of the sheep, that they may be able to guide the sheep and lambs of Thy flock in the way of life; and give them Thy continual grace, that they may persevere in the good work which they have undertaken; reward them abundantly through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

Closing Prayer.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the lessons of Thy word. Grant us, we beseech Thee, the continual blessing of Thy grace and Spirit, that rooted and grounded in love, our lives may bring

forth good fruit to the honor and glory of Thy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. *Amen.*

II.

General Prayer.

Almighty and everlasting God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, who art more willing to give Thy Holy Spirit to them that ask Thee, than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children, send down upon us the healthful Spirit of Thy grace. Prosper, we humbly beseech Thee, all the means employed to train up these children in Thy fear and service. Dispose them from the heart to believe in Thee, the Lord, their God, and to worship and serve Thee, their Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier. Keep them from all the dangers and temptations of this evil world, and sanctify them wholly in soul and body. May they never be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue His faithful soldiers and servants unto their life's end; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Most Gracious God, our Heavenly Father, who hast given us all things that pertain to life and godliness, through the glorious revelation of the Gospel, cause

Thy word to dwell in us richly, we beseech Thee, and fill us with the knowledge of Thy will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, that we may walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good word and work, and increasing in the knowledge of God ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Merciful God, we ask Thy blessing upon all missionaries. Prosper Thou their work of faith and love. Send forth more laborers into the harvest, to gather fruit unto life eternal. Grant us grace, and power, to be fellow-workers with them, by our prayers and offerings, that we may also rejoice with them in Thy heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Closing Prayer.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father,

who alone givest the increase, regard with favor, we beseech Thee, the worship and service of Thy people. Establish upon us the work of our hands for Thy praise. Give what Thy wisdom knoweth to be for our good, nor withhold from us that blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. Teach us to know Thee, the only Hope and Saviour of sinners. Help us to receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save our souls. Walking in the way of righteousness, may we grow in grace as members of Thy Church on earth ; and when we die, may we be received into Thy fold in heaven, there to praise Thee—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

Our Father, who art in heaven, etc.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth : And in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son our Lord ; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost ; born of the Virgin Mary ; suffered under Pontius Pilate ; was crucified, dead, and buried ; He descended into Hades ; the third day He rose from the dead ; He

ascended into heaven ; and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost ; the holy Catholic Church ; the communion of saints ; the forgiveness of sins ; the resurrection of the body ; and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

Twenty-third Psalm.

The Lord is my Shepherd : I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for

Thou art with me : Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : Thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

The Ten Commandments.

First.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Second.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Third.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

Fourth.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work,

thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Fifth.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Sixth.—Thou shalt not kill.

Seventh.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Eighth.—Thou shalt not steal.

Ninth.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Tenth.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

The Beatitudes.

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of God.

Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:

For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:

For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:

For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers:
For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Additional Prayers and Collects.

From which selections may be made for opening or closing.

1. Meet us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help; that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name, and finally, by Thy mercy, attain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

2. O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; send Thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of perfectness, and of all virtues; without which, whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee. Grant this for Thy only Son Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

3. Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, Fountain of all blessings, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, send down upon us the healthful Spirit of Thy grace, that we may glorify Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

4. O God, Thou art light, and in Thee is no darkness at all, draw us to Thy dear Son, our Saviour, who is the true light of the world. Grant us grace, as from the lips of those who teach us, to learn of Thee. Reveal Thy holy Gospel to us. By Thy Holy Spirit enlighten and instruct us in the knowledge of divine things. Deliver us from all unholy thoughts and desires. Unite us more closely to Thyself, and to all Thy children. Strengthen and confirm us in true piety; and guide our steps in the paths of innocence and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

5. O God, Giver of all good and Fountain of all mercies, in whom are the springs of our life: all glory, thanks, and praise be unto Thee for Thine ever-

flowing goodness; for Thy faithfulness which is from one generation to another; for Thy mercies which are new every morning, fresh every moment, and more than we can number; for Thy fatherly hand ever upon us in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, in life and in death; for friends and kindred, and kind benefactors; for home and country; for Thy Church and for Thy Gospel; yea, Lord, for that there is nothing for which we may not bless and thank Thee. And we beseech Thee ever to preserve in our hearts such gratitude for Thy manifold mercies, that we may continually show forth Thy praise. Renew us also more and more by Thy Word and Spirit in the image of Thy Son, that we may honor and glorify Thee, until we come at last into the glory of Thy heavenly kingdom. *Amen.*

6. Almighty Father, who hast promised that they who seek Thy heavenly wisdom shall find it; send down upon us Thy grace, that we, being trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, may choose and love Thy way, and never depart therefrom, that when Thou makest up Thy jewels in Thy glorious kingdom, we may be Thine, for the sake of Thy Holy Child Jesus, our Saviour. *Amen.*

7. O Lord Jesus, who art the Good Shepherd, and didst lay down Thy life for the sheep; look mercifully upon this Thy flock, and make it Thine forever, that we may love and serve Thee in constant obedience to Thy word, and, finally, be with those that come into Thy kingdom of glory. *Amen.*

8. O Lord, who didst come to seek and save that which was lost, and to

whom all power is given in heaven and on earth; hear, we beseech Thee, the prayers of Thy Church for those who, at Thy command, go forth to preach the Gospel in all the world. Preserve them from all dangers, to which they may be exposed; and while they plant and water, send Thou the increase, gathering in the multitude of the heathen; so that Thy name may be glorified, and Thy kingdom come. *Amen.*

9. Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast given us godly parents and faithful teachers, so that in our childhood and youth, we know the Holy Scriptures whereby we are made wise unto salvation; and, we beseech Thee, help us by Thy Holy Spirit to understand Thy word, and to treasure its truths in our hearts, so that, as we increase in stature, we may also grow in grace, and in favor with God and man, until we come to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

10. Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, by whose goodness we have now been instructed in Thy divine and saving truth: enlighten our souls to the full understanding of what has been spoken; and give us hearts to obey Thy will, that we may not only be hearers of spiritual words, but also doers of good works, and thus glorify Thee in a pure faith and blameless life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Sick.

Almighty and gracious God, whose mercies are over all Thy creatures, look in tender compassion, we beseech Thee, upon Thy servant, N. N., who is sick. Sustain *him* in the trial through which *he* is passing, and sanctify it to *his* good. Deliver *him* from suffering, and, if in accordance with Thy holy will, restore

him to health and strength that *he* may joyfully serve Thee in Thy Church, to the honor of Thy Name, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

For Meetings of Teachers and Young People.

1. Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, whose we are and whom we serve; from whom cometh all wisdom profitable to direct, and help for every duty; be graciously with us in our present assembly. May all our counsels be ordered in heavenly wisdom, and crowned with Thine abundant blessing; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

2. Keep us mindful, O Lord, that we are not our own, but belong to our faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ. To Thee we dedicate ourselves anew. To Thee we offer all our designs, all our studies and endeavors, all that we have and are. Give us grace to renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world, and to choose the ways of charity and good works, that being wholly taken up with labors of mercy, we may escape the corruptions that are in the world through lust. Make our hearts humble, our words rich with the savor of grace, our lives consistent and pure, that in all things we may be an example to the lambs of Thy flock. *Amen.*

3. Bless Thy Church, we pray Thee, its Pastors, and all who labor and give, for its prosperity and extension. Raise up for it many friends who may joyfully serve it in its various necessities. Increase the number of those who preach and uphold Thy word, that it may have free course, and win many to righteousness. *Amen.*

4. Let Thy special benediction be upon this congregation, upon its officers, its schools, its teachers, and upon all its interests and efforts, that streams of bless-

ing may issue from it, to the honor and glory of Thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

5. Almighty God, who hast promised to hear the petitions of Thy people; we beseech Thee mercifully incline Thine ear to us who have now made our prayers and supplications unto Thee; and grant

that those things which we have faithfully asked according to Thy will, may be effectually obtained, to the relief of our necessity, and to the setting forth of Thy glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

Special Orders of Service.

Advent Season.

I. Opening Hymn.

II. Introductory. (School standing.)

Leader.—Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me.

School.—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.

O'er the distant mountains breaking,

Comes the red'ning dawn of day:

Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,

Rise and sing, and watch and pray;

'Tis Thy Saviour,

On His bright returning way.

III. Let us pray.

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armor of light now, in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that when He shall come in His glorious majesty, to judge the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and forever. *Amen.*

IV. Hymn.

V. *Leader.*—O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

School.—Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.

L.—Hosanna to the Son of David:

S.—Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

L.—The desire of all nations shall come.

S.—A Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.

L.—Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

S.—Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

SERAPHIC HYMN.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full, are full of the majesty of Thy glory. Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, in the highest!

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, in the highest.

VI. Scripture Lesson for the day.

(Follow Order of Service, p. vi.)

Christmas and Epiphany Season.

I. Opening Hymn.

II. Introductory. (School standing.)

Leader.—O Lord, open Thou my lips.

School.—And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare Him room

And heaven and nature sing.

III. Let us pray.

Our Heavenly Father, who hast so loved the world as to give Thine only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth

in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life; vouchsafe unto us, we humbly pray Thee, the precious gift of faith, whereby we may know that the Son of God is come, and being always rooted and grounded in the mystery of the Word made flesh, may have power to overcome the world, and gain the blessed immortality of heaven; through the merits of this same incarnate Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

IV. Hymn.

V. *Leader.*—Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.

School.—Which shall be to all people.

L.—Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour,

S.—Which is Christ the Lord.

L.—He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest.

S.—And the Lord God shall give Him the throne of His father David.

L.—And He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever;

S.—And of His kingdom there shall be no end.

Or:

L.—Arise, shine; for thy light is come;

S.—And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

L.—Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people;

S.—But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee.

L.—And the Gentiles shall come to Thy light;

S.—And kings to the brightness of Thy rising.

L.—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:

S.—They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

L.—The glory of the Lord shall be revealed;

S.—And all flesh shall see it together.

MAGNIFICAT.

My soul doth *magni-* fy the | Lord: || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced in | God my | Savior.

For He | hath re- | garded: || The *low* e- | state of | His hand- | maiden.

For be- | hold from | henceforth || all *gene-* | rations shall | call me | blessed.

For He that is mighty * hath *done* to | me great things; || and | ho-ly | is His | Name.

And His *mercy* is on | them that | fear Him: || from *gene-* | ration . to | gene- | ration.

He hath shewed *strength* | with His | arm: || He hath scattered the proud in the *imagi-* | nation | of their | hearts.

He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seats: || and *exalted* | them of | low de- | gree.

He hath filled the hungry with | good= | things: || and the *rich* He | hath sent | empty * a- | way.

He hath *holpen* His | servant | Israel: || in re- | membrance | of His = | mercy.

As He *spake* | to our | fathers: || to Abraham, | and his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the *Father*, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be: || *world* without | end. = | A = | men.

VI. Scripture Lesson for the day.

(Follow Order of Service, p. vi.)

Lenten Season.

I. Opening Hymn.

II. Introductory. (School standing.)

Leader.—God be merciful unto us, and bless us;

School.—And cause His face to shine upon us.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

III. Let us pray.

We beseech Thee, O God, by the mystery of our Saviour's fasting and temptation, to arm us with the same mind that was in Him toward all evil and sin; and give us grace to keep our bodies in such holy discipline, that our minds may be always ready to resist Satan, and to obey the motions of Thy Holy Spirit; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

IV. Hymn.

V. *Leader.*—Behold the Lamb of God;

School.—Which taketh away the sin of the world.

L.—He was despised and rejected of men;

S.—A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

L.—Surely He hath borne our griefs;

S.—And carried our sorrows.

L.—He was wounded for our transgressions;

S.—He was bruised for our iniquities.

L.—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

S.—And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

KYRIE.

O God, the Father in *Heaven*,

Have | mercy upon | us.

O God, the Son, Redeemer of the *world*,

Have | mercy upon | us.

O God, the Holy *Ghost*,

Have | mercy upon | us,

And grant | us Thy | peace. || *Amen.*

VI. Scripture Lesson for the day.

(Follow Order of Service, p. vi.)

Easter Season.

I. Opening Hymn.

II. Introductory. (School standing.)

Leader.—This is the day the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

School.—We will come before His presence with thanksgiving; and enter into His courts with praise.

The Lord of life is risen,

Sing, Easter heralds, sing;

He bursts His rocky prison,

Wide let the triumph ring.

In death no longer lying,

He rose, the Prince, to-day;

Life of the dead and dying

He triumphed o'er decay.

III. Let us pray.

Almighty God, who through the resurrection of Thine only begotten Son Jesus Christ, hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gates of everlasting life: assist and support in us, we beseech Thee, the aspirations of Thy heavenly grace, that dying unto sin always, and living unto righteousness, we may at last triumph over death and the grave, in the full image of our risen Lord; to whom, with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

IV. Hymn.

V. *Leader.*—The Lord is risen indeed.

School.—He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.

L.—Now is Christ risen from the dead:

S.—And become the first fruits of them that slept.

L.—For since by man came death:

S.—By man came also the resurrection of the dead.

L.—For as in Adam all die:

S.—Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

L.—O death, where is thy sting?

S.—Death is swallowed up in victory.

All.—Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Glory be to | God on | high : || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee : || we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

O Lord God, | heavenly | King : || God the | Fa-ther | Al- = | mighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ : || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son = | of the | Father,

That takest away the | sin . of the | world || have mercy up- | on = | us.

Thou that takest away the | sin . of the world : || have mercy up- | on = | us.

Thou that takest away the | sin . of the | world : || re- | ceive our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father : || have mercy up- | on = | us.

For Thou | only . art | Holy : || Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.

Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost : || art most high in the | glory . of | God the | Father. || A- | men.

VI. Scripture Lesson for the day.

(Follow Order of Service, p. vi.)

Abitsunday—Pentecost.

I. Opening Hymn.

II. Introductory. (School standing.)

Leader.—I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

School.—Our help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove :

With all Thy quickening powers ;

Kindle a flame of sacred love

In these cold hearts of ours.

III. Let us pray.

God of all peace and consolation, who didst gloriously fulfill the great promise

of the Gospel, by sending down the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, to establish the Church as the home of His continual presence and power among men, mercifully grant unto us, we beseech Thee, this same gift of the Spirit, to renew, illuminate, refresh and sanctify our dying souls, to be over us, and around us, like the light and dew of heaven, and to be in us evermore as a well of water springing up into everlasting life : through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, be honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

IV. Hymn or Chant.

O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord : || let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation.

Let us come before His presence with | thanks- = | giving : || and make a joyful noise | unto | Him with | psalms.

For the Lord is a | great = | God : || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

In His hand are the deep places | of the | earth : || the strength of the | hills is | His = | also.

The sea is His, | and He | made it : || and His hands | formed the | dry = | land.

O come, let us worship and | bow = | down : || let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

Glory be to the Father, | and * to the | Son, || and | to * the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world without | end. = | A- = | men.

V. *Leader.*—I will pour out my Spirit upon Thy seed ;

School.—And my blessing upon Thine offspring.

L.—God hath put forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.

S.—Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.

L.—Create in me a clean heart, O God ;

S.—And renew a right Spirit within me.

L.—Cast me not away from Thy presence ;

S.—And take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

VI. Scripture Lesson for the day.

(Follow Order of Service, p. vi.)

Trinity Season.

I. Opening Hymn.

II. Introductory. (School standing.)

Leader.—The Lord is in His Holy Temple ;

School.—Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall
rise to Thee ;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty !
God in three persons, blessed Trinity !

III. Let us pray.

Almighty and everlasting God, the source of all life and joy, who, by the glad sound of the Gospel, hast called us to have part in Thy kingdom and glory : shine powerfully into our hearts, we beseech Thee, by Thy word and Spirit, and draw us with the cords of Thy constraining grace ; that we may heartily choose that good part which shall not be taken away from us, and give all diligence to make our calling and election sure : through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

IV. Hymn.

(Use the Commandments, p. 9, or the following :)

V. Leader.—Bless the Lord, O my soul ;

School.—And all that is within me, bless His holy name.

L.—Bless the Lord, O my soul,

S.—And forget not all His benefits :

L.—Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ;

S.—Who healeth all Thy diseases :

L.—Who redeemeth Thy life from destruction ;

S.—Who crowneth Thee with loving kindness and tender mercies :

L.—The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him.

S.—And His righteousness unto children's children.

L.—To such as keep His covenant,

S.—And to those that remember His precepts to do them.

TE DEUM.

We praise | Thee, O | God ; || We acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.

All the earth doth | worship | Thee, ||
The | Father | ever- | lasting.

To Thee all angels | cry a- | loud : ||
the heavens and | all the | powers there-
| in.

To Thee Cherubim and | Seraph- |
im || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God of | Sa-
bath. || Heaven and earth are full of the
| majes · ty | of Thy | glory.

The glorious company of the apos-
tles | praise = | Thee : The goodly fellow-
ship of the | prophets | praise = | Thee :

The noble army of martyrs | praise =
| Thee : || the Holy Church throughout
all the world | doth ac- | knowledge |
Thee :

The | Fa- = | ther, || of an | infinite |
Majes- | ty ;

Thine adorable, true, and | only |
Son : || Also the | Holy | Ghost, the |
Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, | O = |
Christ : || Thou art the everlasting |
Son = | of the | Father.

When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de-
| liver man, | Thou didst humble Thy-
self to be | born = | of a | virgin.

When Thou hadst *overcome* the |
sharpness of | death, || Thou didst open
the kingdom of | heaven to | all be- |
lievers.

Thou sittest at the right | hand of |
God || *in* the | glory | of the | Father.

We believe that Thou shalt *come* to |
be our | Judge : || we therefore pray Thee,
help Thy servants, whom Thou hast re-
deemed | with Thy | precious | blood.

Make them to be numbered | with
Thy | saints, || *in* | glory | ever- | lasting.

O *Lord*, | save Thy | people, || *and* |
bless = | Thy = | heritage.

Gov- = | ern | them, || *and* | lift them
| up for- | ever.

Day by *day* we | magnify | Thee : ||
And we worship Thy name *ever* |
world with- | out = | end.

Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, || to keep *us*
this | day with- | out = | sin.

O *Lord*, have | mercy up- | on us, ||
have | mer = | cy up- | on us.

O Lord, let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on
us, || *as* our | trust is | in = | Thee.

O Lord, in *Thee*, | have I | trusted : ||
let me | never | be con- | founded.

VI. Scripture lesson for the day.

(Follow order of service, p. vi.)

Responsive Selections.

(Festival and General.)

Advent.

1. PSALM III.

Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the
Lord with my whole heart ;

In the assembly of the upright, and in the
congregation.

The works of the Lord are great ;

Sought out of all them that have pleasure
therein.

His work is honorable and glorious ;

And His righteousness endureth forever.

He hath made His wonderful works to
be remembered ;

The Lord is gracious and full of compas-
sion.

He hath given meat unto them that
fear Him ;

He will ever be mindful of His covenant.

He hath shewed the people the power
of His works ;

That He may give them the heritage of
the heathen.

The works of His hands are verity and
judgment.

All His commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever.

And are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto His people.

He hath commanded His covenant for
ever : holy and reverend is His name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning
of wisdom ;

A good understanding have all they that
do His commandments.

His praise endureth forever.

Christmas.

2. PSALM 2.

Why do the heathen rage,

And the people imagine a vain thing ?

The kings of the earth set themselves,
and the rulers take counsel together,

Against the Lord, and against His
anointed, saying,

Let us break their bands asunder

And cast away their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall
laugh.

The Lord shall have them in derision.

Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath,

And vex them in His sore displeasure.

Yet have I set my king

Upon My holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree :

The Lord hath said unto Me, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee.

Ask of Me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance.

And the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron ;

Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings,

Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Serve the Lord with fear

And rejoice with trembling.

Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.

Epiphany.

3. PSALM 8.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth ! Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies ; that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers ; the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained ;

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him ?

For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels ; and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands : Thou hast put all things under his feet.

O Lord, our Lord : how excellent is Thy name in all the earth !

Lent and Passion.

4. PSALM 51.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness : according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions : and my sin is ever before me.

Create in me a clean heart, O God : and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Thy presence : and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation : and uphold me with Thy free Spirit.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit :

A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Easter.

5. PSALM 16.

Preserve me, O God :

For in Thee do I put my trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord :

I have no good beyond Thee ;

As for the saints that are in the earth, they are the excellent,

In whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied

That hasten after another God.

Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,

Nor take up their names into my lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup :

Thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ;

Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel :

My reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me :
Because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth :

My flesh also shall rest in hope.

For Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell ;

Neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life.

In Thy presence is fullness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Ascension.

6. PSALM 24.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof : the world, and they that dwell therein.

For He hath founded it upon the seas : and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? Or who shall stand in His holy place ?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart : who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord : and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek Him : that seek Thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory ? the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory ? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

Whitsunday—Pentecost.

7. PSALM 145.

I will extol Thee, My God, O King : and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless Thee : and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and His greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise Thy works to another : and shall declare Thy mighty acts.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness : and sing of Thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion : slow to anger and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all : and His tender mercies are over all His works.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power :

To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts ; and the glorious majesty of His kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom : and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall ; and raiseth up all those that are bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest Thine hand : and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Trinity.

8. PSALM 67.

God be merciful unto us and bless us ;

And cause His face to shine upon us.

That Thy way may be known upon earth,

Thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise Thee, O God.
Let all the people praise Thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy,

For Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise Thee, O God,
Let all the people praise Thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase.

And God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us,

And all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

General.

9. PSALM 1.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But His delight is in the law of the Lord : and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water : that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so : but are like the chaff that the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment : nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous ; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

10. PSALM 19.

The heavens declare the glory of God : and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech : and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth ; and their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun ;

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and His circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart : the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever : the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold : sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned : and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors ? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ; let them not have dominion over me : then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

11. PSALM 34.

I will bless the Lord at all times : His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord : the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me : and let us exalt His name together.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him : and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil and do good: seek peace and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous; and His ears are open unto their cry.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants: and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.

12. PSALM 95.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord:

Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving,

And make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God,

And a great King above all gods.

In His hand are the deep places of the earth:

The strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His, and He made it:

And His hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down:

Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For He is our God;

And we are the people of His pasture; and the sheep of His hand.

13. PSALM 100.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord, He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves,

We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.

Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting.

And His truth endureth to all generations.

14.

Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven.

The entrance of Thy word giveth light.

The law of the Lord is perfect,

Converting the soul.

The testimony of the Lord is sure,

Making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right,

Rejoicing the heart.

The commandment of the Lord is pure,

Enlightening the eyes.

Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.

15.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,

And a light unto my path.

I will delight myself in Thy statutes:

I will not forget Thy word.

The word of the Lord is quick and powerful.

A discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly,

In all wisdom.

16.

Sanctify them through Thy truth;

Thy word is truth.

All flesh is as grass,

And all the glory of man as the flower of grass.

The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away :

But the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

Heaven and earth shall pass away :
But my word shall not pass away.

17. PSALM 121.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper :

The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil :

He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out
and thy coming in,

From this time forth, and even for evermore.

18. PSALM 122.

I was glad when they said unto me,

Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within Thy gates,
O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is built as a city that is compact together :

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord,

Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment,

The thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem :

They shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls,

And prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes,

I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God,

I will seek thy good.

19. PSALM 132.

Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest : Thou, and the ark of Thy strength.

Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness : and let Thy saints shout for joy.

For Thy servant David's sake ; turn not away the face of Thine anointed.

The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David :
He shall not turn from it.

Of the fruit of thy body, will I set upon thy throne.

If thy children will keep My covenant, and My testimony that I will teach them : their children also shall sit upon thy throne for evermore.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion : He hath desired it for His habitation.

This is my rest for ever : here will I dwell, for I have desired it.

I will abundantly bless her provision ; I will satisfy her poor with bread.

I will also clothe her priests with salvation : and her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

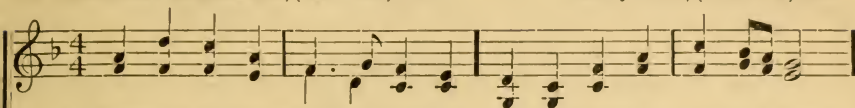
OPENING.

HEAVENLY FATHER, SEND THY BLESSING.

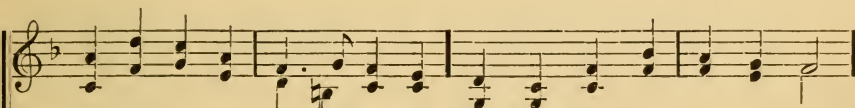
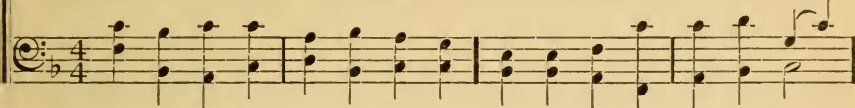
"Admaston (Bethany)." 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

BP. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, (1807—1885) 1865.

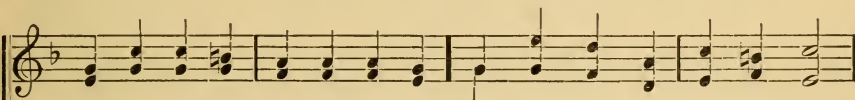
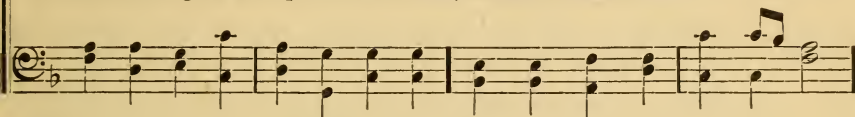
Henry Smart, (1813—1879) 1867.



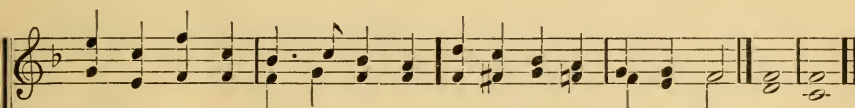
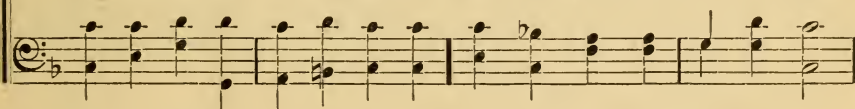
1. Heavenly Fa-ther, send Thy blessing On Thy children gathered here,
2. Ho-ly Sa-rior, Who in meekness Didst vouchsafe a child to be,



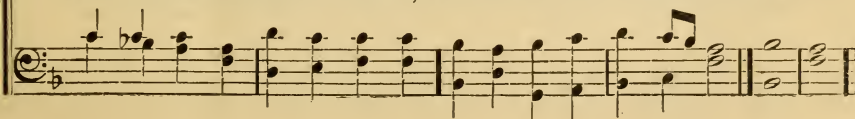
May they all, Thy name confess-ing, Be to Thee for ev - er dear.
Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to Thee.



May they be like Jo-seph, lov-ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;
Tem-ples of the Ho - ly Spir - it, May they with Thy glo - ry shine,



And their faith, like Da-vid, proving, Steadfast unto death endure.
And im-mor - tal bliss in - her - it, And for ev - er - more be Thine. A-men.



2

BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

"Bread of Life." 6s. & 4s.

MISS MARY A. LATHBURY, (1841—) 1880.

William Fisk Sherwin, (1826—1888) 1877.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the - sa - cred page
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bon-dage cease,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
 All fet-ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All! *A-men.*

Per. of Bishop J. H. Vincent, owner of Copyright.

3

OPEN NOW THY GATES OF BEAUTY.

"Neander." 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

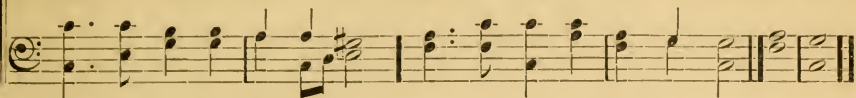
REV. BENJAMIN SCHMOLK, (1672—1737) 1734.

TR. BY MISS CATHERINE WINKWORTH, (1829—1878) 1862. Rev. Joachim Neander, (1640—1680) 1679.

1. { O - pen now thy gates of beau-ty, Zi - on let me en - ter there, }
 { Where my soul, in joy - ful du - ty, Waits for Him who answers prayer. }
 2. { Yes, my God, I come before Thee, Come Thou al - so down to me; }
 { Where we find Thee and a-dore Thee, There a heaven on earth must be. }



O how bless-ed is this place, Filled with solace, light, and grace.
To my heart, O en - ter Thou, Let it be Thy tem - ple now. *A-men*



3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown.
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

May Thy Word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy gift divine;
Howsoe'er temptations thicken,

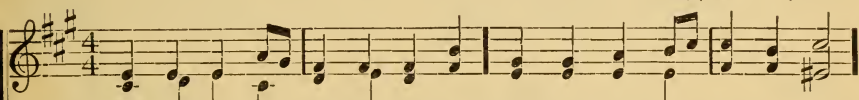
5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed.
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

4

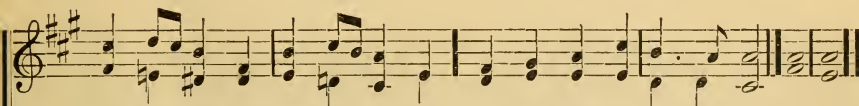
DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.

"Day by Day." 8s. & 7s.

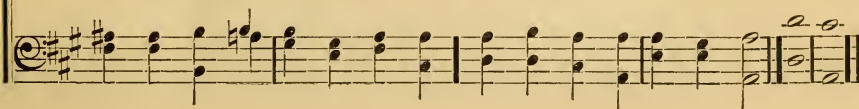
Rev. Edmund S. Carter, (1845—) 1865.



1. Day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee, Not in words of praise a - lone;
2. Day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee, When, for Je - sus' sake we try
3. Day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee, Till our days on earth shall cease,



Truth-ful lips and meek o - bedience Show Thy glo-ry in Thine own.
Ev - ery wrong to bear with patience, Ev - ery sin to mor - ti - fy.
Till we rest from these our la-bors, Wait-ing for Thy day in peace. *Amen.*

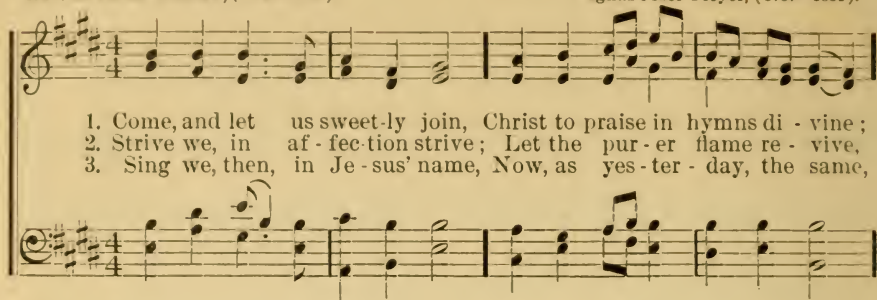


COME, AND LET US SWEETLY JOIN.

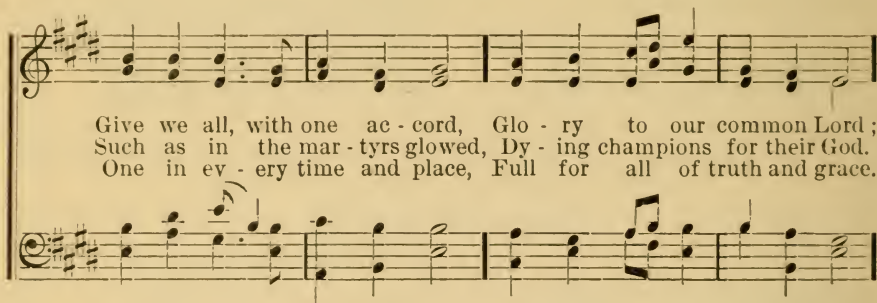
"Onido." 7s. D.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788)

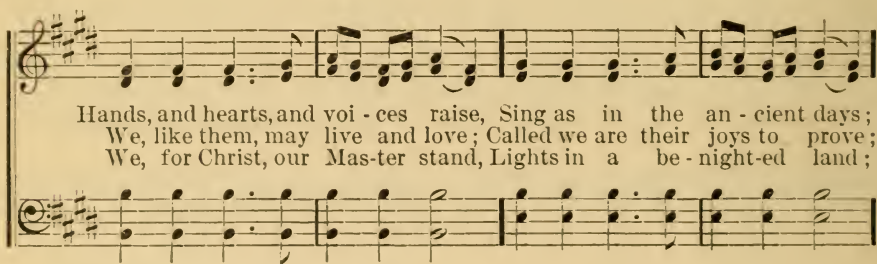
Ignaz Josef Pleyel, (1757—1831).



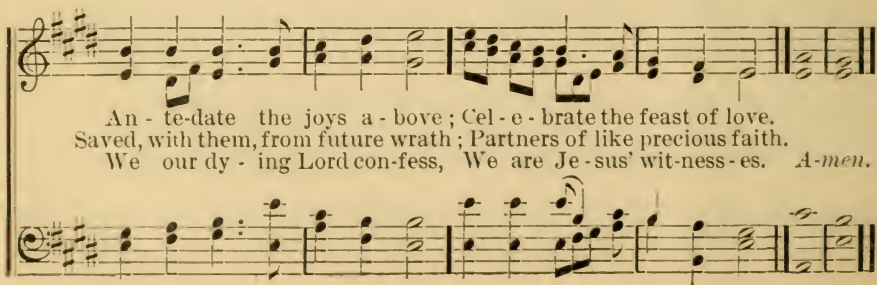
1. Come, and let us sweet-ly join, Christ to praise in hymns di - vine ;
 2. Strive we, in af - fec-tion strive ; Let the pur - er flame re - vive,
 3. Sing we, then, in Je - sus' name, Now, as yes - ter - day, the same,



Give we all, with one ac - cord, Glo - ry to our common Lord ;
 Such as in the mar - tyrs glowed, Dy - ing champions for their God.
 One in ev - ery time and place, Full for all of truth and grace.



Hands, and hearts, and voi - ces raise, Sing as in the an - cient days ;
 We, like them, may live and love ; Called we are their joys to prove ;
 We, for Christ, our Mas - ter stand, Lights in a be - night-ed land ;



An - te-date the joys a - bove ; Cel - e - brate the feast of love.
 Saved, with them, from future wrath ; Partners of like precious faith.
 We our dy - ing Lord con-fess, We are Je - sus' wit-ness-es. A-men.

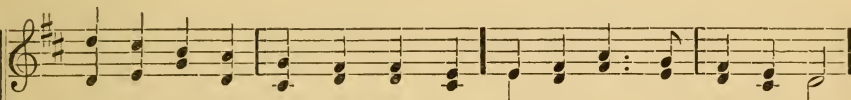
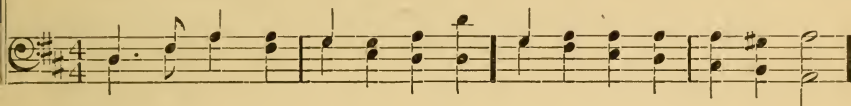
PRaise TO GOD, OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

T. B. WIREBACK, (1843—) 1890.

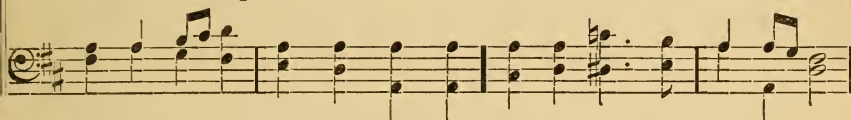
Thomas B. Wireback, (1843—) 1890.



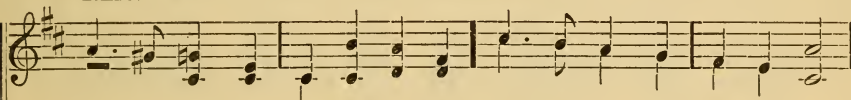
1. Praise to God our Heavenly Father, Praise to Christ th'e-ter - nal Son,
2. Praise Him for His glad redemption, Praise Him for His love and power,
3. Let our grate-ful hearts a-dore Him Till we reach the heavenly shore ;



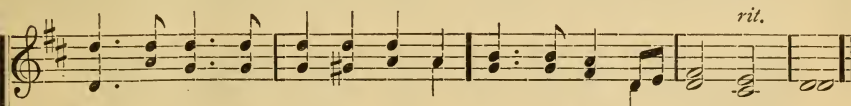
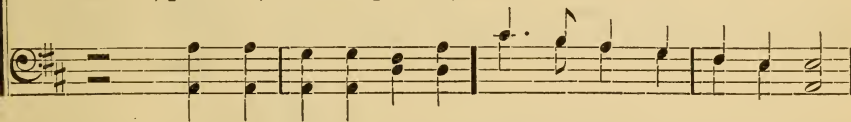
Praise be to the Ho - ly Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, three in one.
 Praise Him for His kind pro - tec - tion Thrown a-round us to this hour.
 Then in one long hal - le - lu - jah Praise His name for ev - er-more.



REFRAIN.



Prais - es, prais - es, ceaseless prais-es, Waft the an - them to the throne



In a grand, tri-um-phant cho - rus For the work which He has done.



THE LORD'S DAY.

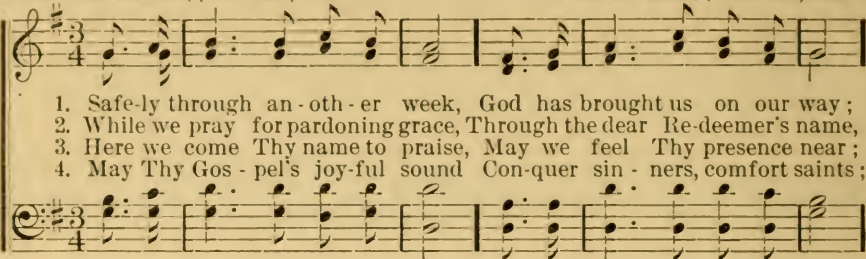
7

SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

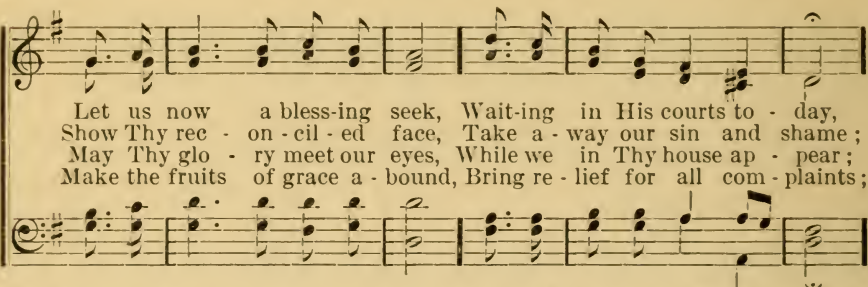
"Sabbath." 7s. 6 lines.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1779.

Lowell Mason, (1792—1872) 1824.



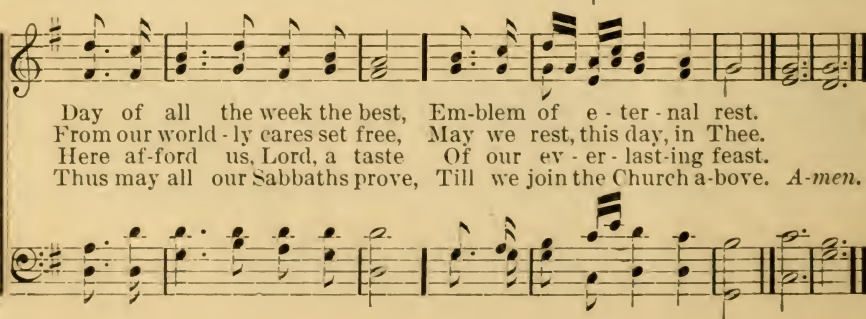
1. Safe-ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ;
 2. While we pray for pardon-ing grace, Through the dear Re-deemer's name,
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise, May we feel Thy presence near ;
 4. May Thy Gos - pel's joy-ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com-fort saints ;



Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day,
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame ;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear ;
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints ;



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest ;
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in Thee ;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ey - er - last-ing feast ;
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove ;



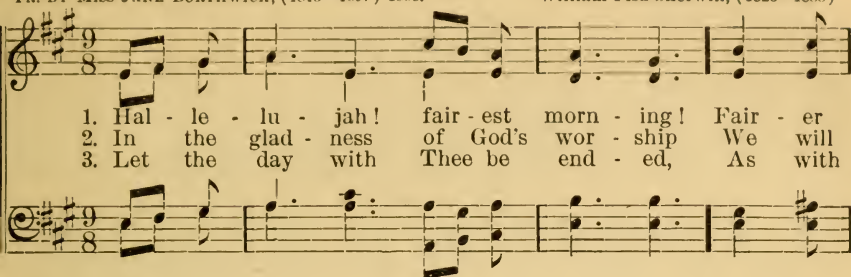
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A-men.

HALLELUJAH! FAIREST MORNING!

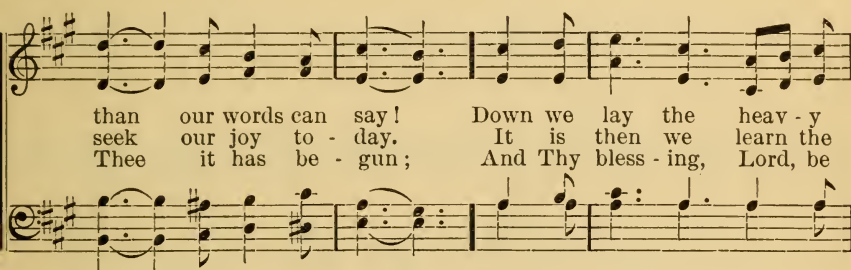
"Cheer." 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

REV. JONATHAN KRAUSE, (1701—1762) 1732.
TR. BY MISS JANE BORTHWICK, (1813—1897) 1853.

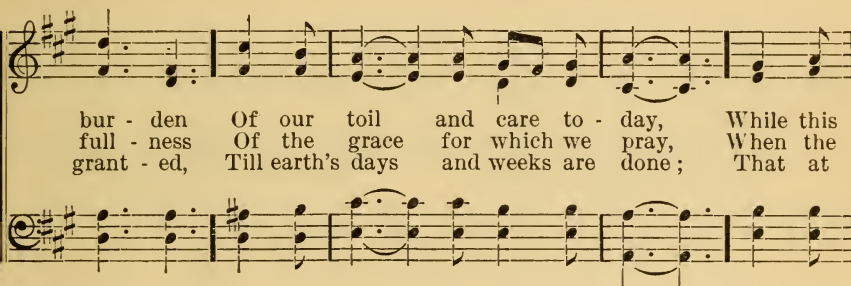
William Fisk Sherwin, (1826—1888)



1. Hal - le - lu - jah! fair - est morn - ing! Fair - er
2. In the glad - ness of God's wor - ship We will
3. Let the day with Thee be end - ed, As with



than our words can say! Down we lay the heav - y
seek our joy to - day. It is then we learn the
Thee it has be - gun; And Thy bless - ing, Lord, be



bur - den Of our toil and care to - day, While this
full - ness Of the grace for which we pray, When the
grant - ed, Till earth's days and weeks are done; That at

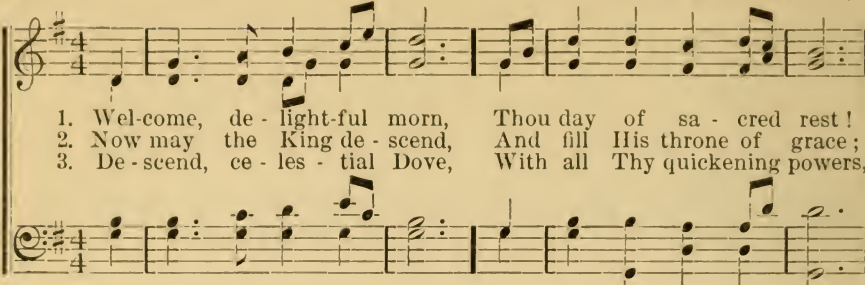


morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove.
word of life is given, Like the Sa - vior's voice from heaven.
last Thy ser - vants may Keep e - ter - nal Sab - bath day.

WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN.

"Lischer." G. G. G. G. 8.

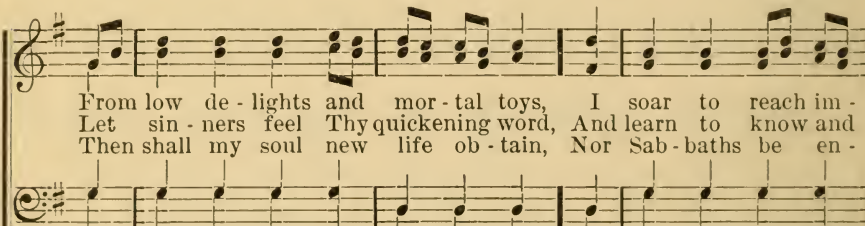
HAYWARD, () 1806.

Friedrich J. C. Schneider, (1786—1853)
Ar. by Lowell Mason, (1792—1872)


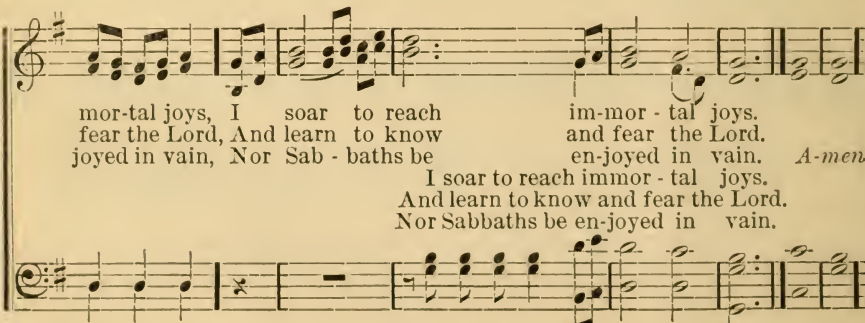
1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest!
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne of grace;
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quickening powers,



I hail thy kind re-turn, Lord, make these mo-ments blest.
Thy scep-ter, Lord, ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face;
Dis-close a Sa-vior's love, And bless the sa-cred hours,



From low de-lights and mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im-
Let sin-ners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know and
Then shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor Sab-baths be en-



mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
joyed in vain, Nor Sab-baths be en-joyed in vain. *A-men.*
I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Nor Sabbaths be en-joyed in vain.

When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Thee, would we with one accord,
Praise and magnify, O Lord.

11

SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

7s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854) 1819.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done. | 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise. |
| 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born,
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity. | 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above. |
| 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day,
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth. | 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death.
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. |

O let Thy blessing fall ;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

O joy in I nee to die !
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally !

13

O SING, YE CHILDREN, SING.

REV. EDWARD A. COLLIER. (1835—) 1899. S. M.

1 O sing, ye children, sing,
On this the best of days ;
With happy hearts and voices bring
The tribute of your praise.

2 Let eyes no longer weep ;
Let hearts no more be sad ;
For heaven high festival doth keep,
And biddeth earth be glad.

3 With prayer and praise, O Lord,
We worship in Thy fear ;
For here, Thou dost Thy name record ;
Thine eyes and heart are here.

4 And we of lowly mind,
Who in Thy temple wait,
This as the house of God shall find,
And this as heaven's own gate.

EVENING.

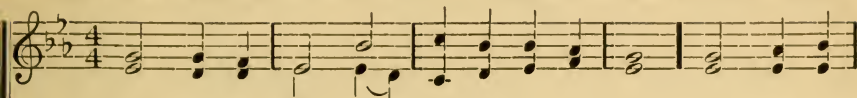
ABIDE WITH ME

14

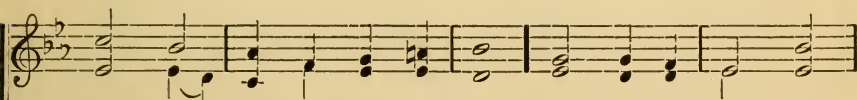
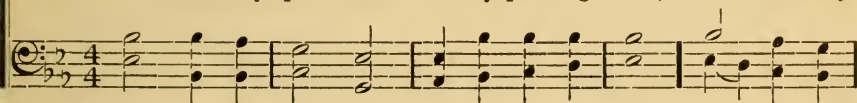
"Eventide." 10s.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1793—1847) 1847.

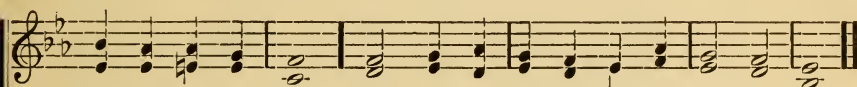
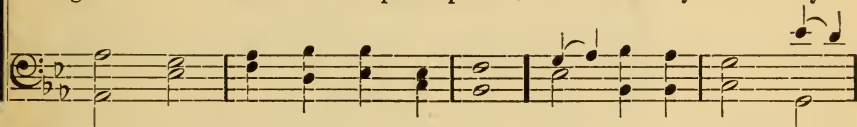
William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.



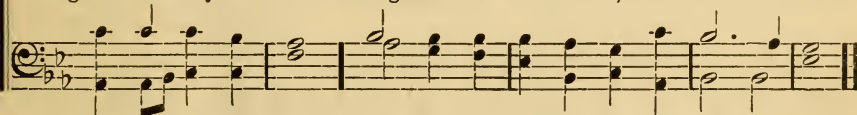
1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour, What but Thy



deep - ens; Lord! with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
dim; its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thy - self my



fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless! O a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not! a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!



- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

- 5 Hold Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

SUN OF MY SOUL.

"Hursley." L. M.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, (1792—1866) 1820.

Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1792.
Arr. by William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can not live;

O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought: how sweet to rest, For ever on my Sa- vior's breast.
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die. *A-men.*

- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store,
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

"Merrial." 6. 5.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, (1834—) 1865.

Sir Joseph Barnby, (1833—1896) 1863.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose,
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee;
4. Com - fort ev - ery suf - ferer, Watch - ing late in pain;

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
 With Thy tenderest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Those who plan some e - vil, From their sin re-strain. *A-men.*

* even-ing Steals a - cross

* Tenor prominent in last two lines.

5 Through the long night watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

17 SAVIOR, ERE IN SWEET REPOSE.

"Seymour (Weber)." 7s.

Carl M. von Weber, (1786—1826) 1826.

1. Sa - vior, ere in sweet re - pose I my wear - y eye - lids close,
 2. Guard me when in sleep I lie, Plead for me with God on high;
 3. If my slum - bers bro - ken be, Wa - king, let me think of Thee;

Let me love with per - fect love Child and man, and God a - bove.
 All that stained my soul to - day, Wash it in Thy blood a - way.
 Dark - ness can - not make me fear If I feel that Thou art near. *A-men.*

18 SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

7s.

Bp. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, (1799—1859) 1824.

1 Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon our sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, we would commune with Thee.

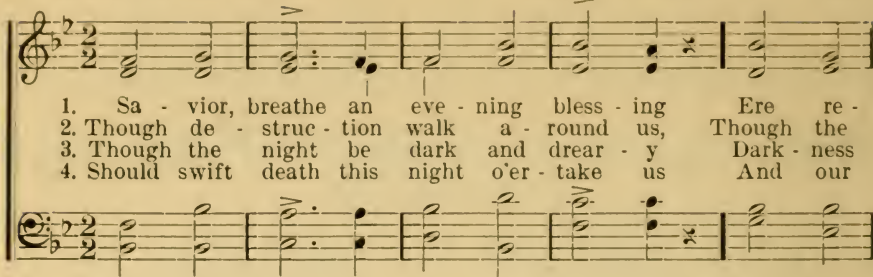
3 Soon for us the light of day
 Shall forever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault and secret sin.

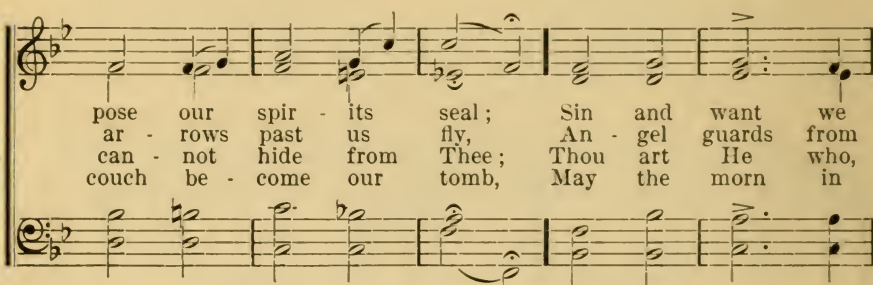
4 Thou, who sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity,
 Then from Thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

JAMES EDMESTON, (1791—1867) 1820.

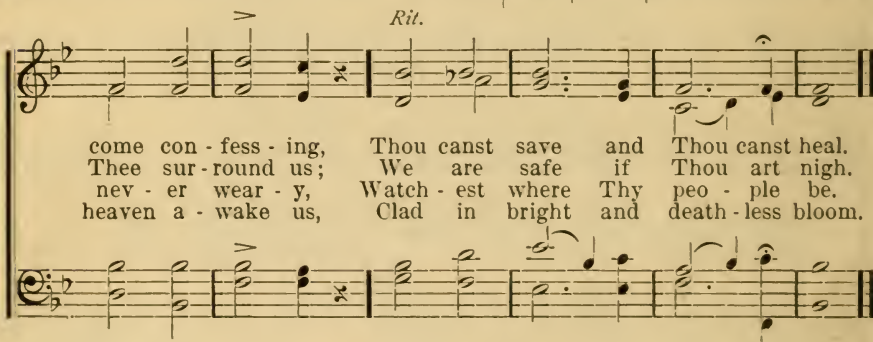
George Coles Stebbins, (1846—) 1876.



1. Sa - vior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re -
 2. Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the
 3. Though the night be dark and drear - y Dark - ness
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us And our



pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we
 ar - rows past us fly, An - gel guards from
 can - not hide from Thee; Thou art who,
 couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in



Rit.
 come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 Thee sur - round us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 nev - er wear - y, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.
 heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

20 MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST.

8s. & 7s.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1779.

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Savior,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

21

LORD, DISMISS US.

8s. & 7s.

REV. ROBERT HAWKER, (1753—1827) 1774.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
 Bid us now depart in peace;
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,
 Let our faith and love increase.
- 2 Fill each breast with consolation;
 Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
 When we reach our blissful station,
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

ADVENT.

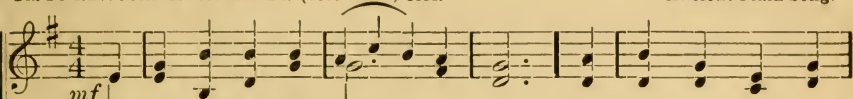
O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL.

"Veni Emmanuel." 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. (First Tune.)

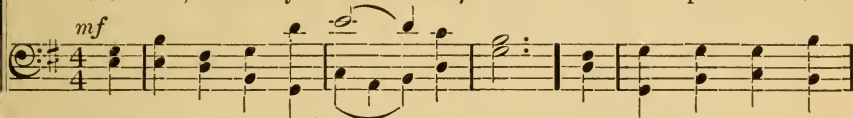
LATIN, C. 12TH CENTURY.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE. (1818—1866) 1851.

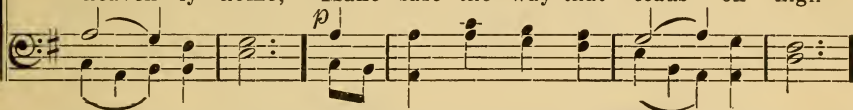
Ancient Plain Song.



1. O come, O come, Em-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
 2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's
 3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine
 4. O come, Thou Key of Da - vid, come And o - pen wide our



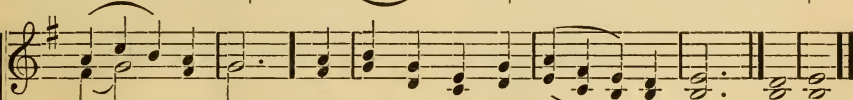
Is - ra - el That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here
 tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save
 ad - vent here, And drive a - way the shades of night,
 heav - en - ly home; Make safe the way that leads on high



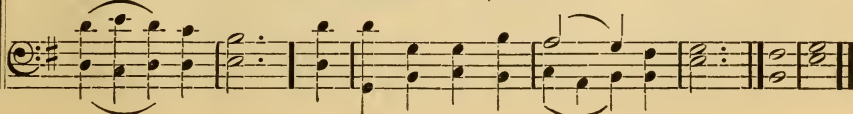
REFRAIN.

Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
 And give them vic - tory o'er the grave.
 And pierce the clouds, and bring us light!
 And close the path to mis - e - ry.

Re-joyce! re-joyce! Em-



man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A-men.



O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL.

"Benison." 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. (*Second Tune.*)

LATIN, C. 12TH CENTURY.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1851.

John Pyke Hullah, (1812—1884).

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
 2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's
 3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine
 4. O come, Thou Key of Da - vid, come And o - pen wide our

Is - ra - el That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here
 tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save
 ad - vent here, And drive a - way the shades of night,
 heaven - ly home; Make safe the way that leads on high

REFRAIN.

Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
 And give them vic - tory o'er the grave.
 And pierce the clouds, and bring us light!
 And close the path to mis - er - y. } Re-joice! re-joice! Em -

man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - men.

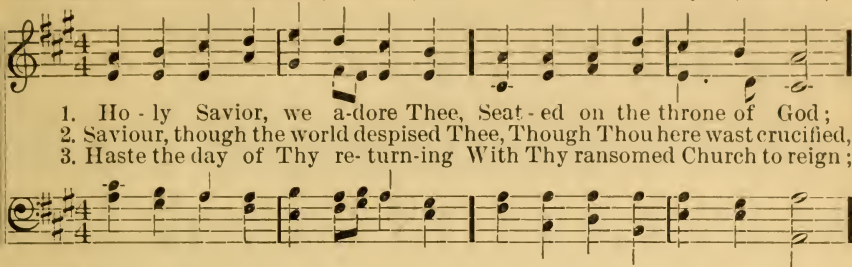
HOLY SAVIOUR, WE ADORE THEE.

8s. & 7s. 6 lines.

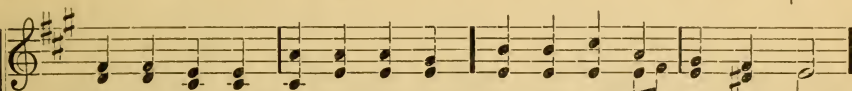
"Dulce Carmen (Salzburg)."

REV. SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, (1813—1875) 1838.

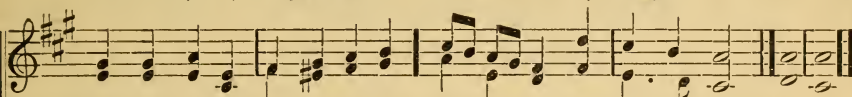
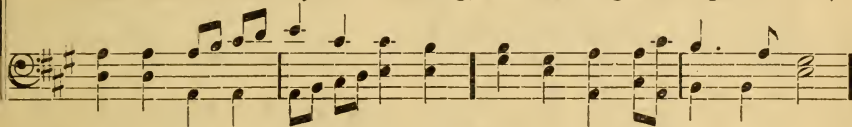
Johann Michael Haydn, (1737—1806).



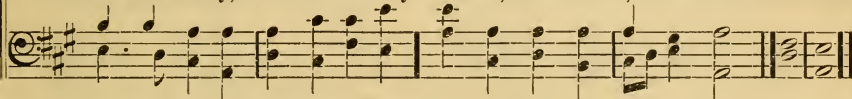
1. Ho - ly Savi-our, we a-dore Thee, Seat-ed on the throne of God;
2. Savi-our, though the world despised Thee, Though Thou here wast crucified,
3. Haste the day of Thy re-turn-ing With Thy ransomed Church to reign;



All heaven's hosts bow down before Thee And we sing Thy praise a - loud.
Yet the Fa-ther's glory raised Thee, Lord of all cre - a - tion wide.
Then shall end our days of mourning, We shall sing with rap-ture then,



Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy! We were ransomed by Thy blood.
Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy! We shall live, for Thou hast died.
"Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy!" Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen. A-men.




O'ER THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS BREAKING.

8s. & 7s. 6 lines.

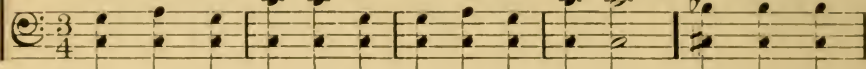
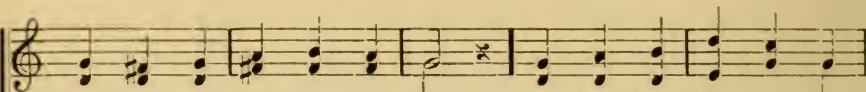
REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, (1811—1875) 1863.

- 1 O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day.
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing, and watch and pray.
'Tis my Savior,
On His bright, returning way.
- 2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see.
O my Savior,
When wilt Thou return to me?
- 3 Long, too long in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee, I pine.
When, oh when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Savior,
When shall I be wholly Thine?
- 4 With my lamp well trimmed and burn-
ing,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Savior,
O my Savior, quickly come!

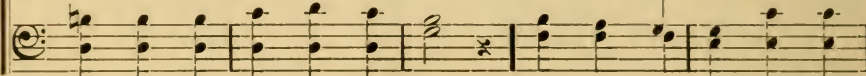
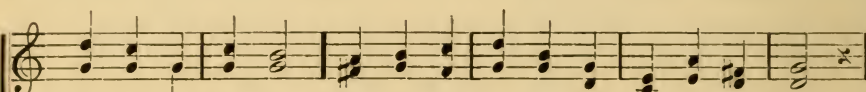
Reginald Geoffrey.




1. Light in the east-ern sky, Je - sus re - turn-ing; Light in the
 2. Bright be our lamps as we watch for the dawn-ing; Gird - ed our
 3. Not as at Naz - a - reth, low - ly they found Him; He as the
 4. Judge of the earth, Who in mer - cy un - fail - ing, Of - fered Thy -

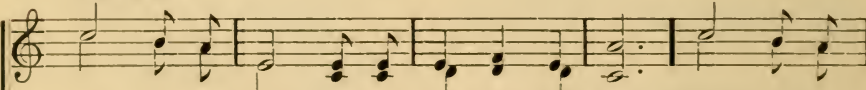
west - ern sky, Je - sus is near; Soon shall the na - tions, His
 loins, that our strength may not fail; So as He shines through the
 Judge com - eth back from the sky; Borne on the whirl-wind of
 self as a - tone - ment for sin In that great day, by Thy


Ad-vent dis - cern-ing, Hail Him with gladness or see Him with fear.
 mists of the morn-ing We may be read - y to cry Him "All Hail."
 An - gels a-round Him; Veil-ing their face from His glo - ry so nigh.
 love all pre - vail - ing, Grant us the rest of Thy heav - en to win.

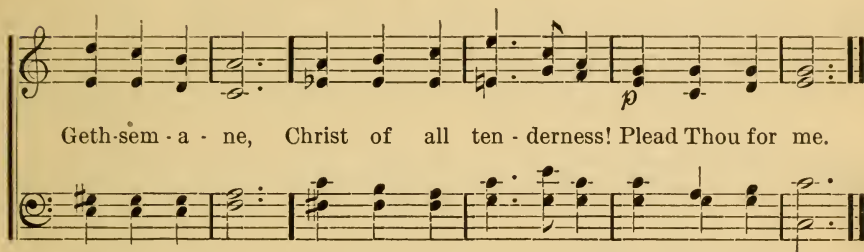
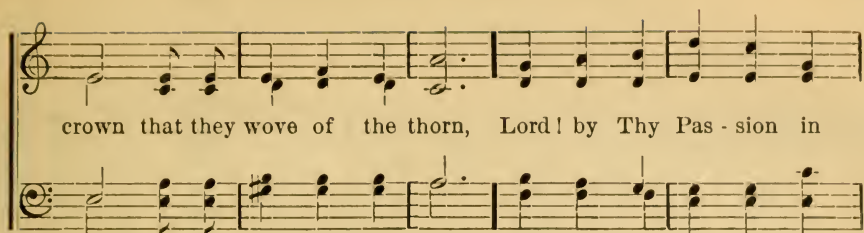


REFRAIN.



Lord! by Thy hands that were nail-pierced and torn, Lord! by the





26

HARK THE BELLS!

Tune,—“Soldaten.”—No. 236.

REV. AMBROSE M. SCHMIDT, (1857—) 1894.

1 Hark the bells! hark the bells!
Hear the merry Christmas bells!
As they ring through all the earth,
Telling of the Savior's birth.
Happy morn! happy morn!
Lo the Prince of Peace is born!
Tell the story, Christ of glory,
Comes to reign! comes to reign!
Hark the angels are singing;
Alleluias are ringing;
“Peace to men upon earth
And good will,” they loud proclaim!

REF.—Hark the bells! hark the bells! etc.

2 Wondrous star! wondrous star!
Guiding wise men from afar;
O'er the desert plains they come,
Seeking David's Royal Son;
Low they bow! low they bow!
At the manger cradle now;
Gifts of gold and precious treasure

Offer Him! offer Him!
Christmas bells sweetly ringing,
Children, carols are singing;
Heaven and earth Alleluias
Raise to Christ the new-born King!

REF.—Hark the bells! hark the bells! etc.

3 Holy Child! Holy Child!
Babe of Bethlehem so mild!
Come to us anew to-day,
Keep us in the perfect way.
Lord of all! Lord of all!
At Thy feet we humbly fall!
Here we worship and adore Thee,
Christ our King! Christ our King!
Open wide now the portals
Of your hearts, all ye mortals;
Let Him in! let him in!
Let the Christ-child enter in!

REF.—Hark the bells! hark the bells! etc.

HARK, THE GLAD SOUND!

"Chopin." C. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDGE, (1702-1751) 1735.

Anon.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Sa - vior comes, The Sa - vior
 2. On Him the Spir - it, large - ly poured, Ex - erts its
 3. He comes the pris - oners to re - lease In Sa - tan's
 4. He comes from thick - est films of vice To clear the

prom - ised long; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - ery
 sa - cred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and love, His ho - ly
 bond - age held; The gates of brass be - fore Him burst, The i - ron
 men - tal ray, And on the eye - balls of the blind To pour ce -

voice a song, And ev - ery voice a song.
 breast in - spire, His ho - ly breast in - spire.
 fet - ters yield, The i - ron fet - ters yield.
 les - tial day, To pour ce - les - tial day. A - men.

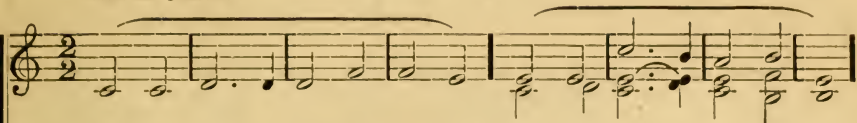
5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with His righteousness and grace
 T'enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved name

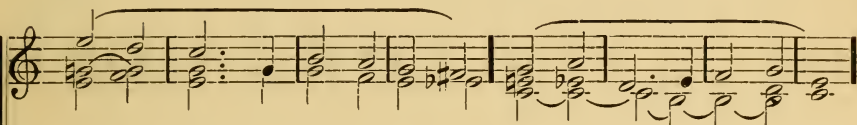
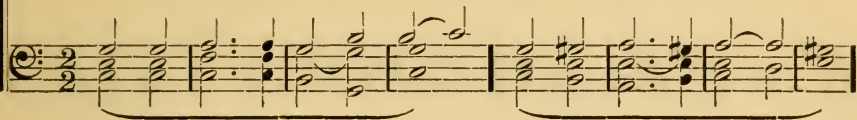
LORD OF EVERY LAND AND NATION.

"Praise." 8s. & 7s.

Albert Lowe.

Voices in Unison.

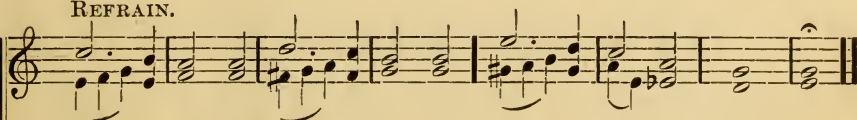
1. Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, "An - cient of e - ter - nal days,"
2. Brightness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?
3. From the high - est throne in glo - ry To the cross of deep - est woe,
4. Come, re - turn, im - mor - tal Sa - vior; Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy throne;



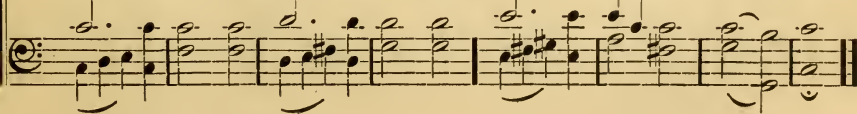
Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and law - ful praise.
 Shun, my tongue, the guilt - y si - lence, Sing the Lord who came to die.
 All to ran - som guilt - y cap - tives: Flow, my praise, for ev - er flow.
 Quick - ly come, and reign for ev - er, Be Thy king - dom all Thine own.



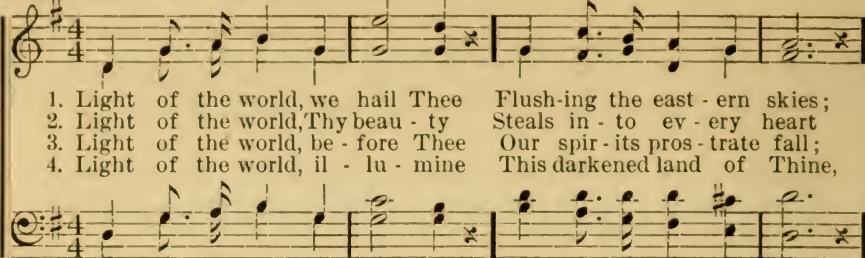
REFRAIN.



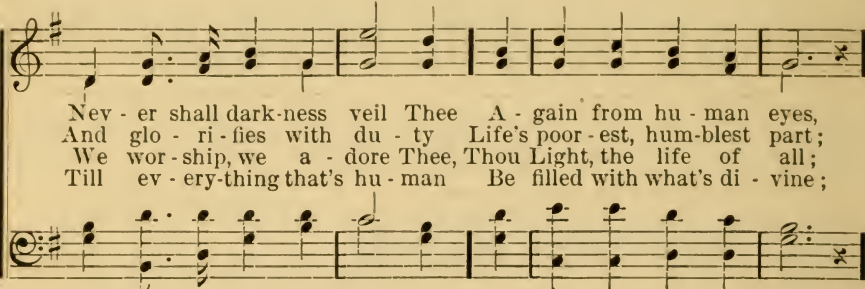
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.



REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, (1811-1875) 1837.



1. Light of the world, we hail Thee Flush-ing the east-ern skies;
 2. Light of the world, Thy beau-ty Steals in-to ev-ery heart;
 3. Light of the world, be-fore Thee Our spir-its pros-trate fall;
 4. Light of the world, il-lu-mine This darkened land of Thine,



Nev-er shall dark-ness veil Thee A-gain from hu-man eyes,
 And glo-ri-fies with du-ty Life's poor-est, hum-blest part;
 We wor-ship, we a-dore Thee, Thou Light, the life of all;
 Till ev-ery-thing that's hu-man Be filled with what's di-vine;



Too long, a-las, with-hold-en, Now spread from shore to shore;
 Thou ro-best in Thy splen-dor The sim-ple ways of men,
 With Thee is no for-get-ting Of all Thine hand hath made;
 Till ev-ery tongue and na-tion, From sin's do-min-ion free,



Thy light, so glad and gold-en, Shall set on earth no more.
 And help-est them to ren-der Light back to Thee a-gain.
 Thy ri-sing hath no set-ting, Thy sun-shine hath no shade.
 Rise in the new cre-a-tion Which springs from Love and Thee.

LO, HE COMES, WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING.

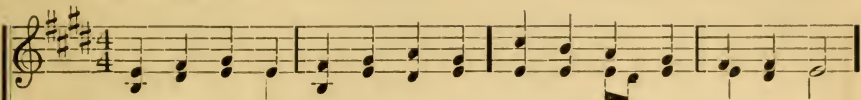
"St. Thomas." 8s. 7s. & 4.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1752.

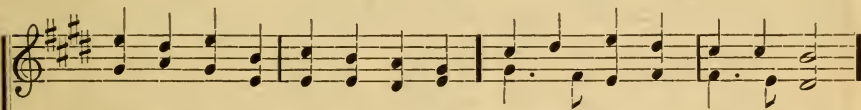
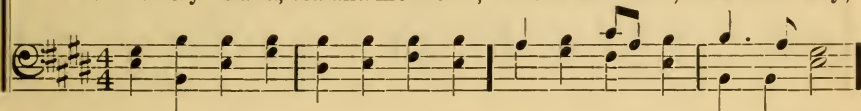
AND JOHN CENNICK, (1718—1755) 1752.

ALT. BY REV. MARTIN MADAN, (1726—1790) 1760.

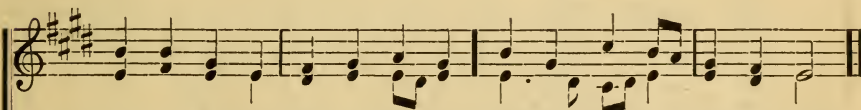
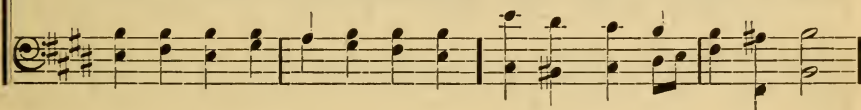
Vincent Novello, (1781—1861).



1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain;
2. Ev - ery eye shall now behold Him Robed in dreadful ma - jes - ty;
3. Ev - ery island, sea and mountain, Heaven and earth, shall flee a-way;



Thousand thousand saints attending Swell the triumph of His train,
 Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
 All who hate Him must, confounded, Hear the trump proclaim the day;



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord re - turns to reign.
 Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
 Come to judgment, Come to judgment, Come to judgment, come a - way.



- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear;
 All His saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air.
 Alleluia!
 See the day of God appear.

- 5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Savior, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
 Oh come quickly,
 Alleluia! Come, Lord, come.

CHRISTMAS.

COME HITHER, YE FAITHFUL.

"Adeste Fideles."

LATIN, 17TH CENTURY.

TR. BY REV. EDWARD CASWALL, (1814—1878).

Marco Antonio Simao, (1762—1830).
"Portogallo."

1. Come hith-er, ye faithful, tri - um - phant - ly sing; Come, see in the
 2. True Son of the Fa-ther, He comes from the skies, To be born of a
 3. Hark! hark to the an-gels, all sing - ing in heaven, "To God in the
 4. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, this day of Thy birth, Be glo - ry and

man - ger the an - gels' dread King. To Beth - le - hem has - ten with
 vir - gin He does not de - spise. To Beth - le - hem has - ten with
 high - est all glo - ry be given!" To Beth - le - hem has - ten with
 hon - or through heaven and earth. True God - head in - car - nate! om -

joy - ful ac - cord; Oh come ye, come hith-er, Oh come ye, come
 joy - ful ac - cord; Oh come ye, come hith-er, Oh come ye, come
 joy - ful ac - cord; Oh come ye, come hith-er, Oh come ye, come
 nip - o - tent Word! Oh come, let us has - ten, Oh come, let us

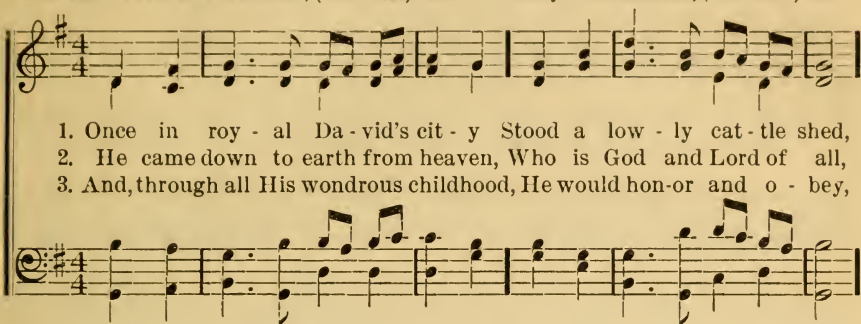
hith - er, Oh come ye, come hith - er, to worship the Lord!
 hith - er, Oh come ye, come hith - er, to worship the Lord!
 hith - er, Oh come ye, come hith - er, to worship the Lord!
 has - ten, Oh come, let us has - ten to worship the Lord! A-men.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

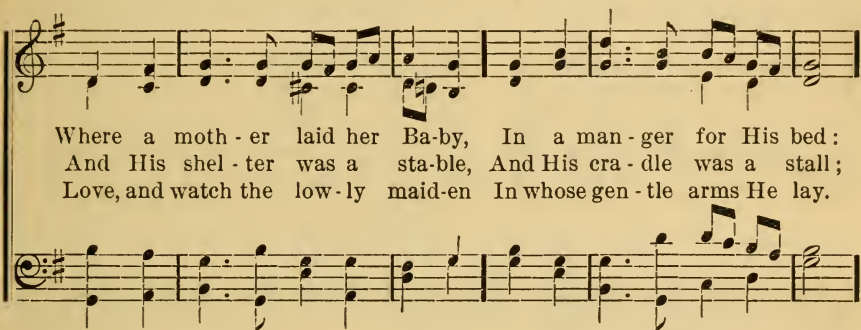
"Irby." 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, (1823-1895) 1848.

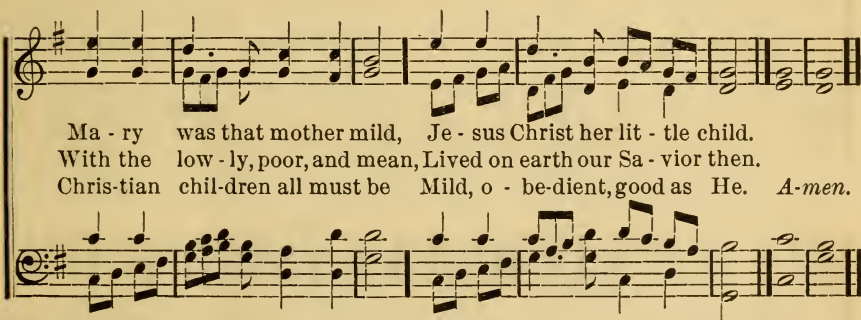
Henry John Gauntlett, (1805-1876) 1856.



1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
 2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,
 3. And, through all His wondrous childhood, He would hon - or and o - bey,



Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed :
 And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall ;
 Love, and watch the low - ly maid - en In whose gen - tle arms He lay.



Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.
 With the low - ly, poor, and mean, Lived on earth our Sa - vior then.
 Chris - tian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as He. A - men.

- 4 Oh, our eyes at last shall see Him, 5 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 Through His own redeeming love, With the oxen standing by,
 For that child so dear and gentle We shall see Him ; but in heaven,
 Is our God in heaven above ; Set at God's right hand on high ;
 And He leads His children on When like stars His children crowned
 To the place where He is gone. All in white shall wait around.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

"Mendelssohn." 7s. D.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1739.

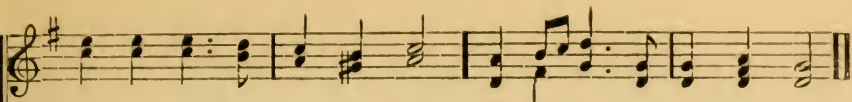
Felix Mendelssohn, (1809—1847) 1840.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King,
2. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of Right-eous-ness!

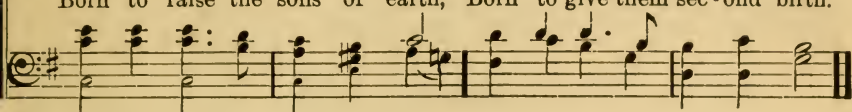
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"
Risen with heal - ing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings;

Joy-ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umphs of the skies;
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth;



With th'an-gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

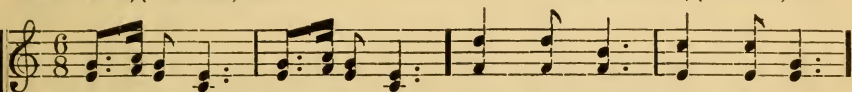


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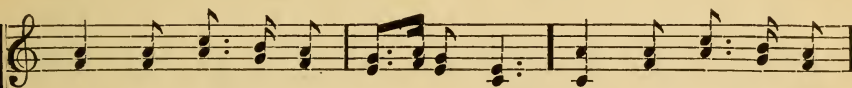
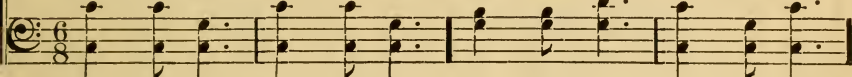
HOLY NIGHT! PEACEFUL NIGHT!

JOSEPH MOHR, (1792-1848) 1818.

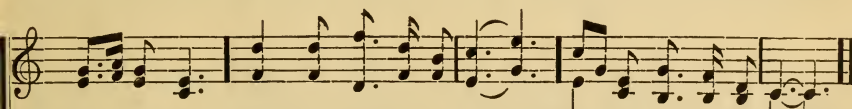
Franz Gruber, (1787-1863) 1818.



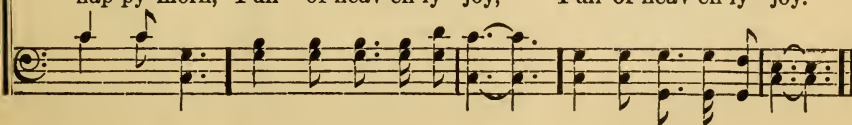
1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! All is dark save the light
2. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! On - ly for shep-herds' sight
3. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Child of heaven, oh, how bright



Yon - der where they sweet vig - il keep O'er the Babe, who in
Came blest vis - ions of an - gel-throngs With their loud al - le -
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born! Blest in - deed was that



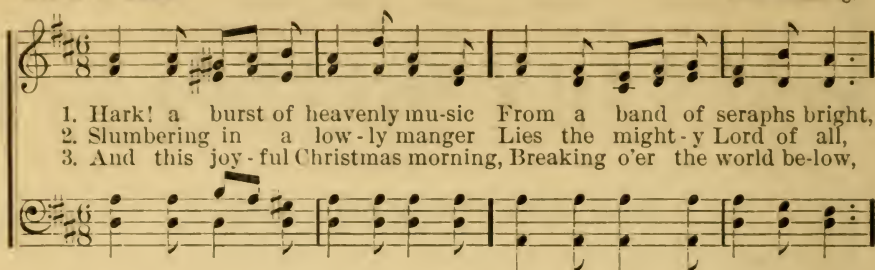
si - lent sleep, Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace.
lu - ia songs, Say - ing, "Je-sus is come," Saying, "Je - sus is come."
hap - py morn, Full of heav-en-ly joy, Full of heav-en-ly joy.



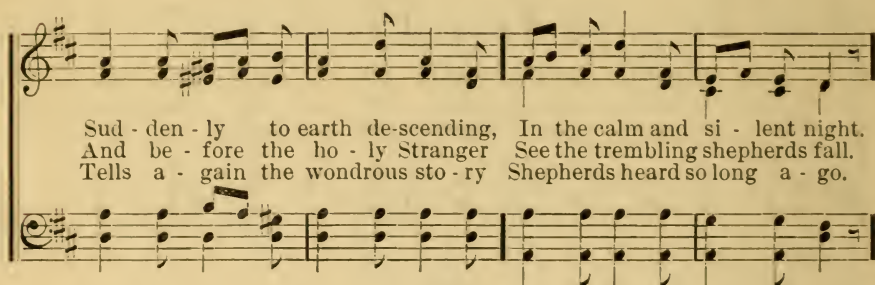
"Schilling." P. M.

MRS. M. N. MEIGS.

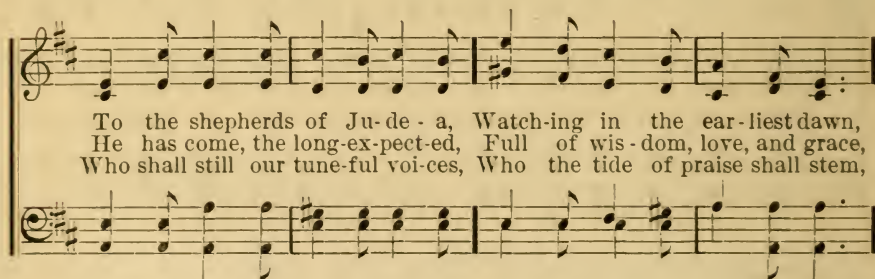
Fred. Schilling.



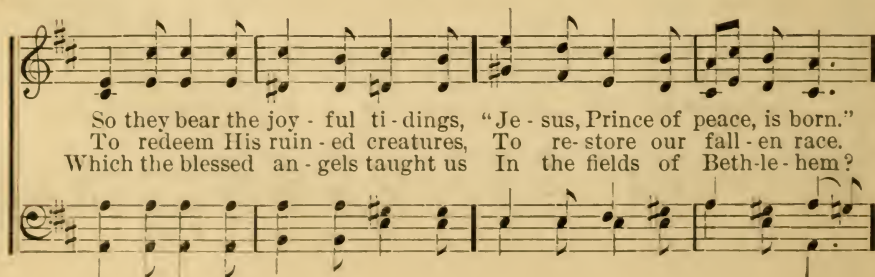
1. Hark! a burst of heavenly music From a band of seraphs bright,
 2. Slumbering in a low-ly manger Lies the might-y Lord of all,
 3. And this joy-ful Christmas morning, Breaking o'er the world be-low,



Sud - den - ly to earth de-scending, In the calm and si - lent night.
 And be - fore the ho - ly Stranger See the trembling shepherds fall.
 Tells a - gain the wondrous sto - ry Shepherds heard so long a - go.

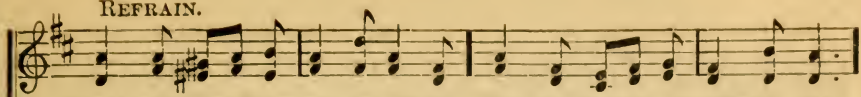


To the shepherds of Ju-de-a, Watch-ing in the ear-liest dawn,
 He has come, the long-ex-pect-ed, Full of wis-dom, love, and grace,
 Who shall still our tune-ful voi-ces, Who the tide of praise shall stem,



So they bear the joy - ful ti - dings, "Je - sus, Prince of peace, is born."
 To redeem His ruin - ed creatures, To re-store our fall - en race.
 Which the blessed an - gels taught us In the fields of Beth-le-hem?

REFRAIN.



Sweet and clear those an - gel voi - ces, Echoing through the stormy sky,
So let an - gels wake the chorus, So let ransomed men re - ply,
Hark! we hear a - gain the chorus Ring - ing through the star - ry sky,



As they chant the heavenly mu - sic, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"
Chant - ing the ce - les - tial an - them, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"
And we join the heavenly an - them, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"

Per of Fred. Schilling.

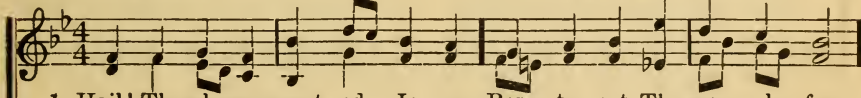
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HAIL! THOU LONG EXPECTED JESUS.

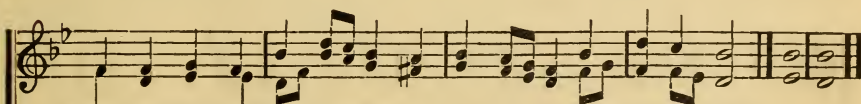
"Trust." 8s. & 7s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1744.

Felix Mendelssohn, (1809—1847) 1840.



1. Hail! Thou long-expect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Israel's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
3. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a Child, yet God our King,
4. By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;



From our fears and sins release us; Let us find our rest in Thee.
Long-de - sired of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery waiting heart.
Born to reign in us for ev - er, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine all-suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

MRS. DAVID B. COE, (1818—)

8s. & 7s. D.

Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864—) 1897.

1. Hark! the sound of an - gel voi - ces O - ver Bethle - hem's star - lit plain ;
 2. Westward, all a - long the a - ges, Trace its path - way clear and bright ;

Hark! the heavenly host re - joi - ces, Je - sus comes to earth to reign.
 Star of hope to east - ern sa - ges, Ra - diant now with Gos - pel light.

See ce - les - tial radiance beam - ing, Light - ing up the midnight sky ;
 An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Peace on earth de - light to sing,

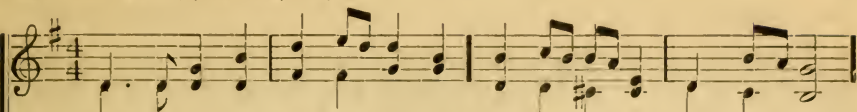
'Tis the prom - ised day - star gleam - ing, 'Tis the day - spring
 Chris - tian, tell the won - drous sto - ry, Go, pro - claim the

from on high, 'Tis the day - spring from on high.
 Sa - vior King! Go, pro - claim the Sa - vior King!

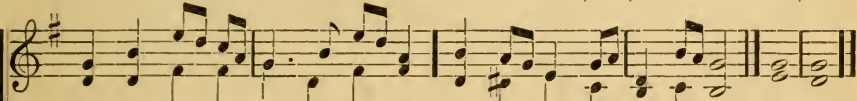
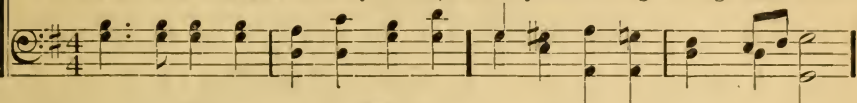
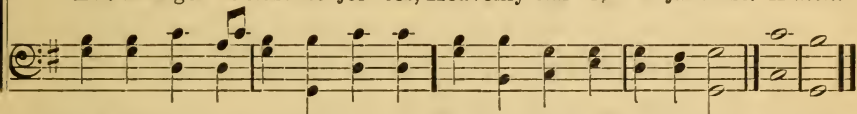
HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.

"Holy Voices." 8s. & 7s. (*First Tune.*)

REV. JOHN CAWOOD, (1775—1852) 1819.



1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweet-ly sound-ing through the skies?

Lo! th'angel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heavenly hal - le - lu-jahs rise. *A-men.*

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

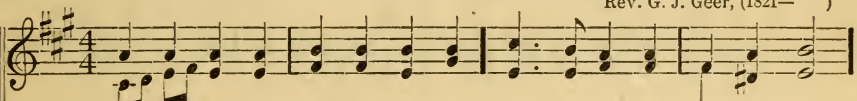
3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

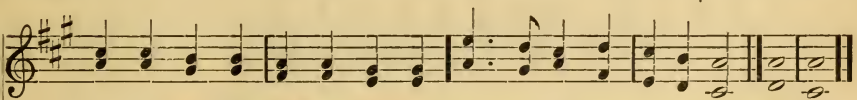
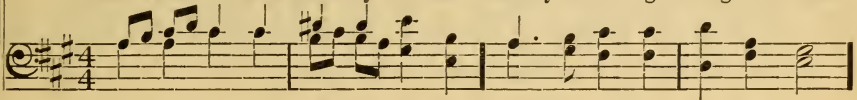
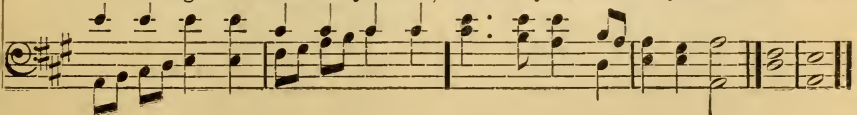
HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.

"Holy Voices." 8s. & 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

Rev. G. J. Geer, (1821—)



1. Hark! what mean those holy voi-ces Sweetly sounding through the skies?

Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu-jahs rise. *A - men.*

REV. J. H. EGAR.

William W. Rousseau.

1. Sing, sing for Christmas! Welcome happy day! For Christ is born, our Sa-vior, To
 2. Tell, tell the story Of the wondrous night When shepherds, who were watching Their
 3. Soft, soft-ly shi-ning, Stars were in the sky, And sil-ver fell the moonlight On

take our sins a-way. Sing, sing a joy-ful song, Loud and clear to-day, To
 flocks till morn-ing light, Saw an-gel hosts from Heaven, Heard the angel voice, And
 hill and mountain high, When suddenly the night Outshone the bright mid-day, With

cres. *ritard.* **REFRAIN, a tempo.** *ff*

praise our Lord and Sa-vior Who in the man-ger lay.
 so were told the ti-dings Which makes the world rejoice. } Sing, sing for Christmas!
 an-gel hosts who her-ald The reign of peace for aye.

ritard.

Welcome hap-py day! For Christ is born our Sa-vior, To take our sins a-way.

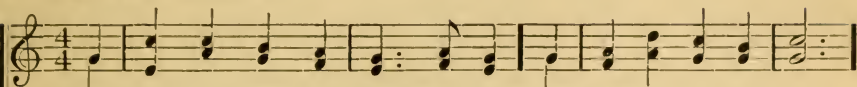
4 Hark, hear them singing,
 Singing in the sky,
 "Be worship, honor, glory,
 And praise to God on high!
 Peace, peace, good will to men,
 Born the Child from heaven!
 The Christ, the Lord, the Savior,
 The Son to you is given!"—REF.

5 Sing, sing for Christmas!
 Echo, earth, the cry
 Of worship, honor, glory,
 And praise to God on high!
 Sing, sing the joyful song,
 Let it never cease,
 Of glory in the highest,
 On earth, good will and peace.—REF.

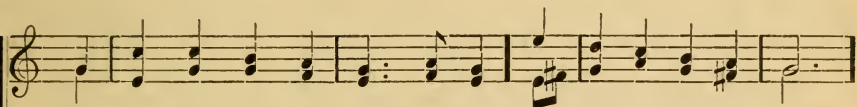
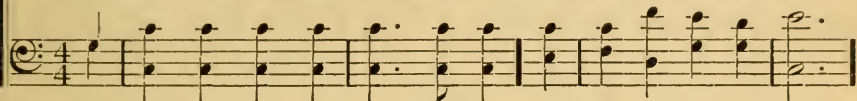
WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

"Gabriel." C. M. D.

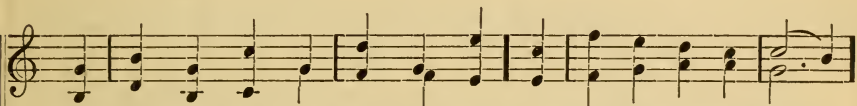
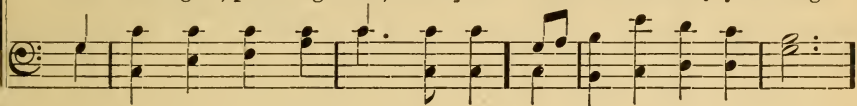
NAHUM TATE, (1652—1715) 1703.



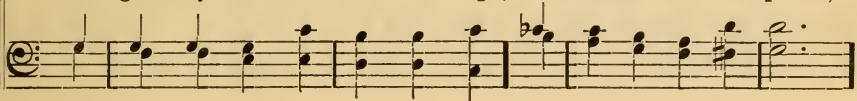
1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
 2. "To you in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of Da - vid's line,
 3. Thus spake the ser - aph and forth-with Ap - peared a shi - ning throng



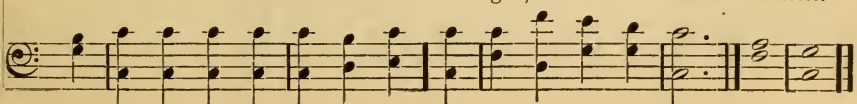
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 The Sa - vior, who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign:
 Of an - gels, prais - ing God, who thus Addressed their joyful song:



"Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind,
 "The heav - en - ly Babe you there shall find, To hu - man view dis - played,
 "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;



"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.
 All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, And in a man - ger laid."
 Good - will henceforth from heaven to men Begin, and nev - er cease." A - men.



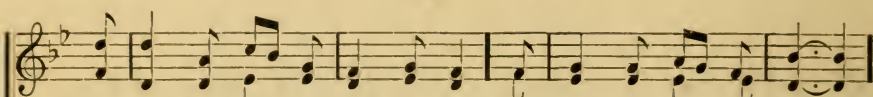
"Carol." C. M. D.

REV. EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, (1810—1876) 1850.

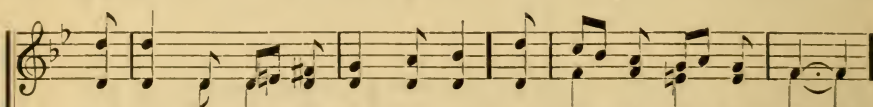
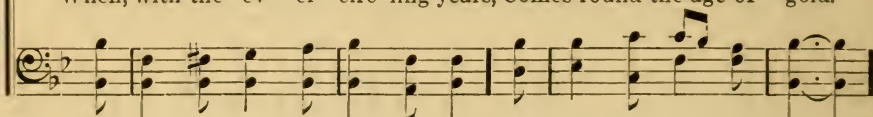
Richard Storrs Willis, (1819—) 1860.



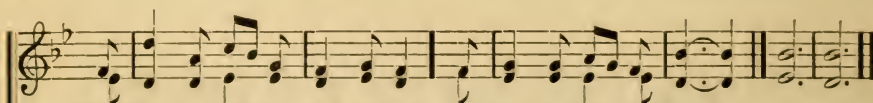
1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings un-furled;
3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, By proph-et bards fore-told,



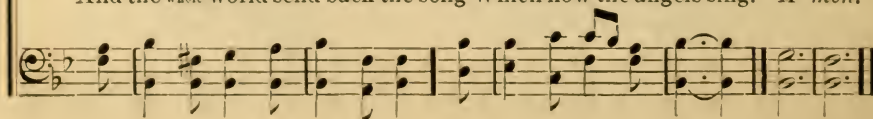
From an - gels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
 And still their heavenly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world.
 Who toil a - long the climbing way With pain-ful steps and slow!
 When, with the ev - er - cir-c-ling years, Comes round the age of gold.



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all-gracious King."
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hovering wing,
 Look now, for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling,



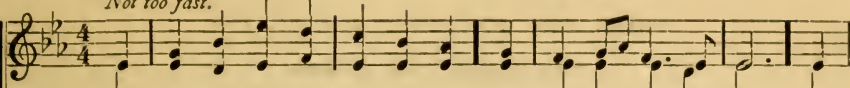
The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Babel sounds The blessed an-gels sing.
 O rest be-side the weary road, And hear the an-gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing. A - men,



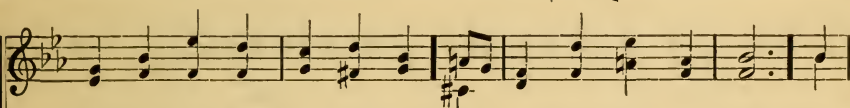
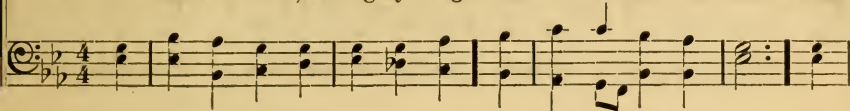
WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

GEORGE BALCH NEVIN, (1859—)

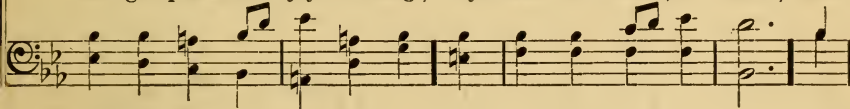
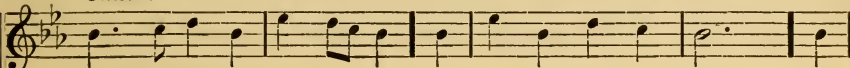
George Balch Nevin, (1859—) 1898.

Not too fast.

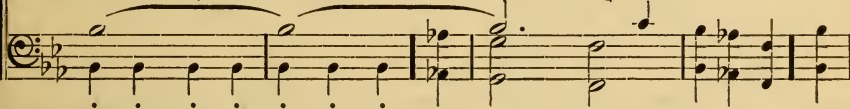
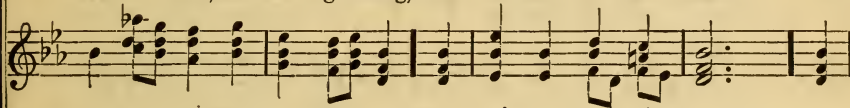
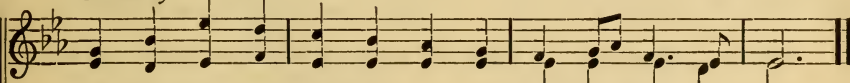
1. When Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, Was born of moth-er mild, The
2. The Christ had brought this blessed peace To hearts withsin op-pressed And
3. All hail the Christ, the mighty King! The re-as-cend-ed Lord! Whom



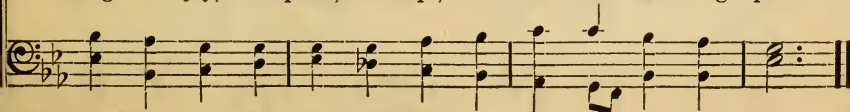
wise men came with in-cense rare Un-to the ho-ly child: The
 now, as then, the wear-y soul May find in Him its rest. O
 an-gels praise with joy-ful songs, By hosts re-deemed, a-dored; And

*Unison.*

bells of heaven rang out with joy, The shepherds joined the strain— And
 let us all re-joice, and sing, And shout the joy-ful strain That
 as of old, the an-gels sang, Now let our voi-ces raise— A

*Harmony.*

all the earth sang loud and clear Of peace on earth to men.
 Christ, the bless-ed Son of God O'er heaven and earth doth reign.
 song of joy, of peace, of hope, Of ev-er-last-ing praise.



EPIPHANY.

45

FROM THE EASTERN MOUNTAINS.

"St. Theresa." 6. 5. 12 lines.

REV. GODFREY THRING, (1823—) 1879.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842—) 1872.

Voices in Unison.

1. From the eastern mountains, Pressing on they come, Wise men in their

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff using a treble clef and the bottom staff using a bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

wis - dom To this hum - ble home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion,

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note texture.

Start - ing from a - far, Ev - er journeying onward, Guided by a star.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It follows the same musical notation as the previous systems, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part provides a harmonic foundation with its consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

REFRAIN.

Light of Life, that shi - nest Ere the world be - gan,

Draw Thou near and light - en Ev - ery heart of man.

2 There their Lord and Savior
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.—REF.

3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar,
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.—REF.

4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,

Guide them Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.—REF.

5 Gather in the outcasts
Who have gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Or have wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.—REF.

6 Until every nation
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follow Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To That heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.—REF.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854) 1819, 1825.

George Balch Nevin, (1859—) 1897.

1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 2. Shep - herds in the fields a - bi - ding, Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 3. Saints be - fore the al - tar bending, Watching long in hope and fear,

Sva.....

Ye who sang ere - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.
 God with men is now re - si - ding; Yon - der shines the in - fant - light.
 Sud - den - ly the Lord, descending, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear.

REFRAIN.

Come and worship,—Come and worship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King,

Come and worship,—Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ the new-born King.

47

JOY TO THE WORLD, THE LORD IS COME!

“Antioch.” C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719.

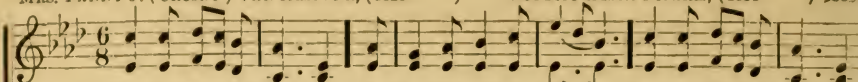
George Frederick Handel, (1685—1759)
Arr. by Lowell Mason, (1792—1872) 1836.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King,
Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture
sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.
And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,


2 Joy to the world, the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains]
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.


Mrs. FANNY J. (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823--) Theodore Edson Perkins, (1831--) 1865




1. Car-ol, sweetly car-ol, A Sa-vior born to-day; Bear the joyful ti-dings
 2. Car-ol, sweetly car-ol, As when the angel throng O'er the vales of Ju-dah
 3. Car-ol, sweetly car-ol, The happy Christmas time; Hark! the bells are pealing



Oh, bear them far a-way. Car-ol, sweet-ly car-ol, Till earth's re-mot-est
 A-woke the heavenly song. Car-ol, sweet-ly car-ol, Good will, and peace, and
 Their mer-ry, mer-ry chime; Car-ol, sweet-ly car-ol, Ye shi-ning ones a



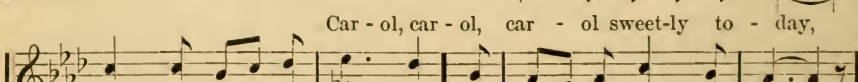
bound Shall hear the mighty cho-rus, And ech-o back the sound.
 love, Glo-ry in the high-est To God who reigns a-bove.
 bove, Sing in loud-est num-bers, Oh, sing redeeming love.



REFRAIN.



Car-ol, sweet-ly car-ol, Car-ol, sweet-ly to-day;
 Car-ol, car-ol, car-ol, car-ol,

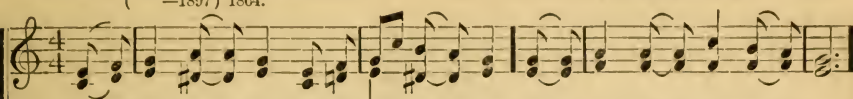


Car-ol, car-ol, car-ol sweet-ly to-day,
 Bear the joy-ful ti-dings, Oh, bear them far a-way.

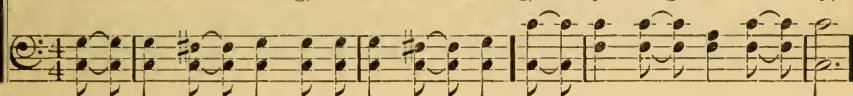
THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

P. M. (*First Tune.*)MRS. EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT,
(—1897) 1864.

Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864—) 1897.



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;
2. Heaven's arches rang when the an- gels sang Of Thy birth and Thy royal degree;
3. Foxes found their rest, and each bird had its nest, In the shade of the ce- dar tree;
4. Thou cam- est, O Lord, with Thy liv- ing word, That should set Thy people free;
5. Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing, At Thy coming to vic- to- ry,



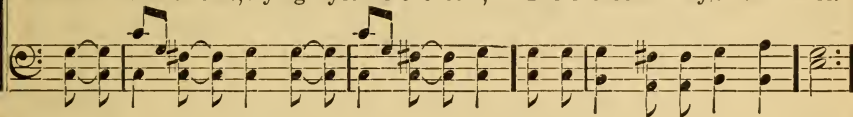
But in Bethlehem's home, there was found no room, For Thy ho- ly na- tiv - i - ty.

But in low- ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest hu- mil - i - ty.

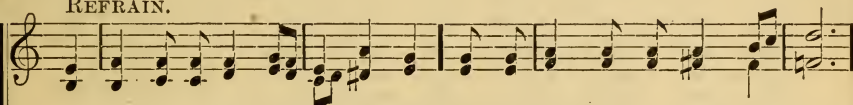
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des- erts of Gal - i - lee.

But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Calva - ry.

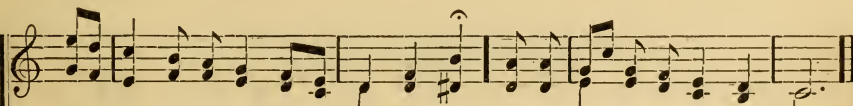
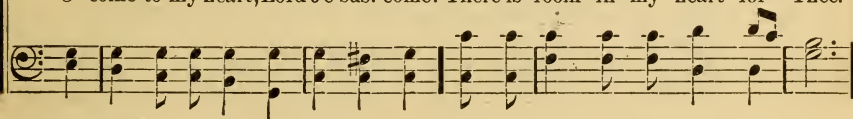
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room," "There is room at My side for thee."



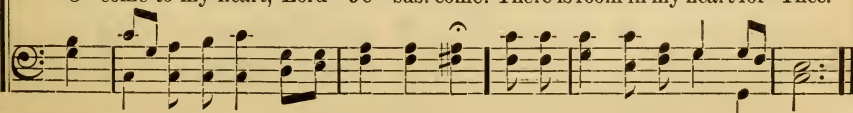
REFRAIN.



O come to my heart, Lord Je- sus! come! There is room in my heart for Thee.



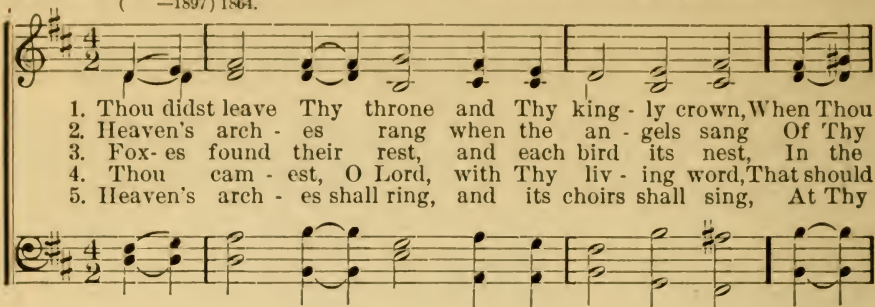
O come to my heart, Lord Je- sus! come! There is room in my heart for Thee.



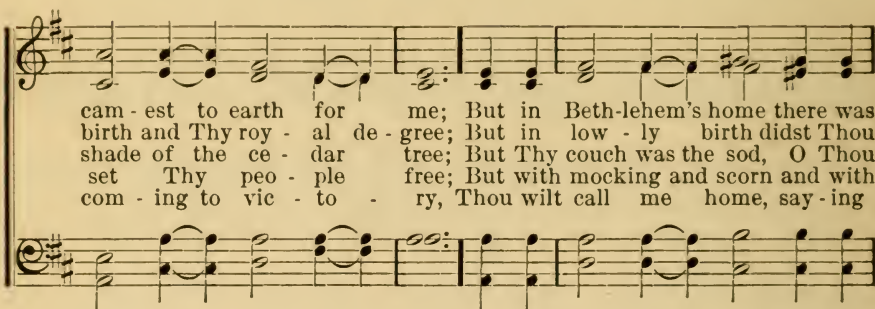
THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

"Margaret." P. M. (*Second Tune.*)MRS. EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT,
(—1897) 1864.

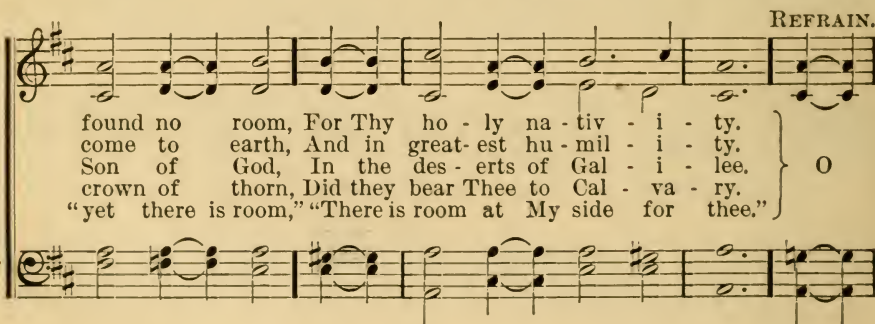
Rev. Timothy Richard Matthews (1826—)



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
 2. Heaven's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang Of Thy
 3. Fox - es found their rest, and each bird its nest, In the
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with Thy liv - ing word, That should
 5. Heaven's arch - es shall ring, and its choirs shall sing, At Thy

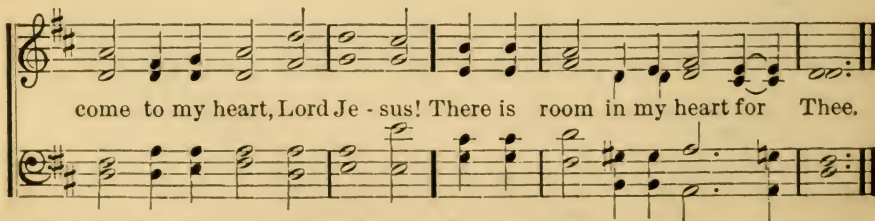


cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth-lehem's home there was
 birth and Thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
 shade of the ce - dar tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
 set Thy peo - ple free; But with mocking and scorn and with
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Thou wilt call me home, say - ing



REFRAIN.

found no room, For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
 come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty.
 Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee. } O
 crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal - va - ry.
 "yet there is room," "There is room at My side for thee."



come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.

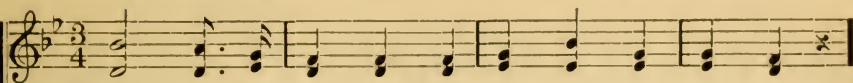
NOTE.—The ties and slurs are to be used as the syllables require.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

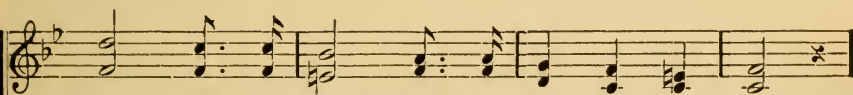
"Wesley." 11s. & 10s.

REV. THOMAS HASTINGS, (1784-1872) 1830.

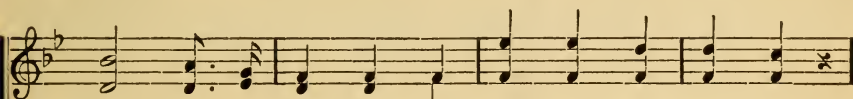
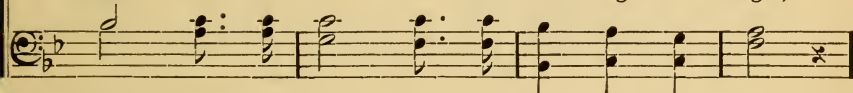
Lowell Mason, (1792-1872) 1830.



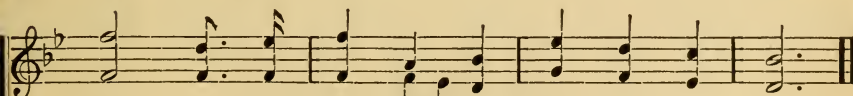
1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing!
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing,
 3. Lo, in the des-ert rich flow-ers are spring-ing,
 4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o-cean,



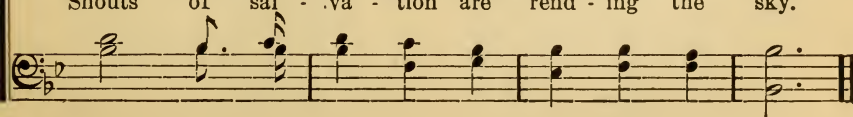
Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!
 Long by the proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told;
 Streams ev-er co-pious are gli-ding a-long;
 Praise to Je-ho-vah as-cend-ing on high;



Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourn-ing;
 Hail to the mil-lions from bon-dage re-turn-ing,
 Loud from the mount-ain-tops ech-oes are ring-ing,
 Fallen are the en-gines of war and com-mo-tion;



Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
 Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be-hold.
 Wastes rise in ver-dure and min-gle in song.
 Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky.

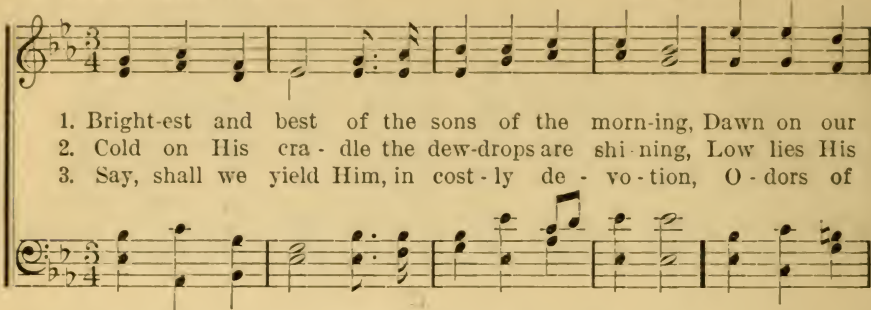


BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

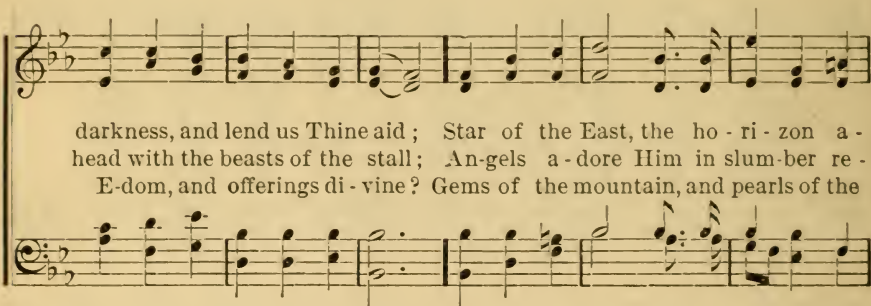
"Webbe." 11s. & 10s.

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) 1811.

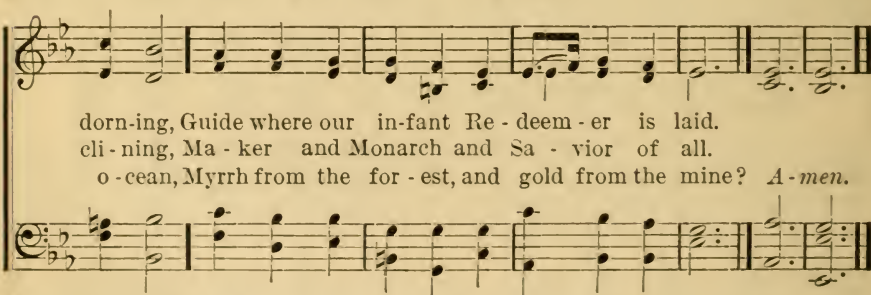
Samuel Webbe, (1740—1816)



1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
 2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shi - ning, Low lies His
 3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of



darkness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
 head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re -
 E - dom, and offerings di - vine? Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the



dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
 cli - ning, Ma - ker and Monarch and Sa - vior of all.
 o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine? A - men.

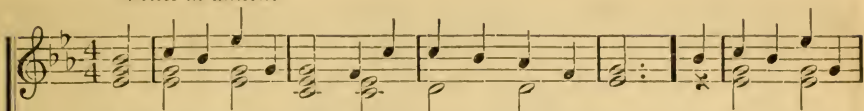
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

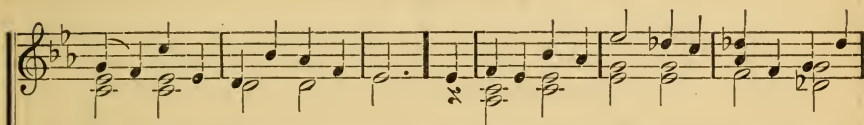
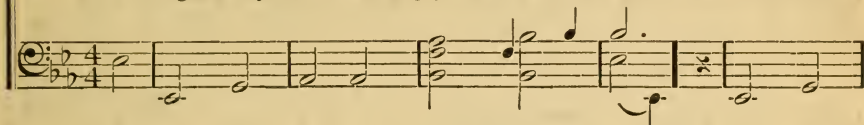
SARAH DOUDNEY, (1842—) 1871.

"Thanet." 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

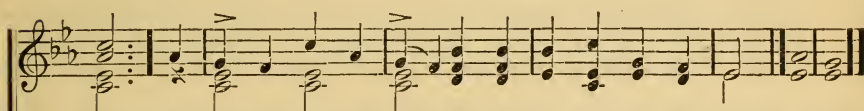
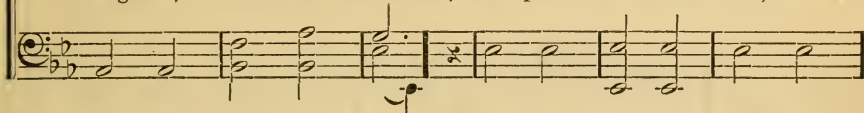
Richard S. Newman.

Voices in unison.

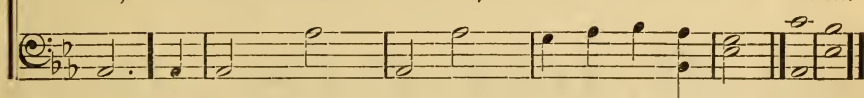
1. We sing a loving Jesus Who left His throne above, And came on earth to
2. We sing a ho - ly Je - sus No taint of sin de - filed The Babe of David's
3. We sing a lowly Jesus, No kingly crown He had; His heart was bowed with



ran-som The children of His love. It is an oft-told story, And yet we love to
 Cit-y, The pure and stainless child. O teach us, blessed Sa-rior, Thy heavenly grace to
 anguish, His face was marred and sad; In deep humiliation He came, His work to

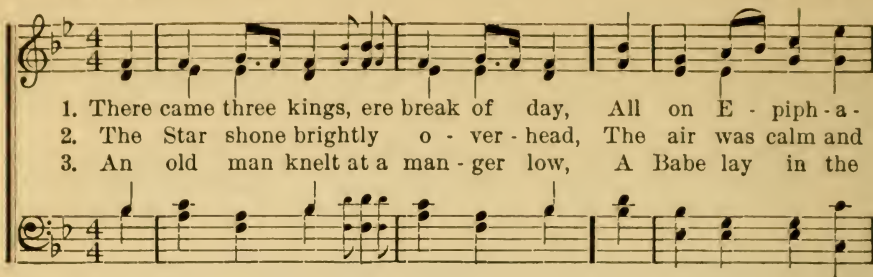


tell How Christ, the King of glory, Once deigned with man to dwell.
 seek; And let our whole be-ha-vior, Like Thine, be mild and meek.
 do; O Lord of our sal - va - tion, Let us be hum - ble too. Amen.

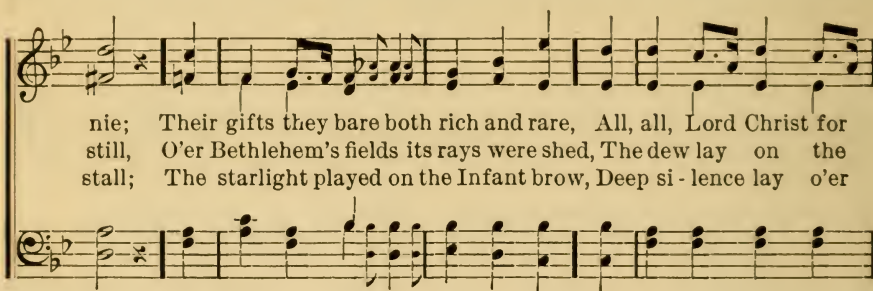


4 We sing a mighty Jesus,
 Whose voice could raise the dead;
 The sightless eyes He opened,
 The famished souls He fed.
 Thou camest to deliver
 Mankind from sin and shame;
 Redeemer and Life-giver,
 We praise Thy holy Name.

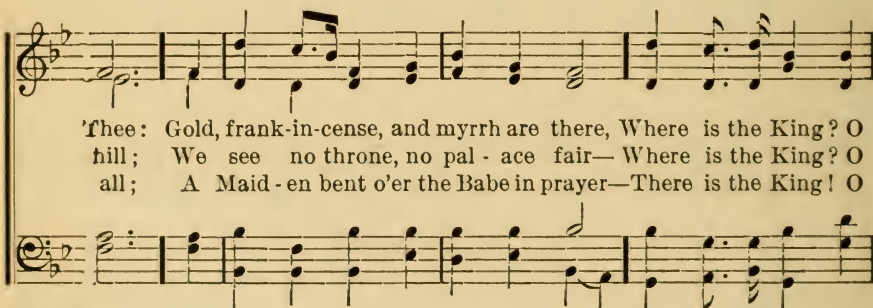
5 We sing a coming Jesus:
 The time is drawing near,
 When Christ with all His Angels
 In glory shall appear;
 Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
 In this Thy day of grace,
 That we may gladly meet Thee
 And see Thee face to face,



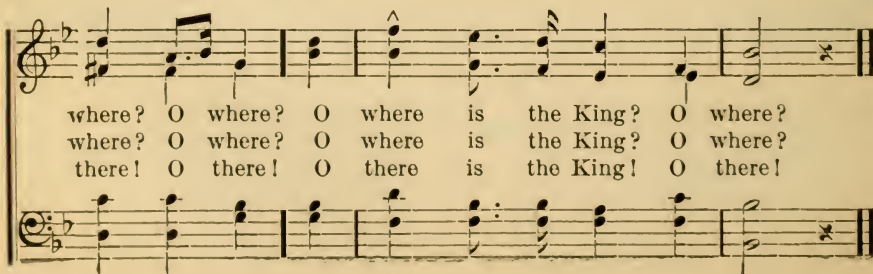
1. There came three kings, ere break of day, All on E - pip - a -
 2. The Star shone brightly o - ver - head, The air was calm and
 3. An old man knelt at a man - ger low, A Babe lay in the



nie; Their gifts they bare both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ for
 still, O'er Bethlehem's fields its rays were shed, The dew lay on the
 stall; The starlight played on the Infant brow, Deep si - lence lay o'er



'Thee: Gold, frank-in-cense, and myrrh are there, Where is the King? O
 hill; We see no throne, no pal - ace fair—Where is the King? O
 all; A Maid - en bent o'er the Babe in prayer—There is the King! O

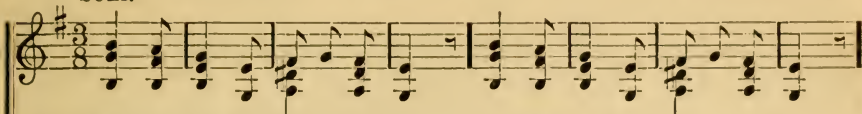


where? O where? O where is the King? O where?
 where? O where? O where is the King? O where?
 there! O there! O there is the King! O there!

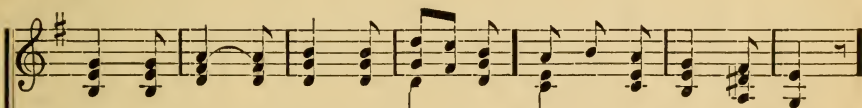
REV. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, (1820—) 1862.

"The Morning Star," 1862.

SOLI.



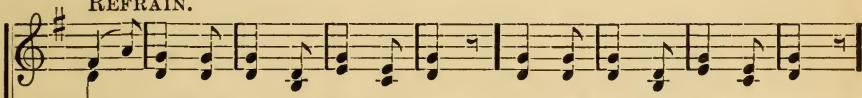
- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are ; | Bearing gifts, we traverse a - far. |
| 2. Born a King on Bethlehem plain, | Gold I bring to crown Him a-gain ; |
| 3. Frank-in cense to of-fer have I— | Incense owns a De-i-ty nigh ; |
| 4. Myrrh is mine ; its bitter perfume | Breathes a life of gath-er-ing gloom, |
| 5. Glo-rious now behold Him a-rise, | King and God and sac - ri - fice ; |



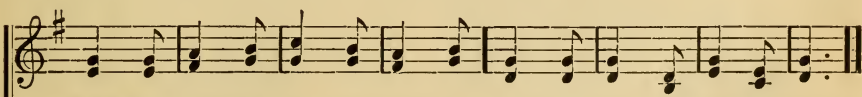
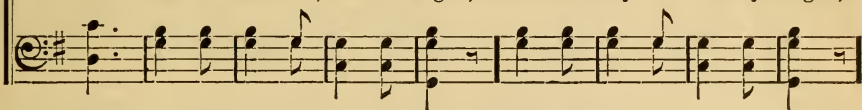
Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol - low-ing yon - der Star.
 King for ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
 Prayer and prais-ing all men rais - ing, Worship Him, God on high.
 Sorrowing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
 Heav - en sings "hal - le - lu - jah!" Hal - le - lu - jah!"earth re - plies.



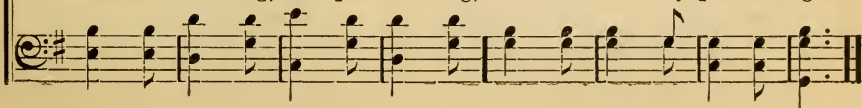
REFRAIN.



O Star of won-der, Star of night, Star with roy - al beau-ty bright,



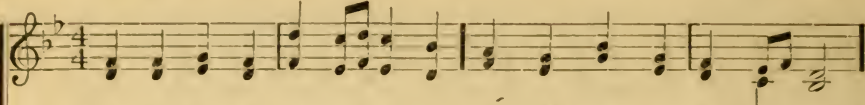
West-ward lead-ing, Still pro-ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per-fect light.



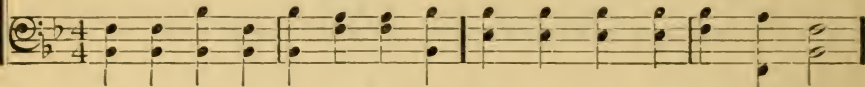

"Beecher." 8s. & 7s. D.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1746.

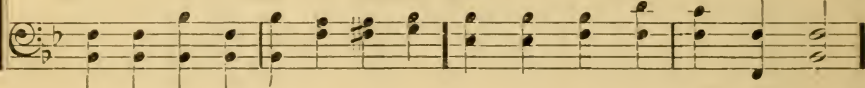
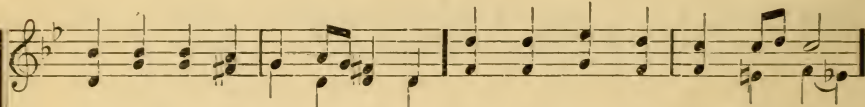
Johann Zundel, (1815—1882) 1870.



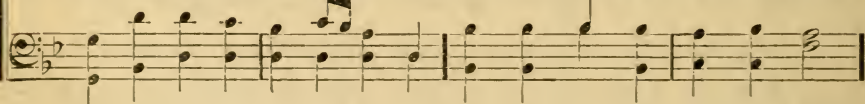
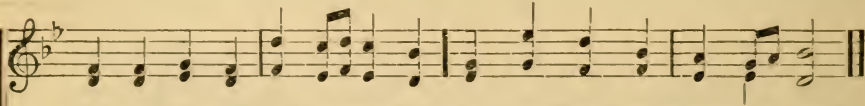
1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, — Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit, In - to ev - ery troub - led breast!
 3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, un - spot - ted may we be;

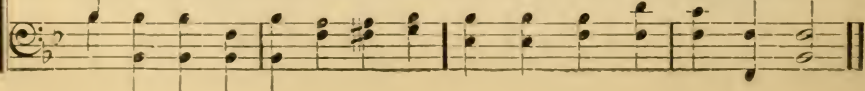
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.
 Let us see our whole sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee!

Je - sus! Thou art all compassion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive!
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.
 Speed - i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave!
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

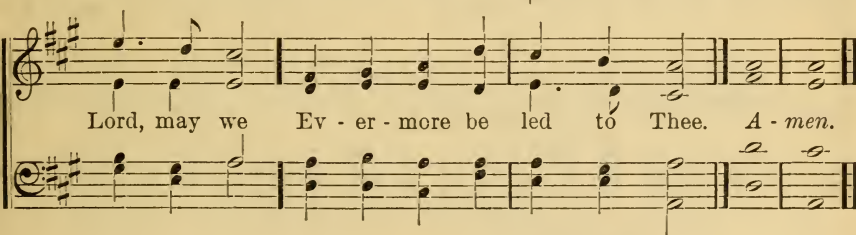
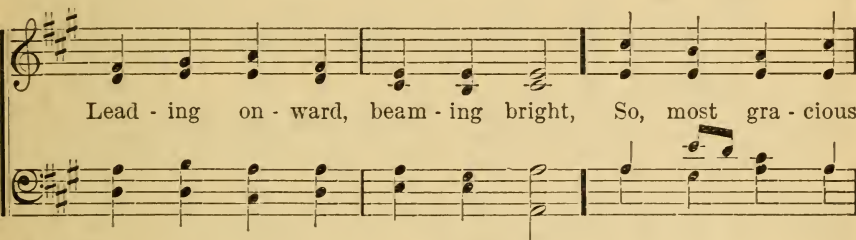
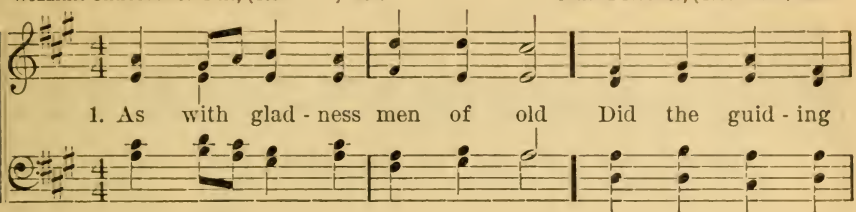


AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.

"Dix." 7s. 6 lines.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, (1837—) 1856.

Conrad Kocher, (1786—1872) 1838.



2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light,
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

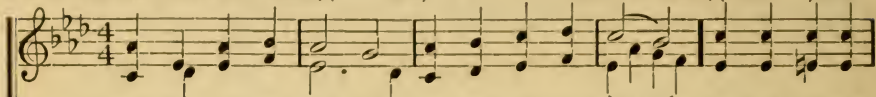
THE YEAR.

57 STANDING AT THE PORTAL OF THE OPENING YEAR.

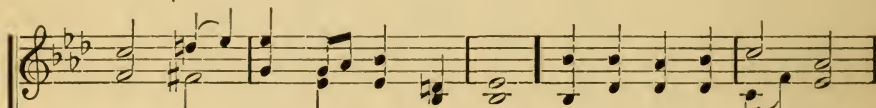
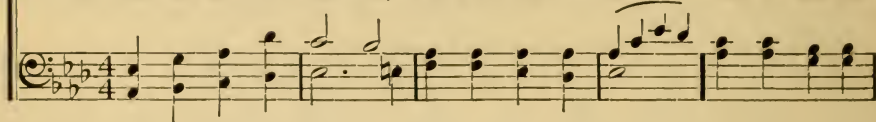
"Valour." 11s. (With Refrain.)

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, (1836—1879) 1873.

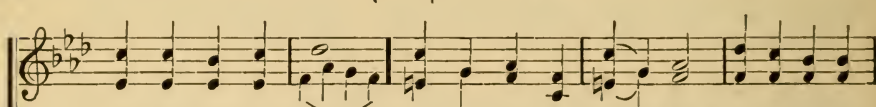
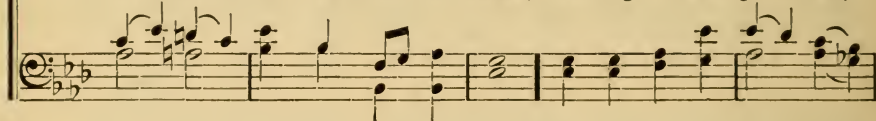
Arthur H. Mann, (1850—) 1885.



1. Standing at the por-tal of the opening year, Words of comfort
2. "I, the Lord, am with thee, be not thou a - fraid, I will help and
3. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for - sake; His e - ter-nal



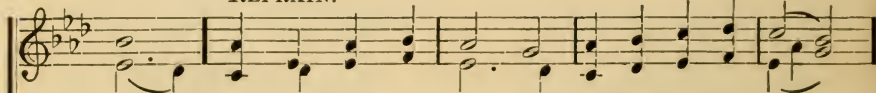
meet us, hush - ing ev - ery fear, Spoken through the si - lence
strengthen, be thou not dis-mayed! Yea, I will up - hold thee
cov - enant He will nev - er break; Rest-ing on His prom - ise,



by our Father's voice, Tender, strong and faithful, making us re -
with My own right hand, Thou art called and cho - sen in My sight to
what have we to fear? God is all - suf - fi - cient for the coming



REFRAIN.



joyce,
stand." } On - ward, then, and fear not, children of the day!
year.



For His Word shall nev - er, nev - er pass a - way. *A-men.*

58

ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING.

"Weber." 7s. & 6s.

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
(1836—1879) 1874.

Ar. fr. Friedrich Freiherr von Flotow, (1812—1883) 1835.

1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing! Dear Mas - ter, let it be
2. An - oth - er year of mer - cies, Of faith - ful - ness and grace,
3. An - oth - er year of pro - gress, An - oth - er year of praise;

In working or in wait - ing, An - oth - er year with Thee.
An - oth - er year of glad - ness In the shi - ning of Thy face.
An - oth - er year of prov - ing Thy presence "all the days." *A-men.*

4 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above,

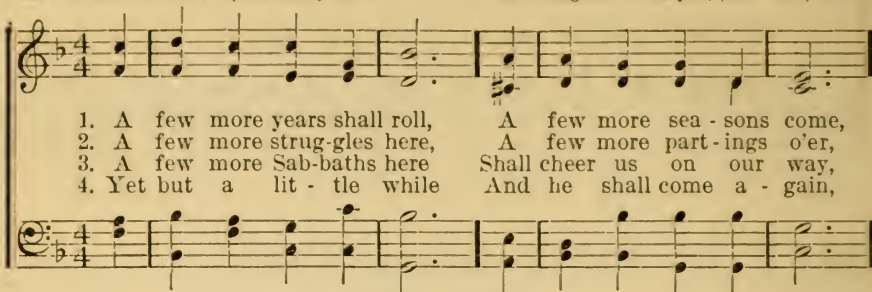
5 Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in Heaven,
Another year for Thee!

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

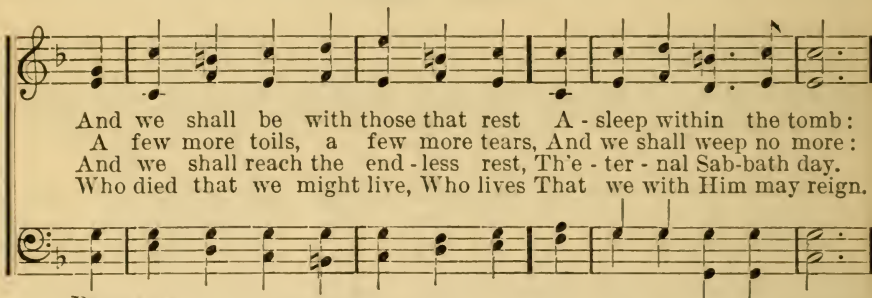
"Chalvey."

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, (1808—1889) 1856.

Rev. Leighton G. Hayne, (1836—1883) 1868.



1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
 2. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings o'er,
 3. A few more Sab-baths here Shall cheer us on our way,
 4. Yet but a lit - tle while And he shall come a - gain,

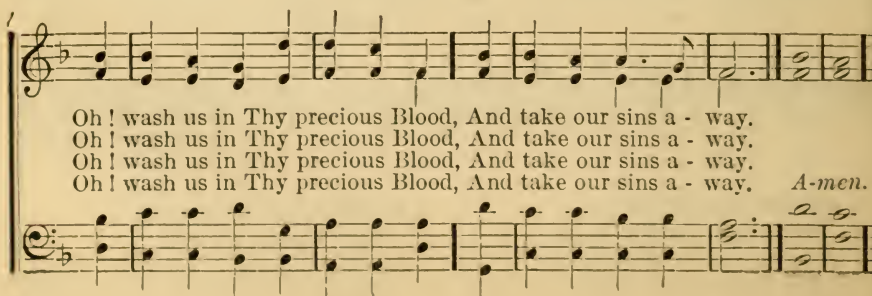


And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep within the tomb:
 A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more:
 And we shall reach the end - less rest, Th'e - ter - nal Sab-bath day.
 Who died that we might live, Who lives That we with Him may reign.

REFRAIN.



Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare Our souls for that great day;
 Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare Our souls for that bright day;
 Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare Our souls for that sweet day;
 Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare Our souls for that glad day;



Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way.
 Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way.
 Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way.
 Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way. A-men.

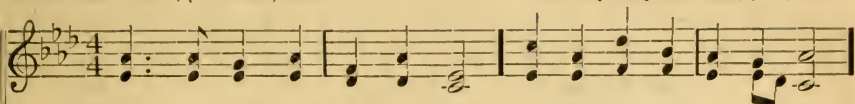
LENT.

SAVIOR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

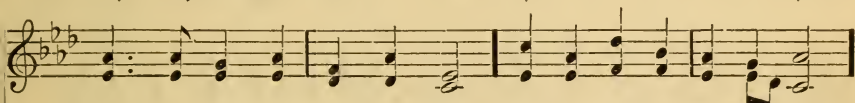
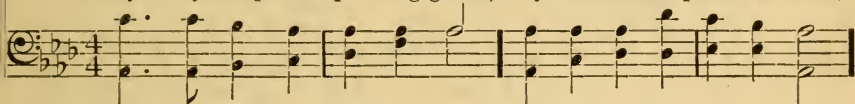
"Spanish Hymn." 7s. D.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, (1779-1838) 1815.

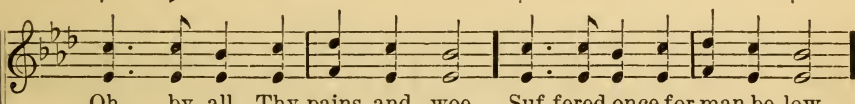
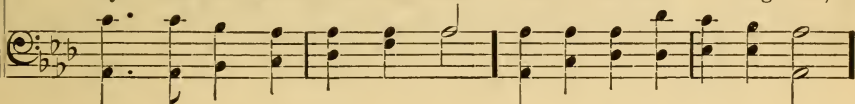
Arr. by Benjamin Carr, () 1824.



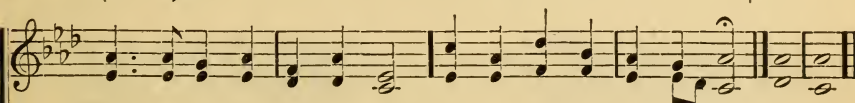
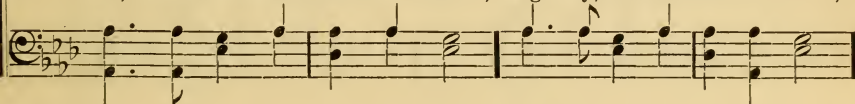
1. Sa - vior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee,
 2. By Thy help-less in-fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
 3. By Thine hour of dire de-spair, By Thine ag-o-ny of prayer,
 4. By Thy deep ex-pir-ing groan, By the sad se-pul-chral stone,



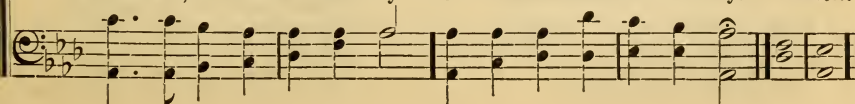
When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,—
 By Thy days of sore dis-tress In the sav-age wil-der-ness,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Piercing spear and torturing scorn,
 By the vault whose dark a-bode Held in vain the ri-sing God,—



Oh, by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fered once for man be-low,
 By the dread, mys-te-rious hour Of th'insulting tempter's power,—
 By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dreadful sac-ri-fice,—
 Oh, from earth to heaven re-stored, Might-y, re-as-cend-ed Lord,



Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn Lit-a-ny.
 Turn, oh turn a favoring eye, Hear our solemn Lit-a-ny.
 Lis-ten to our hum-ble cry, Hear our solemn Lit-a-ny.
 Lis-ten, lis-ten to the cry Of our solemn Lit-a-ny. A-men.



"Passion Chorale." 7s. & 6s. D.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, (1091—1153)

Hans Leonhard Hassler, (1564—1612) 1601.

Tr. by REV. JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER, (1804—1859) 1829.

Arr. by Henry Schwing.

1. { O sa - cred Head now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down; }
 2. { Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown; }
 2. { What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain; }
 2. { Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion. But Thine the dead - ly pain; }

O sa - cred Head what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!
 Lo, here, I fall, my Sa - vior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;

Yet, though despised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace. A - men.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken—

Above all joys beside;

When in Thy body broken

I thus with safety hide.

My Lord of life desiring

Thy glory now to see,

Beside the cross expiring

I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow

To thank Thee, dearest Friend,

For this, Thy dying sorrow,

Thy pity without end!

Oh, make me Thine for ever,

And should I fainting be,

Lord, let me never, never

Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,

Oh, show Thy cross to me!

And for my succor flying,

Come, Lord, to set me free.

These eyes new faith receiving

From Jesus shall not move,

For he, who dies believing,

Dies safely through Thy love.

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

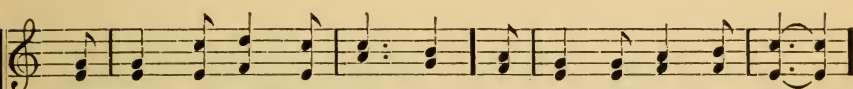
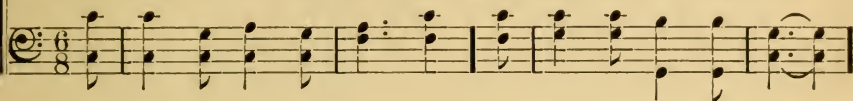
"Miriam." 7s. & 6s. D.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, (1808—1889) 1843.

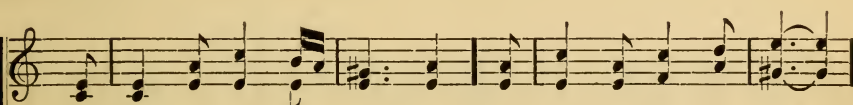
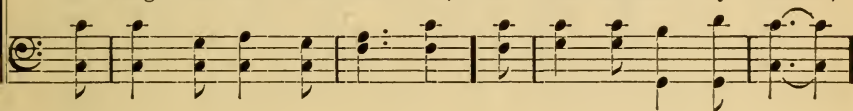
Joseph Perry Holbrook, (1822—1888) 1865.



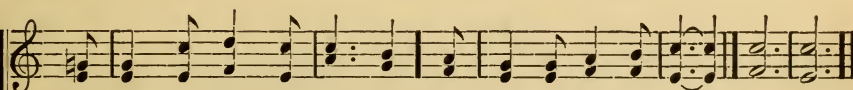
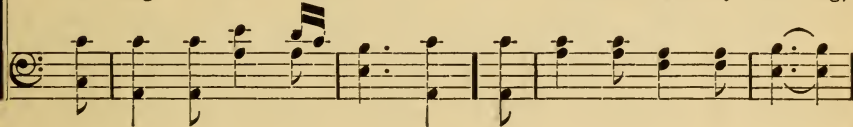
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus. All full-ness dwells in Him;
 3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, low - ly, lov - ing, mild;



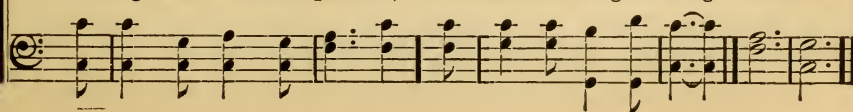
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
 He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.
 I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly Child;



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares,
 I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heav - en - ly throng,



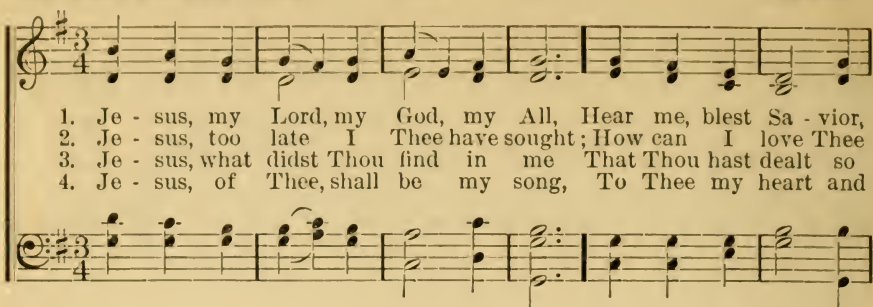
White in His blood most pre - cious Till not a spot re - mains.
 He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
 To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song. A - men.




"St. Finbar," L. M. 6 lines.

REV. HENRY AUGUSTINE COLLINS, () 1852.

English.

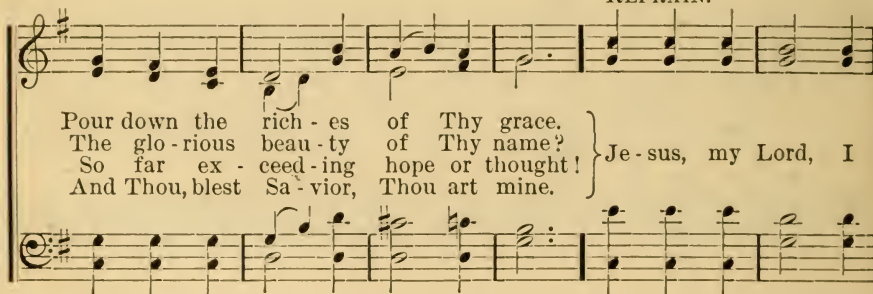


1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sa - vior,
 2. Je - sus, too late I Thee have sought; How can I love Thee
 3. Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me That Thou hast dealt so
 4. Je - sus, of Thee, shall be my song, To Thee my heart and

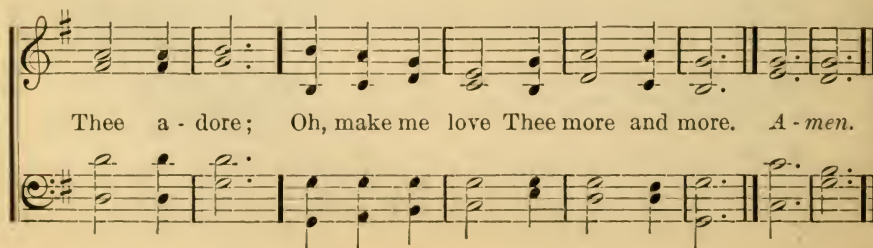


when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place
 as I ought, And how ex - tol Thy match - less fame,
 lov - ing - ly? How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 soul be - long; All that I have or am is Thine,

REFRAIN.



Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace.
 The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy name?
 So far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought! } Je - sus, my Lord, I
 And Thou, blest Sa - vior, Thou art mine.



Thee a - dore; Oh, make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

"Luella." 11s.

H. N. Whitney.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sa - vior, hast Thou died for me?
 2. Now I know Thou lov - est and dost plead for me,

Make me ver - y thank - ful in my heart to Thee.
 Make me ver - y thank - ful in my prayers to Thee.

When the sad, sad sto - ry of Thy grief I read,
 Soon I hope in glo - ry at Thy side to stand;

Make me ver - y sor - ry for my sins in - deed.
 Make me fit to meet Thee in that hap - py land. A - men.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

"Horsley." C. M.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, (1823—1895) 1848.

William Horsley, (1774—1858) 1844.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for-given; He died to make us good;
 4. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
 5. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved; And we must love Him too,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.
 That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.
 And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do. A - men.

FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS.

"Heinlein." 7s.

REV. GEORGE HUNT SMYTTAN, (1825—1870) 1856.

Paul Heinlein, (1626—1686) 1677.

1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fasting in the wild, Forty days and
 2. Shall we not Thy sor - row share, And from earthly joys ab - stain, Fasting with un -
 3. And if Sa - tan, vex - ing sore, Flesh or spir - it should assail, Thou, his vanquish -

for - ty nights Tempted, and yet un - de - filed,
 ceas - ing prayer, Glad with Thee to suffer pain?
 er be - fore, Grant we may not faint or fail.

4 So shall we have peace divine;
 Holy gladness ours shall be;
 Round us, too, shall angels shine,
 Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, O keep us, Savior dear,
 Ever constant by Thy side;
 That with Thee we may appear
 At th' eternal Eastertide.

CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM?

"St. Andrew of Crete." 6s. 5s. D.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE, 700.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866)

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876)

1. Chris-tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
 2. Chris-tian, dost thou feel them, How they work with - in,
 3. Chris-tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?
 4. "Well I know thy trou - ble, O My ser - vant true;

How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
 Striv - ing, tempt - ing, lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?
 "Al - ways fast and vig - il? Al - ways watch and prayer?"
 Thou art ver - y wear - y, I was wear - y too;

Faster.

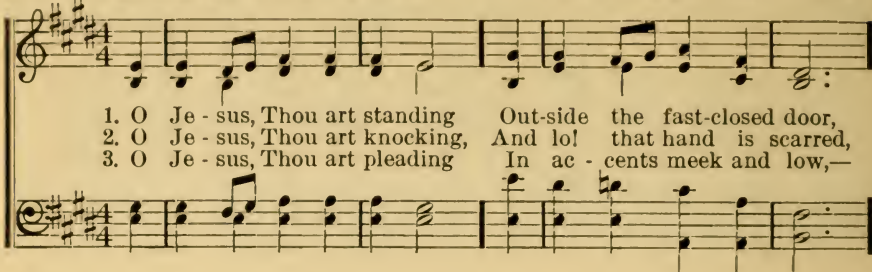
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
 Chris - tian, nev - er trem - ble, Nev - er be down - cast;
 Chris - tian, an - swer bold - ly: "While I breathe I pray!"
 But that toil shall make thee Some day all Mine own,

In the strength that com - eth By the Ho - ly Cross.
 Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast.
 Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.
 And the end of sor - row, Shall be near My Throne." Amen.

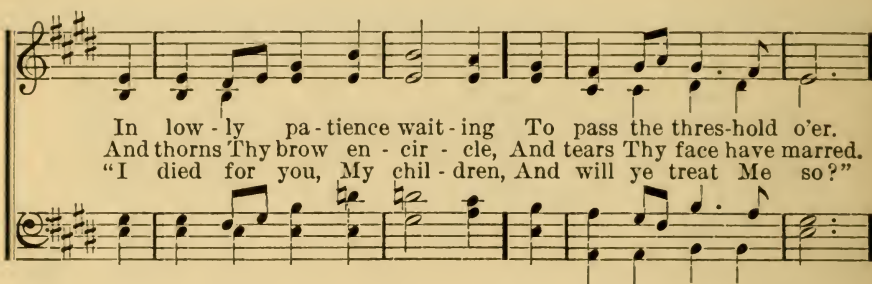
O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

"St. Hilda (St. Edith)." 7s. & 6s.

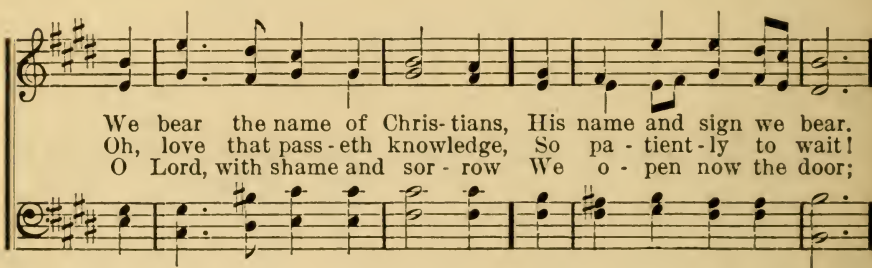
BP. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, (1823—1897) 1854.

Justin Heinrich Knecht, (1752—1817) 1799.
Rev. E. Husband, (1843—) 1871.


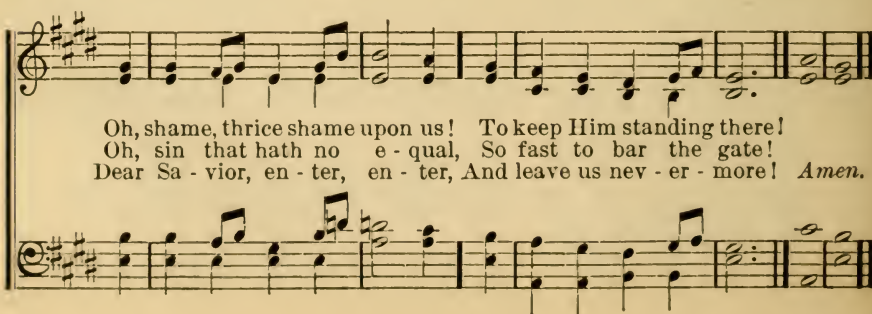
1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking, And lo! that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low,—



In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thres - hold o'er.
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred.
"I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"



We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear.
Oh, love that pass - eth knowledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;



Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep Him standing there!
Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sa - vior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more! Amen.

PALM SUNDAY.

69

ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOR.

7s. & 6s. D.

THEODULPH, BP. OF ORLEANS, (—821)
TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1356.

Samuel P. Warren, (1841—) 1886.

f

1. All glo - ry, laud and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King,
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
3. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the prayers we bring.

To whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King!

The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;
To Thee, be - fore Thy Pas - sion, Were lift - ed hymns of praise;
All glo - ry, laud and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

ff

Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring! *A-men.*

RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

"Rousseau." L. M. (*First Tune.*)

DEAN HENRY HART MILMAN, (1791—1868) 1827.

William W. Rousseau.

1. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho-san-na" cry;

O Sa-vior meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh.
The Father, on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son!

RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

"Russia." L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

DEAN HENRY HART MILMAN, (1791—1868) 1827.

Aléxis Feodorovitch Lvoff, (1799—1870) 1833.

1. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho-san-na" cry;

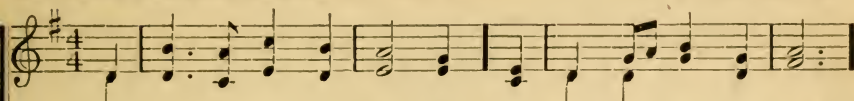
O Sa-vior meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.

COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.

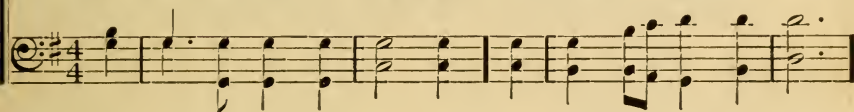
"Bethune." 7s. & 6s.

REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE, (1805—1862) 1850.

E. C. Zartman, 1890.



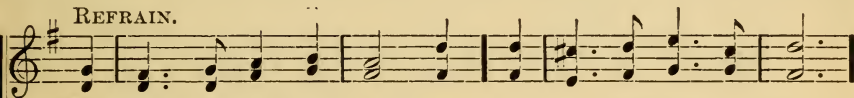
1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend ;
2. His ho - ly soul re - joi - ces, A - mid the choirs a - bove,
3. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save ;
4. And in our hour of dan - ger We'll trust His love a - lone



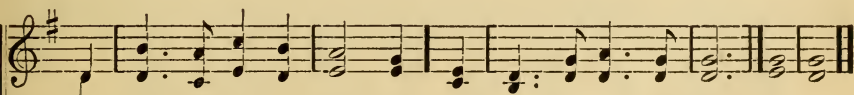
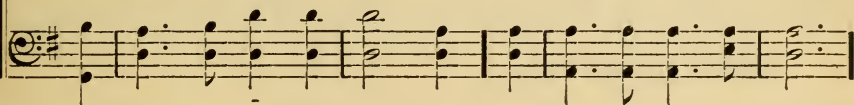
Come, let us sing of Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.
 To hear our youth - ful voi - ces Ex - ult - ing in His love.
 We love to sing of Je - sus, Tri - um - phant o'er the grave.
 Who once slept in a man - ger, And now sits on the throne.



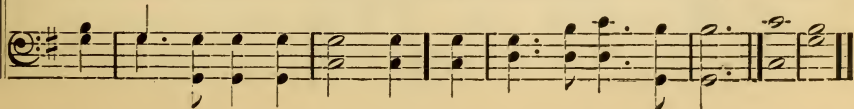
REFRAIN.



All glo - ry, praise and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!



To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. *A-men.*

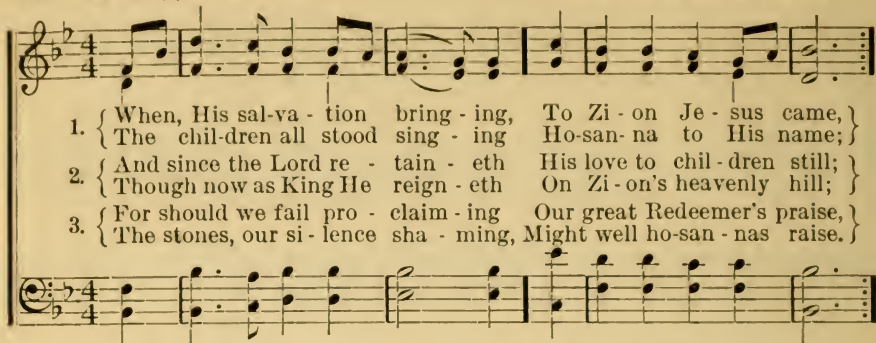


WHEN HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

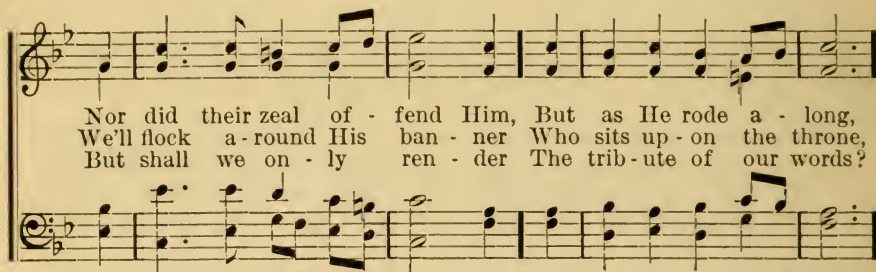
"Mehul." 7s. 6s. D.

REV. JOHN KING, (1789—1858) 1830.

Etienne Nicolas Mehul, (1763—1817)



1. { When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, }
 { The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name; }
 2. { And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love to chil - dren still; }
 { Though now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heavenly hill; }
 3. { For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Redeemer's praise, }
 { The stones, our si - lence sha - ming, Might well ho - san - nas raise. }

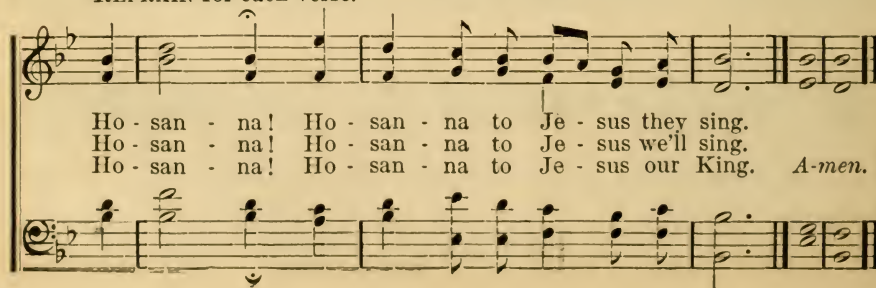


Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
 We'll flock a - round His ban - ner Who sits up - on the throne,
 But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?



He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song,
 And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son!"
 No! while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's

REFRAIN for each verse.



Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to Je - sus they sing.
 Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to Je - sus we'll sing.
 Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to Je - sus our King. A - men.

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826)

Arranged from Jean Fauré, (1830—)

1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in -
 2. Ho - san - na, Lord! Thine angels cry; Ho - san - na, Lord! Thy
 3. O Sa - vior, with pro - tect - ing care, Re - turn to this Thy
 4. So in the last and dreadful day, When earth and heaven shall

car - nate Word; To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sa - vior, King, Let
 saints re - ply; A - bove, be - neath us, and a - round, The
 house of prayer, As - sem - bled in Thy sa - cred name, Where
 melt a - way, Thy flock, re - deemed from sin - ful stain, Shall

REFRAIN. *Unison.*

earth, let heaven, Ho - san - na sing.
 dead and liv - ing swell the sound;
 we Thy part - ing promise claim;
 swell the sound of praise a - gain, } Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Lord,

Harmony.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in the high - - est.

EASTER.

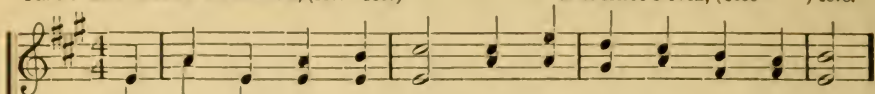
THE LORD OF LIFE IS RISEN.

"Resurrection." 7s. & 6s. D.

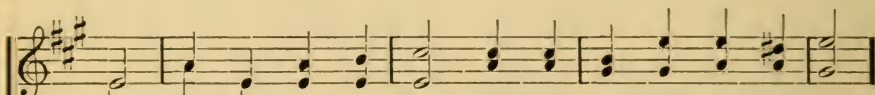
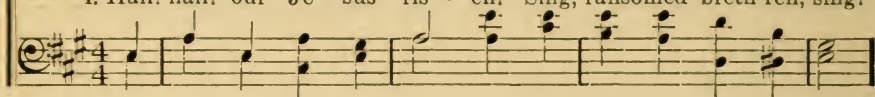
REV. JOHANN PETER LANGE, () 1851.

TR. BY REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, (1817—1867)

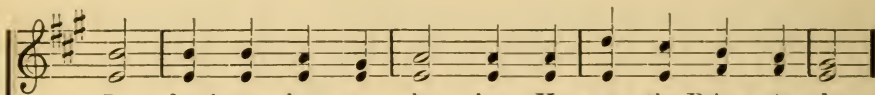
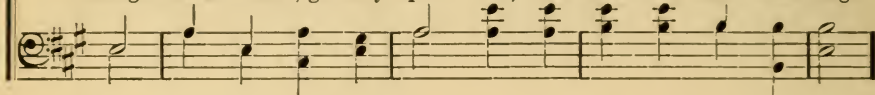
Miss Alice Nevin, (1838—) 1873.



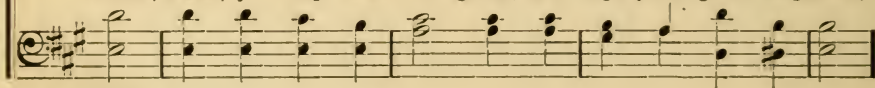
1. The Lord of life is ris - en; Sing, Eas - ter her - alds, sing!
2. A - round Thy tomb, O Je - sus, How sweet the Eas - ter breath,
3. Oh, pub - lish this sal - va - tion, Ye her - alds, through the earth;
4. Hail! hail! our Je - sus ris - en! Sing, ransomed breth - ren, sing!



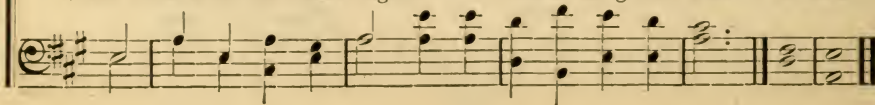
He bursts His rock - y pris - on; Wide let the tri - umph ring.
 Hear we not in the breez - es "Where is thy sting, O Death?"
 To ev - ery bur - ied na - tion Pro - claim the day of birth.
 Through death's dark, gloomy pris - on, Let Eas - ter cho - rals ring.



In death no lon - ger ly - ing, He rose, the Prince, to - day;
 Dark hell flies in com - mo - tion, The heavens their anthems sing;
 Till, ris - ing from their slum - bers In long and an - cient night,
 Haste, haste, ye cap - tive le - gions, Ac - cept your glad re - prieve;



Life of the dead and dy - ing, He triumphed o'er decay.
 While far o'er earth and o - cean, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs ring!
 The countless heathen numbers Shall hail the Eas - ter light.
 Come forth from sin's dark regions— In Je - sus' king - dom live. *A - men.*



CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

"Easter Hymn." 7s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1739.

John Worgan, (1724—1790)

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia.

Sons of men, and an - gels, say, Al - - le - lu - ia.

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high! Al - - le - lu - ia.

Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply! Al - - le - lu - ia. A - men.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

Alleluia.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Alleluia.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

Alleluia.

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

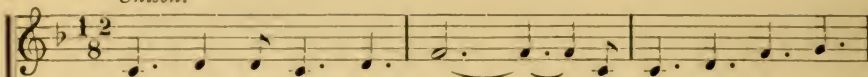
Alleluia.

BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

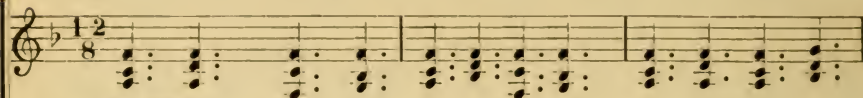
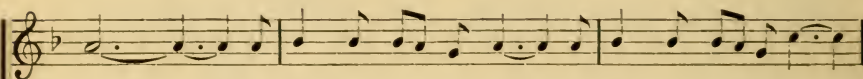
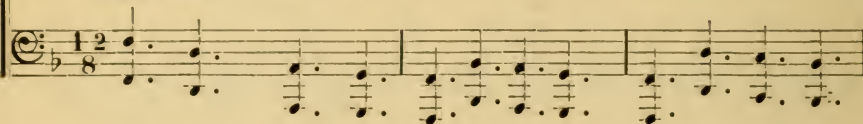
H. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1750.

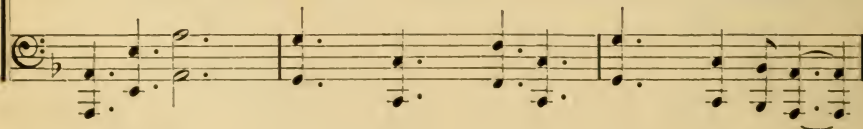
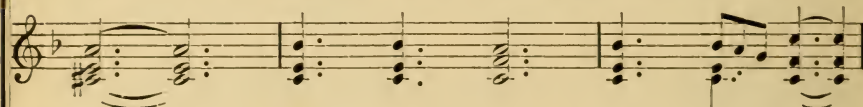
Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864—) 1897.

Unison.

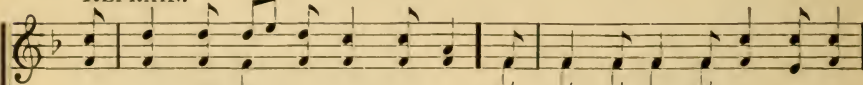
- | | | | |
|---------|----------------------|--------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Blow | ye the trum - pet, | blow,..... | The glad - ly sol - emn |
| 2. Ex - | alt the Lamb of | God, | The sin - a - ton - ing |
| 3. The | gos - pel trum - pet | hear, | The news of pardoning |
| 4. Je - | sus, our Great High | Priest,..... | Has full a - tone-ment |

*Instrument.*

sound;..... Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re - mot-est bound.
 Lamb;..... Re-demp-tion by His blood Through all the lands pro-claim.
 grace;..... Ye hap - py souls draw near; Be-hold your Saviour's face;
 made;..... Ye wea - ry spir-its, rest; Ye mourn-ing souls, be glad.



REFRAIN.



The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi - lee is come;



Re - turn, ye ran-somed sin - ners home, Re - turn ye sin - ners, home.
 Re - turn ye sinners, re-turn ye home.

77

REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING!

"Darwall." H. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1744.

Rev. John Darwall, (1731—1789) 1770.

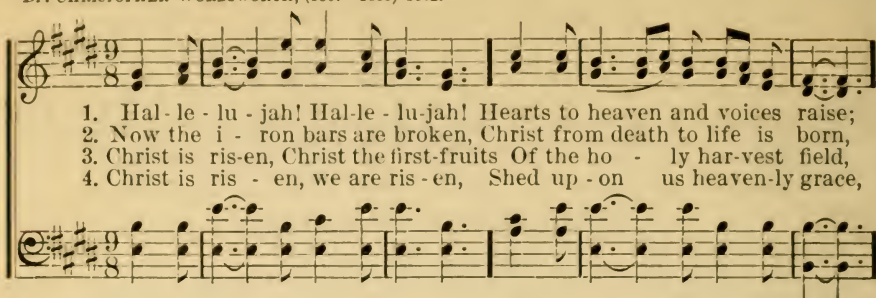
1. Re - joyce! the Lord is King! Your God and King a - dore.
 2. His king-dom, can - not fail; He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 3. He all His foes shall quell, Shall all our sins de - stroy;
 4. Re - joyce in glo - rious hope; Je - sus, the Judge, shall come

Mor - tals! give thanks and sing, And triumph ev - er - more. Lift up your
 The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given. Lift up your
 And ev - ery bos-om swell With pure ser - aph - ic joy. Lift up your
 And take His ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home. We soon shall

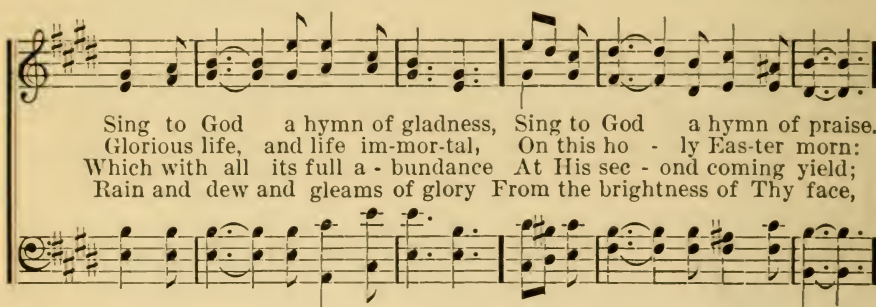
hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joyce! a - gain I say, re - joyce!
 hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joyce! a - gain I say, re - joyce!
 hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joyce! a - gain I say, re - joyce!
 hear th' arch-an - gel's voice. The trump of God shall sound, re - joyce!

"Ecclesia." 8s. & 7s. D.

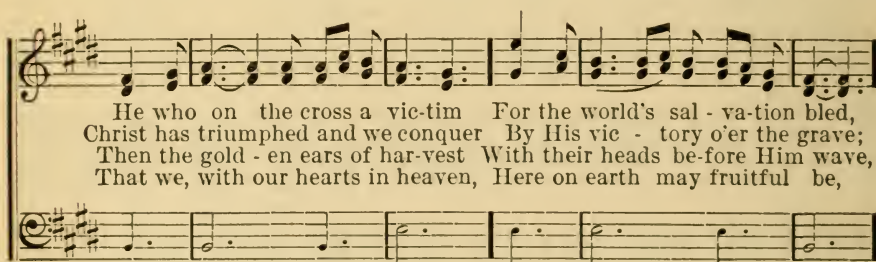
BP. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, (1807—1885) 1862.



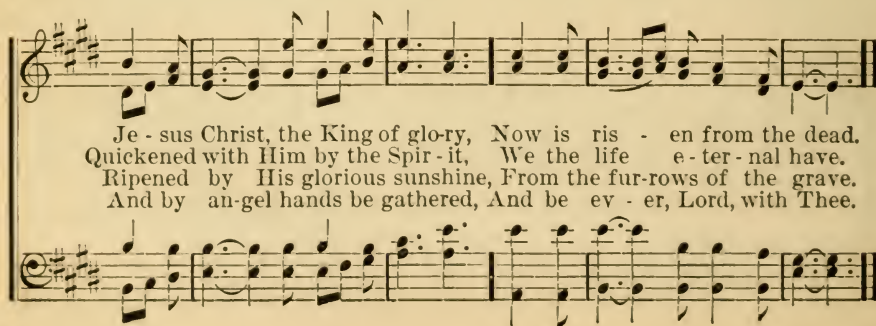
1. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
 2. Now the i-ron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,
 3. Christ is ris-en, Christ the first-fruits Of the ho-ly har-vest field,
 4. Christ is ris-en, we are ris-en, Shed up-on us heav-en-ly grace,



Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.
 Glorious life, and life im-mor-tal, On this ho-ly Easter morn:
 Which with all its full a-bundance At His sec-ond coming yield;
 Rain and dew and gleams of glory From the brightness of Thy face,



He who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal-va-tion bled,
 Christ has triumphed and we conquer By His vic-tory o'er the grave;
 Then the gold-en ears of har-vest With their heads be-fore Him wave,
 That we, with our hearts in heaven, Here on earth may fruitful be,



Je-sus Christ, the King of glo-ry, Now is ris-en from the dead.
 Quicken'd with Him by the Spir-it, We the life e-ter-nal have.
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine, From the fur-rows of the grave.
 And by an-gel hands be gathered, And be-ev-er, Lord, with Thee.

CHRIST HATH ARISEN.

M. Werner.

REV. E. A. WASHBURN.

1. Christ hath a - ris - en! Death is no more! Lo! the white-rob-ed ones
 2. Break forth in sing - ing, O world new-born! Chant the great Easter - tide,
 3. Chant Him, ye flow - ers Fresh from the sod; Chant Him, wild leaping streams,
 4. Come where the Lord lay; Past is the gloom; See the full eye of day

Christ's ho - ly morn. Chant Him, young sun - beams, Dan - cing in mirth.
 Prais - ing your God. Break from thy win - ter, Sad heart and sing;
 Smile through the tomb. Hark! an - gel voi - ces Fall from the skies:

Haste, ye dis - ci - ples glad, First with the light: Dawn gold - en morn - ing

Bud with thy blossoms fair, Christ is thy Spring. Break from thy win - ter,
 "Christ hath a - ris - en!" Glad heart, a - rise. Hark! an - gel voi - ces

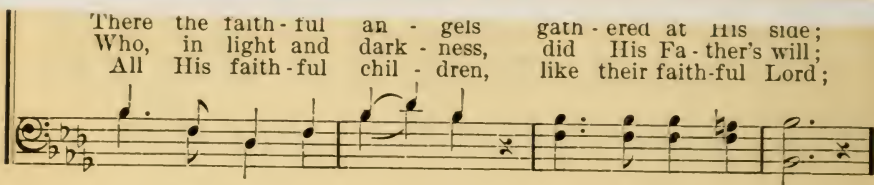
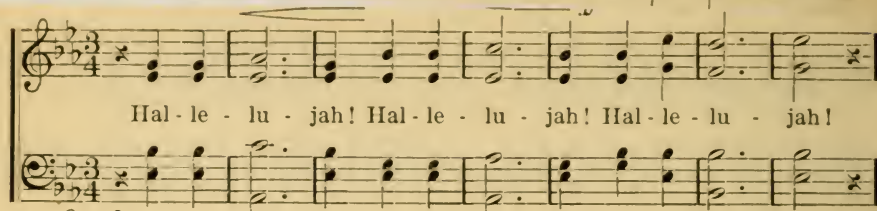
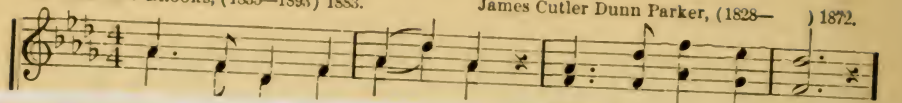
Scat - ter the night! Haste, ye dis - ci - ples glad First with the light

Sad heart, and sing; Bud with thy blossoms fair, Christ is thy Spring.
 Fall from the skies: "Christ hath a - ris - en!" Glad heart, a - rise. A - men.

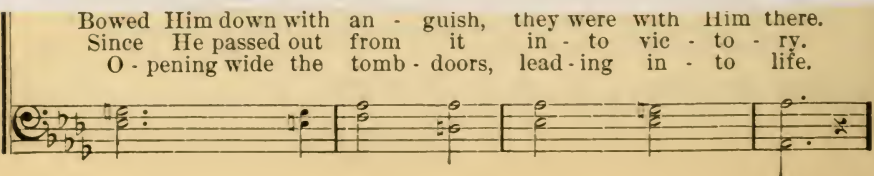
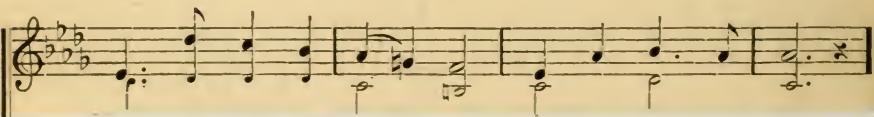
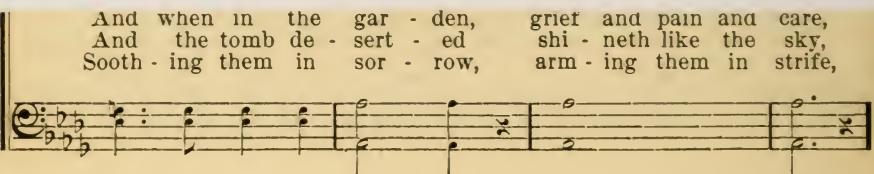
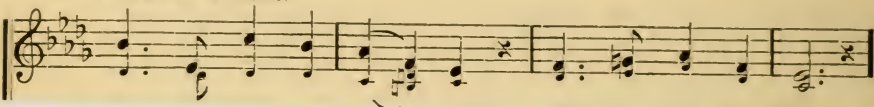
GOD HATH SENT HIS ANGELS.

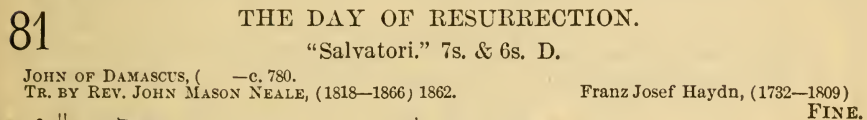
BP. PHILLIPS BROOKS, (1835—1893) 1883.

James Cutler Dunn Parker, (1828—) 1872.



FEMALE VOICES.





81

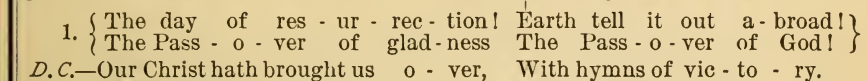
THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.
"Salvatori." 7s. & 6s. D.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS, (—c. 780.
TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1862.

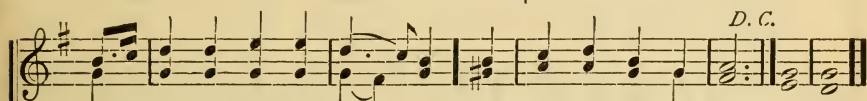
Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809)
FINE.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS, (—c. 780.
TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1862.

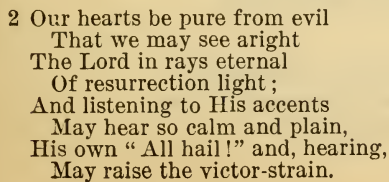
Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809)
FINE.



D. C.—Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky, *A-men.*



3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin ;
Let all the world keep triumph,
And all that is therein ;
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is
 2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dis -
 3. The three sad days have quick - ly sped; He rises glo - ri - ous from the

won: O let the song of praise be sung, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 persed; Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 dead; All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
 Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
 Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
 That we may live and sing to Thee,
 Hallelujah!

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, (1826—1899).

Rev. Robert Lowry (1826—1899) 1874.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sa - vior! Wait - ing the com - ing day—
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus my Sa - vior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death can - not keep His prey— Je - sus my Sa - vior! He tore the bars a - way—

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, He a - rose, With a

might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose! He a - rose a Vic - tor from the

dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign. He a -

rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

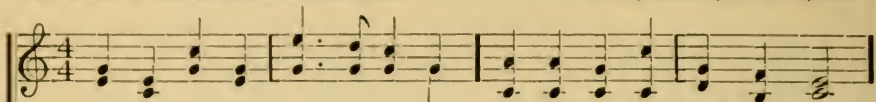
ALLELUIA, SONG OF SWEETNESS.

"Regent Square." 8s. & 7s. 6 lines.

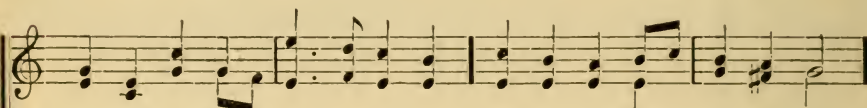
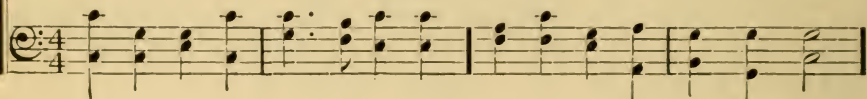
ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866)

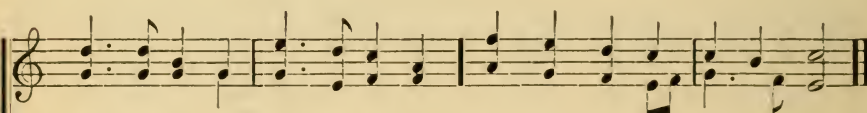
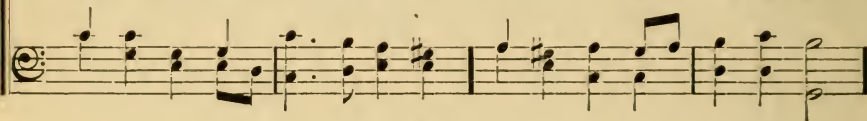
Henry Smart, (1813—1879) 1867.



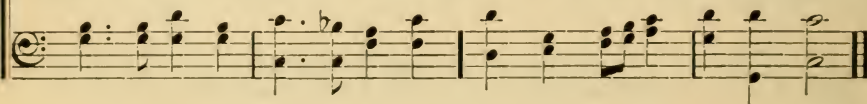
1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of sweetness, Voice of joy that can - not die,
 2. Al - le - lu - ia, thou resoundest True Je - ru - sa - lem and free;



- Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;
 Al - le - lu - ia, joy - ful Mother, All thy chil - dren sing with thee;



- In the house of God a - bi - ding, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.
 But by Ba - by - lon's sad wa - ters Mourn - ing ex - iles now are we.



- 3 Alleluia cannot always
 Be our song while here below;
 Alleluia, our transgressions
 Make us for awhile forego;
 For the solemn time is coming
 When our tears for sin must flow.

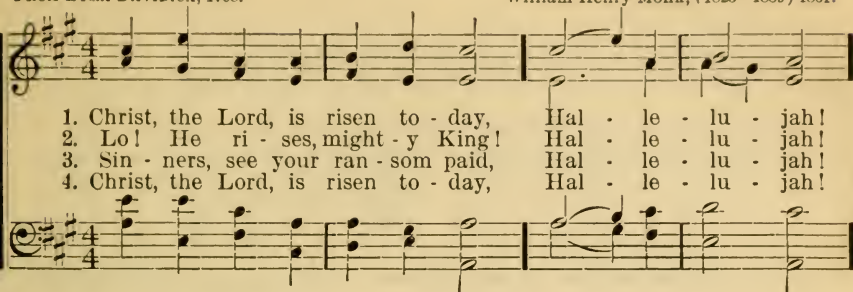
- 4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee
 Grant us, blessed Trinity,
 At the last to keep Thine Easter
 In our home beyond the sky;
 There to Thee forever singing
 Alleluia joyfully.

CHRIST THE LORD, IS RISEN TO-DAY, HALLELUJAH!

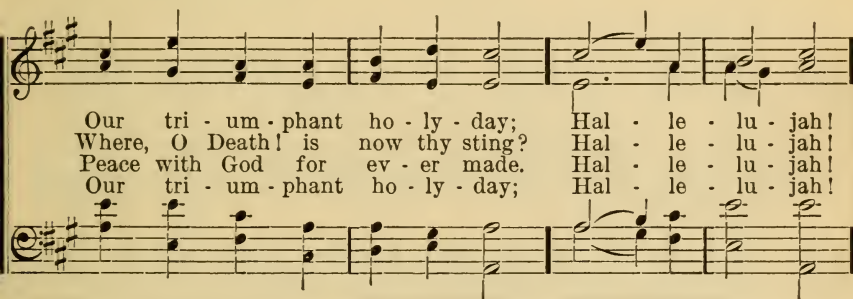
"Ascension." 7s.

FROM LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708.

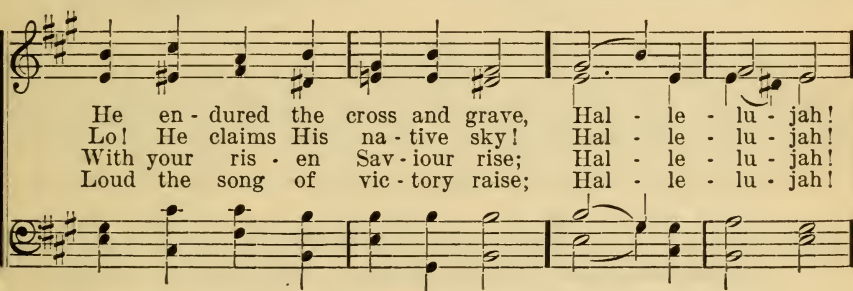
William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.



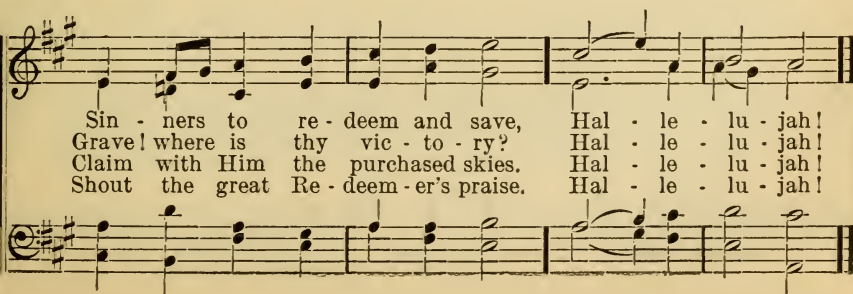
1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. Lo! He ri - ses, might - y King! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 3. Sin - ners, see your ran - som paid, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 4. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Our tri - um - phant ho - ly - day; Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Where, O Death! is now thy sting? Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Peace with God for ev - er made. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Our tri - um - phant ho - ly - day; Hal - le - lu - jah!



He en - dured the cross and grave, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Lo! He claims His na - tive sky! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 With your ris - en Sav - iour rise; Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Loud the song of vic - tory raise; Hal - le - lu - jah!



Sin - ners to re - deem and save, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Grave! where is thy vic - to - ry? Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Claim with Him the purchased skies. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Shout the great Re - deem - er's praise. Hal - le - lu - jah!

MISS JULIA H. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Atwood.

1. 'Tis Eas-ter time, glad Eas-ter time, Let all the joy-bells ring,
 2. Let chil-dren sing with happy hearts, For Je-sus loves their song,
 3. The sto-ry old is ev-er new, We tell it o'er and o'er,

Come, tell a-gain the sto-ry old, Of Christ, the ris-en King.
 They too may praise the ris-en Lord With all the joy-ful throng.
 And each re-turn-ing Eas-ter day, We love it more and more.

REFRAIN.

All hail glad day, all hail glad day, For Je-sus lives! He lives! As

on that first bright Eas-ter morn, His joy and peace He gives.

ASCENSION.

SEE, THE CONQUEROR MOUNTS IN TRIUMPH.

"Muriel." 8. 7. D.

BP. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, (1807—1885) 1862.

Thomas Morley, (1845—1891)

*Unison.**Harmony.*

1. See, the conqueror mounts in triumph! See the King in roy - al state,
 2. Who is this that comes in glo-ry, With the trump of ju - bi - lee?
 3. Thou hast raised our human nature, On the clouds to God's right hand;
 4. Lift us up from earth to heav-en, Give us wings of faith and love,

*Unison.**Harmony.*

Ri-ding on the clouds, His chariot, To His heav-en-ly pal - ace gate!
 Lord of bat-tles, God of ar-mies, He has gained the vic - to - ry;
 There we sit in heav-enly places, There with Thee in glo - ry stand;
 Gales of ho - ly as - pi - ra-tions, Waft-ing us to realms a - bove;

*Female Voices.**Harmony.*

Hark! the choirs of an - gel voi - ces Joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing,
 He, who on the cross did suf - fer, He, who from the grave a-rose,
 Je - sus reigns, a - dored by an - gels; Man with God is on the throne;
 That, with hearts and minds up - lift-ed, We with Christ our Lord may dwell,

And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heavenly King.
 He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.
 Might-y Lord! in Thine as-cension, We by faith be-hold our own.
 Where He sits enthroned in glo - ry, In the heav-en-ly cit - a - del. A-men.

JESUS, O'ER THE GRAVE VICTORIOUS.

"Saxony." 8s & 7s.

REV. E. E. HIGBEE, () 1873

Henry Kemble Oliver, (1800—1885)

1. Je - sus, o'er the grave vic - to - rious, Con - quering death, and con - quering hell,
 2. Saints in Thee ap - proach the Fa - ther Ask - ing in Thy name a - lone;
 3. By a life of love and la - bor Do - ing all the Fa - ther's will;
 4. Here, in Thee, is peace for ev - er; We can trib - u - la - tion bear;

Reign Thou in Thy might all glorious; Heaven and earth Thy triumph swell.
 He, in Thee, with love in - creas - ing, Gives and glo - ri - fies the Son.
 Giv - ing to each suppliant sufferer Prec - ious balm for ev - ery ill.
 Kiss Thy cross, with rapture knowing Thou hast conquered suffering there. *A-men.*

LET SONGS OF PRAISES FILL THE SKY!

"Geer." C. M.

REV. THOMAS COTTERILL, (1779—1823) 1819.

Henry Wellington Greatorex, (1811—1858) 1849.

1. Let songs of prais - es fill the sky! Christ our as - cend - ed Lord
 2. The Spir - it, by His heavenly breath, New life cre - ates with - in;
 3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove, With Thy ce - les - tial fire;

Sends down His Spir - it from on high, Ac - cord - ing to His word.
 He quickens sin - ners from their death Of tres - pass - es and sin.
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love Our hearts and tongues in - spire!

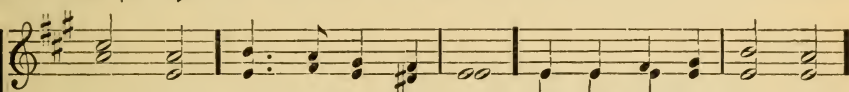
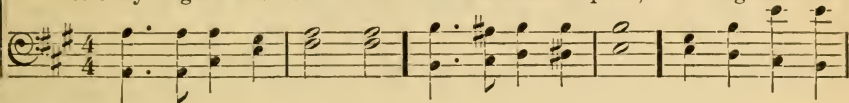
GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING.

"Hermas."

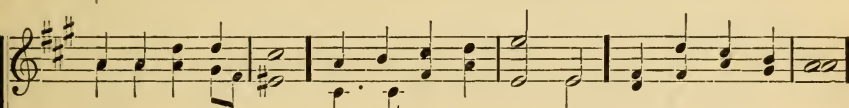
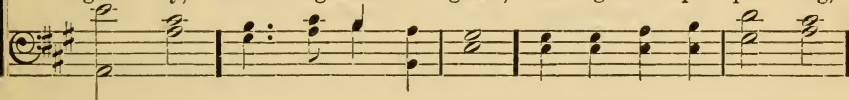
MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, (1836-1879) 1872. Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, (1836-1879) 1872.



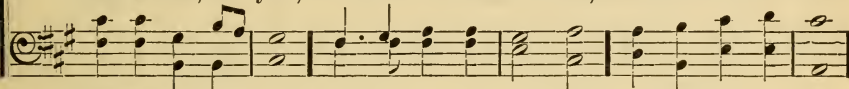
1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voi - ces ring, Pearl - y gates are
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with
 3. Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place, Call - ing them to



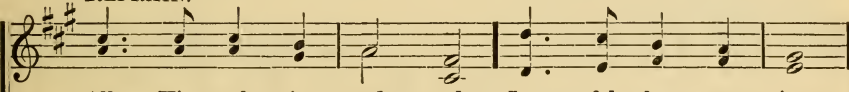
o - pened, O - pened for the King. Christ, the King of glo - ry,
 glad - ness At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er - more to suf - fer,
 glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace; His bright home pre - par - ing,



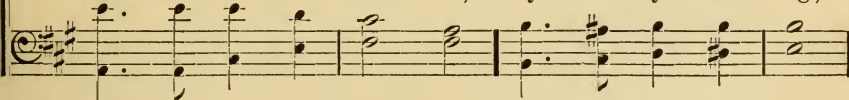
Je - sus - King of love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.
 Nev - er - more to die, Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
 Lit - tle ones, for you; Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.



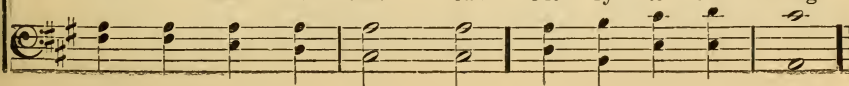
REFRAIN.



All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing;



Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!



WHITSUNTIDE.

COMFORTER HOLY, COME TO THE LOWLY.

Miss ELIZA E. HEWITT.

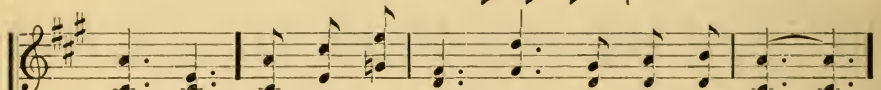
Adam Gelbel, (1855—) 1897.



1. Com-fort-er ho - ly, come to the low - ly, Come in Thy
 2. Spir-its of glo - ry, bright - en life's sto - ry, Kin - dle our
 3. Draw gen - tly near us, quick - en and cheer us, Like morn - ing




mer - cy, Heav - en - ly Dove, Keep us from stray - ing, help us in
 al - tars, Spir - it of Light; Sin all con - sum - ing, dark - ness il -
 dew - drops, freshening the flower; Wondrous - ly guid - ing, ten - der - ly

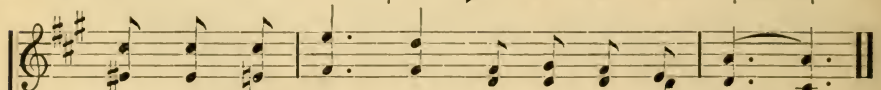


pray - ing, Wit - ness of Je - sus, tell of His love.
 lum - ing, Gift of the Fa - ther! ban - ish our night.
 chi - ding, Search us and prove us, fill us with power.

REFRAIN.



Com - fort - er ho - ly, Thy bless - ings im - part,

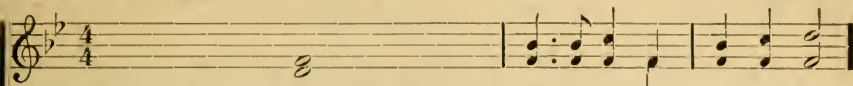


Come to the low - ly, a - bide in each heart.

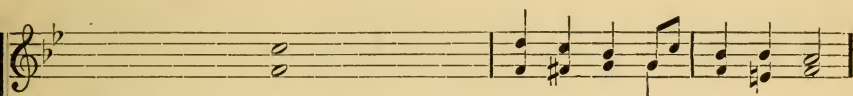
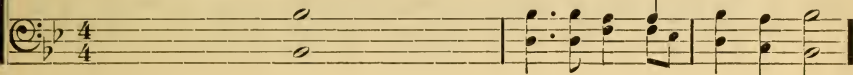
THE STORY OF PENTECOST.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

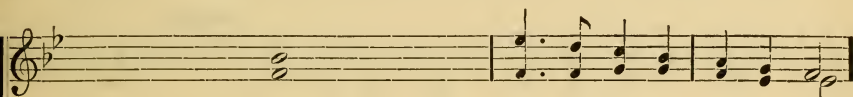
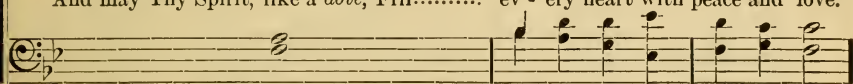
G. Froelich.



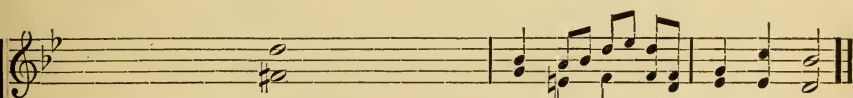
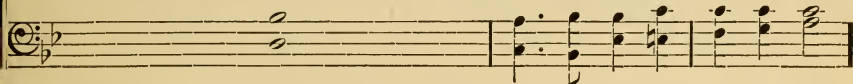
1. Before our Saviour rose on *high*, In..... clouds ascending to the sky,
 3. He gave them too a strange *command*, (So.. seemed it to the lit - tle band.)
 5. Then was fulfilled the promise *old*; This..... was the day so long fore - told;
 7. O Lord, in Jesus' name, we *pray*, Be..... this our Pen - te - cos - tal day,



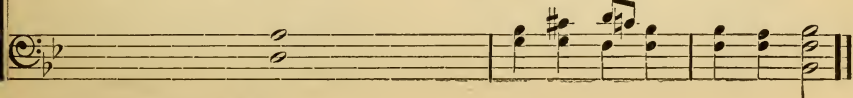
- He called His friends, the faithful *few*, And... gave them work for Him to do.
 To tarry in Jerusalem Till..... heavenly power should come to them.
 "Rejoice, O Zion, in the *Lord*, My..... Spir - it then shall be outpoured."
 And may Thy Spirit, like a *dove*, Fill..... ev - ery heart with peace and love.



2. He knew their weakness and their *needs*, A - lone, they nev - er could suc - ceed;
 4. With one accord they *watched* and *prayed*, Their trust - ing hearts on Je - sus stayed;
 6. Then were they brave to testify Of..... Je - sus, ris - en up on high;
 8. Then bravely, gladly, shall we *tell* Of..... Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el;

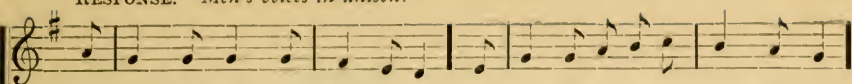


- "All power" was His, the world to *save*, And... so this pre - cious word He gave.
 At Pentecost, the Spirit *came* With..... rush - ing wind and tongues of flame.
 They spoke in different tongues, that *all* Might hear the bless - ed Gos - pel call.
 New tongues shall speak Thy grace *Divine*, And all the glo - ry shall be Thine.

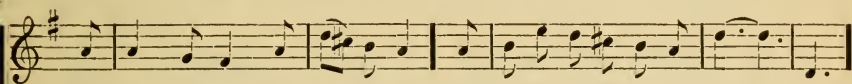
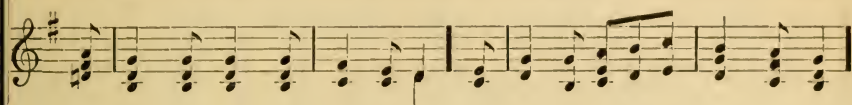


CHILDREN.—*In unison.*

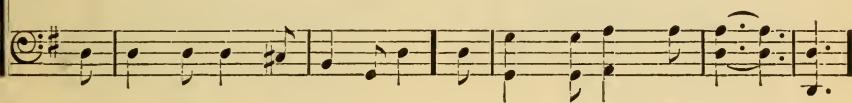
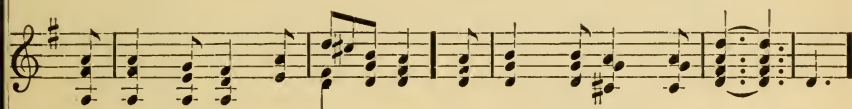
RESPONSE.—*Men's voices in unison.*



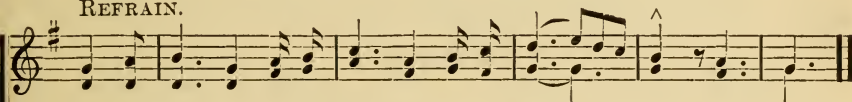
"In our own tongue, sublime and clear, The Gos-pel's glo-ri-ous sound we hear,



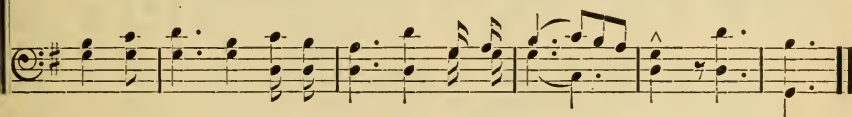
How Je - sus died, and rose a-gain, And poureth His Spirit on all men."



REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - - jah. A - men.



5 O say, ye lusty Cretans, who
Sail o'er the Mediterranean blue,
And ye who on your camels bear
Rich freight of Araby's incense rare,—
O tell us why your voices ring,
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?

Response.—In our own tongue, etc.

6 Ye tongues and tribes of living men,
When leafy Summer is come again,—
When birds sing loud on every side,
And earth is blooming in Whitsuntide,—
O tell us why your voices ring,
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?

Response.—In our own tongue, etc.

THE HOLY GHOST IS HERE.

"Moyer." S. M.

Fred. C. Moyer.

1. The ho - ly Ghost is here, Where saints in prayer a - gree ;
 2. Not far a - way is He, To be by prayer brought nigh,
 3. He dwells with - in our soul, An ev - er wel - come guest ;

As Je - sus' part - ing gift, is near Each pleading com - pa - ny.
 But here in pres - ent ma - jes - ty As in His courts on high.
 He reigns with ab - so - lute con - trol As Mon - arch in the breast.

4. Our bodies are His shrine,
 And He the indwelling Lord ;
 All hail, Thou Comforter Divine,
 Be evermore adored !

5 Obedient To Thy will,
 We wait to feel Thy power ;
 O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
 And bless the hallowed hour.

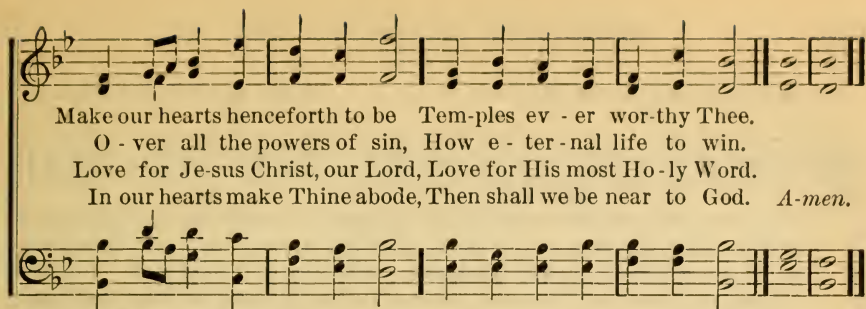
HOLY SPIRIT, LIKE A DOVE.

"Hewetson." 7s.

CLARENCE T. STEELE, (1860—) 1897.

Clarence T. Steele, (1860—) 1897.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, like a dove, Who de - scend - ed from a - bove ;
 2. Teach us all from wrong to flee, How to gain the mas - ter - y
 3. May we by Thy strength en - dued, Ev - er find our love re - newed,
 4. Gen - tle Spir - it, through our days, Be Thou near to guide our ways ;



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HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"Guide." 7s. D.

M. M. Wells.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

REV. ELLWOOD H. STOKES, (1815—1895) 1879.

John R. Sweney, (1838—1899) 1879.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 6/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece consists of four lines of music, each corresponding to a verse of the hymn. The first line ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second line ends with a double bar line. The third line ends with a double bar line. The fourth line ends with a double bar line.

Fill me with Thy hallowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 6/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece consists of two lines of music, each corresponding to a line of the hymn. The first line ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second line ends with a double bar line.

Copyright, 1879, by John J. Hood.

SING, O HEAVENS, O EARTH, REJOICE!

REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, (1811—1875) 1863.

Win. Dressler, (1826—)

1. Sing, O heavens! O earth re-joice! An-gel harp, and hu-man voice,
 2. Bruis-ed is the ser-pent's head, Hell is vanquished, Death is dead,
 3. All His work and war-fare done, He in-to His heaven is gone,

Round Him as He ri-ses, raise Your as-cend-ing Saviour's praise.
 And to Christ gone up on high, Cap-tive is cap-tiv-i-ty.
 And be-side His Father's throne, Now is plead-ing for His own.

REFRAIN.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

Al - - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - ia. A-men.

4 Asking gifts for sinful men,
 That He may come down again,
 And, the fallen to restore,
 In them dwell for evermore.
 Alleluia!

5 Sing, O Heavens! O earth, rejoice!
 Angel harp, and human voice,
 Round Him, in His glory, raise
 Your ascended Saviour's praise.
 Alleluia!

"Nicæa." P. M.

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) pb. 1827.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the darkness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea:

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y;
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y;

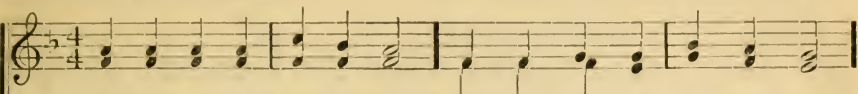
God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.
 God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A-men.

FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT, HEAR.

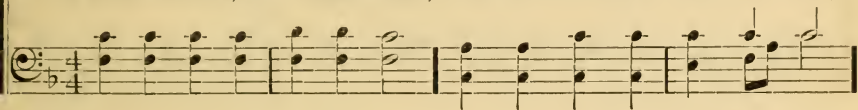
"Blumenthal." 7s. D.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788)

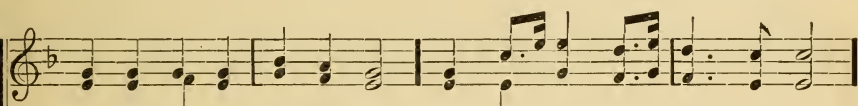
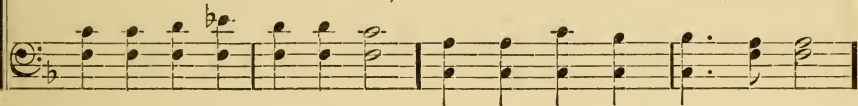
Jacques Blumenthal, (1829—) 1847.



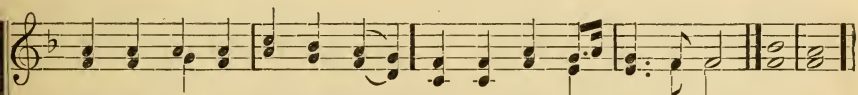
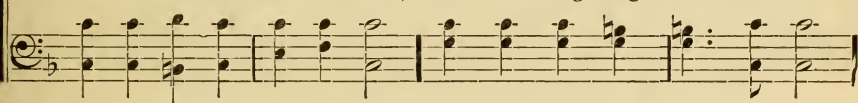
1. Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it, hear Faith's ef - fec - tual fer - vent prayer;
 2. Build us in one bod - y up, Called in one high call - ing's hope;
 3. One with God, the source of bliss, Ground of our com - mun - ion this;



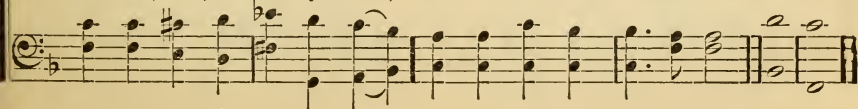
Hear, and our pe - ti-tions seal, Let us now the an - swer feel.
 One the Spir - it, whom we claim; One the pure bap - tis - mal flame;
 Life of all that live be - low, Let Thine em - a - na - tions flow!



Still our fel-low - ship increase; Knit us in the bond of peace;
 One the faith, and common Lord; One the Fa - ther lives a - dored,
 Rise e - ter - nal in our heart; Thou our long-sought E - den art.



Join our new-born spirits, join Each to each, and all to Thine.
 Over, through, and in us all, God in - com - pre - hen - si - ble.
 Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Be to us what A - dam lost! A - men.

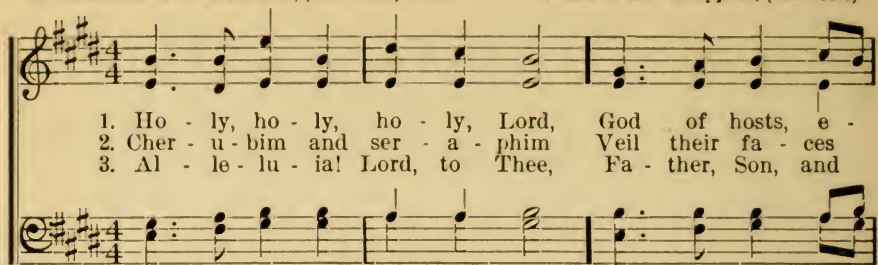


HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD.

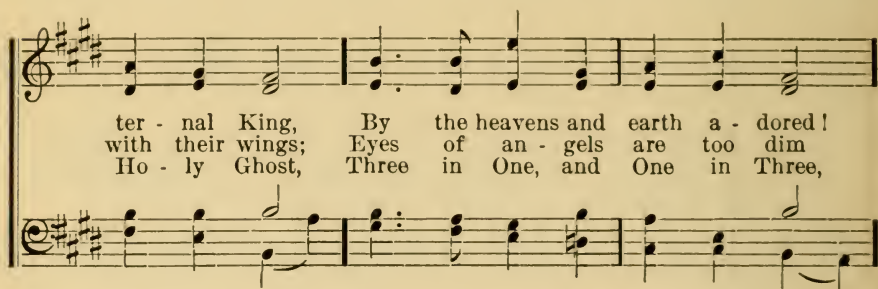
"Hallett." 7s. 6 lines.

BP. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, (1807—1885) 1862.

James Hallett Sheppard, (1835—1879)



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of hosts, e -
 2. Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Veil their fa - ces
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, to Thee, Fa - ther, Son, and



ter - nal King, By the heavens and earth a - dored!
 with their wings; Eyes of an - gels are too dim
 Ho - ly Ghost, Three in One, and One in Three,



An - gels and arch - an - gels sing, Chant - ing ev - er -
 To be - hold the King of kings, While they sing e -
 Join we with the heaven - ly host, Sing - ing ev - er -



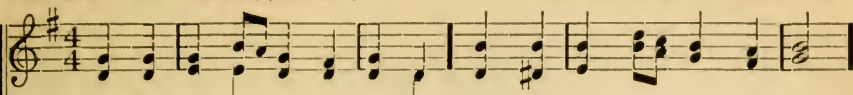
last - ing - ly, To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 ter - nal - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

HOLY FATHER! WE ADDRESS THEE.

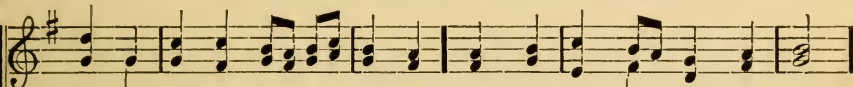
"Gounod." 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

MRS. MARY BOWLEY PETERS, (1813—1856) 1847.

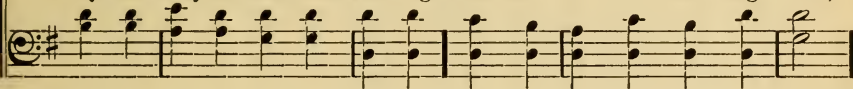
Charles Francols Gounod, (1818—1893)



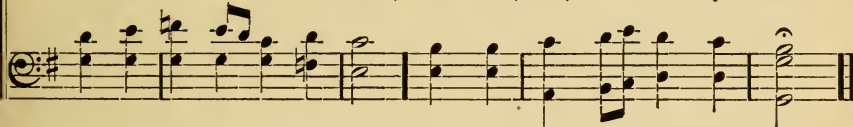
1. Ho - ly Fa - ther! we ad - dress Thee—Loved in Thy be - lov - ed Son;
 2. Wondrous was Thy love, O Father! Wondrous Thine, O Son of God!
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! we are hastening To our Fa - ther's house a - bove;



Ho - ly Son of God, we bless Thee, Boundless grace hath made us one;
 Vast the love that bruised and wounded, Vast the love that bore the rod;
 By the way our souls are tast-ing Rich and ev - er - last - ing love;



Ho - ly Spir - it, aid our songs, This glad work to Thee be - longs.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, still re - veal How those stripes a - lone can heal.
 In Je - ho - vah is our boast, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!



SHOUT, FOR THE BLESSED JESUS REIGNS.

L. M.

REV. BENJ. BEDDOME, (1717—1795)

- 1 Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
 Through distant lands His triumph
 spread,
 And sinners, freed from endless pains,
 Own Him their Saviour and their
 Head.
- 2 He calls His chosen from afar,
 They all at Zion's gates arrive;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Gentiles and Jews His laws obey,
 Nations remote their offerings bring,
- And unconstrained their homage pay
 To their exalted God and King.
- 4 O may His holy Church increase,
 His Word and Spirit still prevail,
 While angels celebrate His praise,
 And saints His growing glories
 hail!
- 5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below, and all above!
 In lofty songs exalt His name,—
 In songs as lasting as His love.

ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED.

"Laudate Dominum." 8s. & 7s. D.

RT. REV. RICHARD MANT, D. D. (1776—1848) 1837.

Edwin A. Bedell, (1854—) 1887.

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher-u - bim and ser - a - phim
 2. Heaven is still with glo - ry ring-ing; Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,
 3. "Lord, Thy glo-ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;

Filled His temple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn.
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," singing, "Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high."
 Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"

"Lord, Thy glo-ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
 With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly Church be - low,
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing, We a - dopt the an - gels' cry,

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"
 Thus conspire we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our anthem flow.
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, holy," blessing Thee The Lord of Hosts most high. A - men.

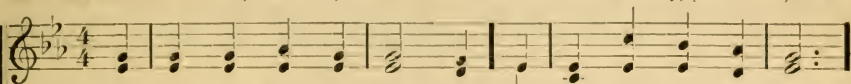
THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

"Aurelia." 7s. & 6s. D.

REV. SAMUEL JOHN STONE, (1839—) 1866.

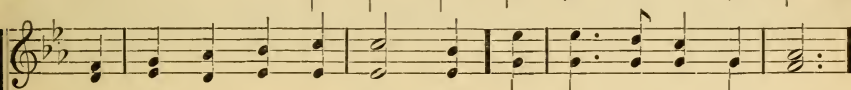
Samuel Sebastian Wesley, (1810—1876) 1868.



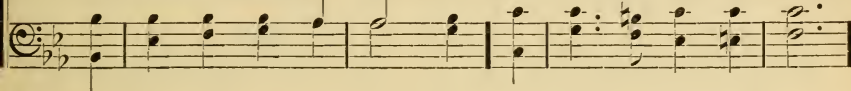
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord ;
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Though with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op-pressed,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word ;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
 By schisms rent a - sund - er, By her - e - sies dis-tressed ;



From heaven He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly bride ;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song. *A-men.*



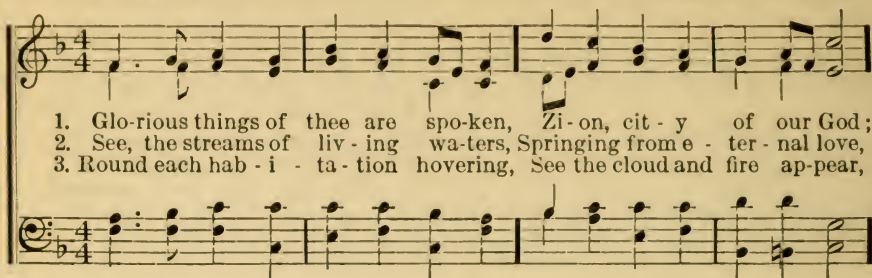
4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won :
 Oh, happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace, that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

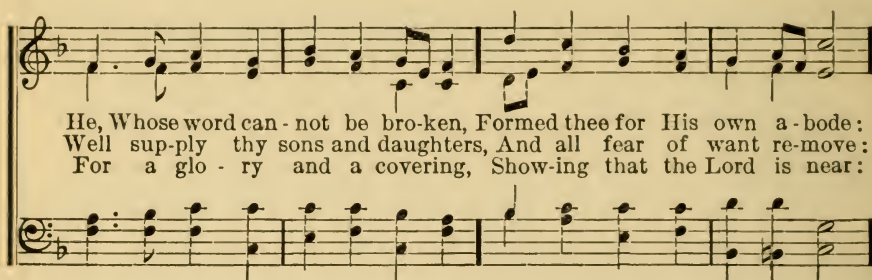
"Austria." 8s. & 7s. D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1779.

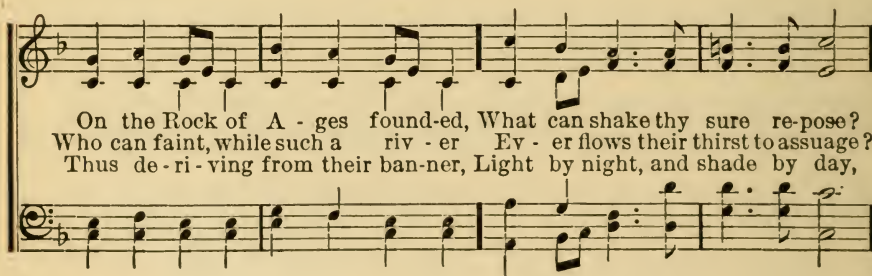
Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1797.



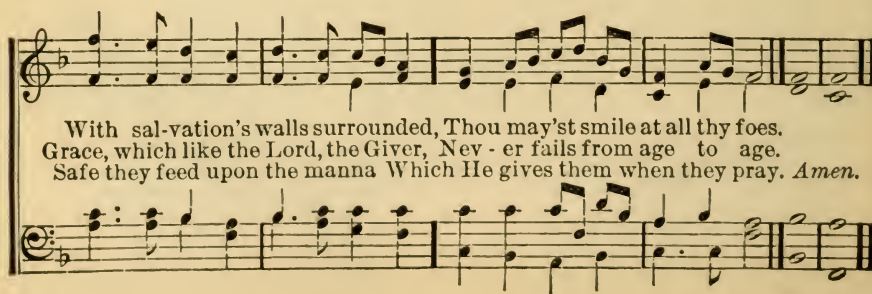
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Springing from e-ter-nal love,
 3. Round each hab-i-ta-tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap-pear,



He, Whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode:
 Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move:
 For a glo-ry and a covering, Show-ing that the Lord is near:



On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
 Who can faint, while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst to assuage?
 Thus de-ri-ving from their ban-ner, Light by night, and shade by day,



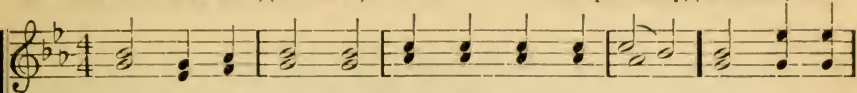
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver, Nev-er fails from age to age.
 Safe they feed upon the manna Which He gives them when they pray. Amen.

FOR ALL THE SAINTS.

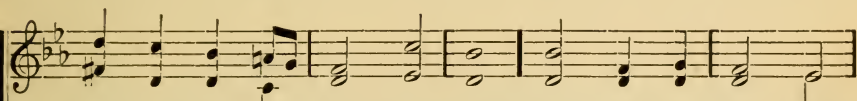
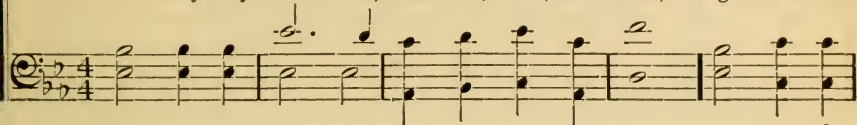
"Sarum." 10. 10. 10. 4.

BP. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, (1823—1897) 1854. abr.

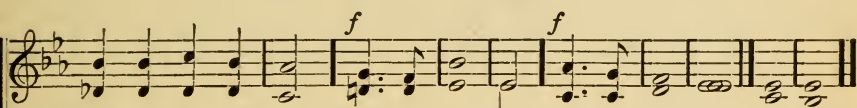
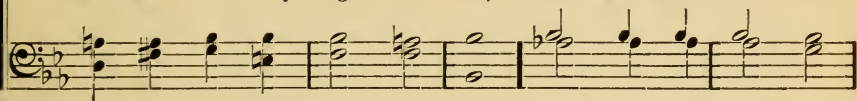
Sir Joseph Barnby, (1838—1896) 1869.



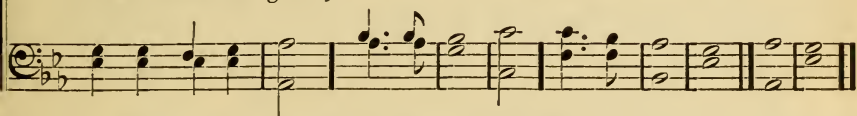
1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
 3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the



- faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,
 Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And win with them the



- be for ev - er blessed.
 dread, their one true Light.
 vic - tor's crown of gold. } Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

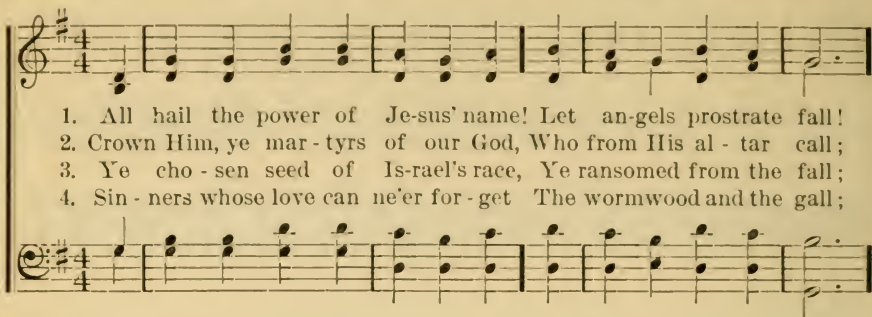


- 4 O blest communion! fellowship Divine!
 We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong! Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on His way! Alleluia!

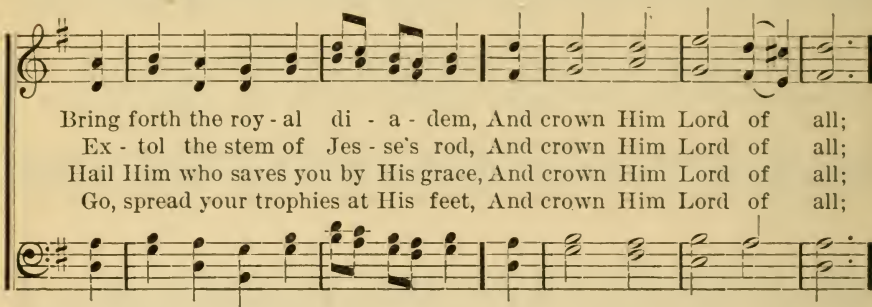
"Coronation." C. M.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, (1721—1792) 1779.

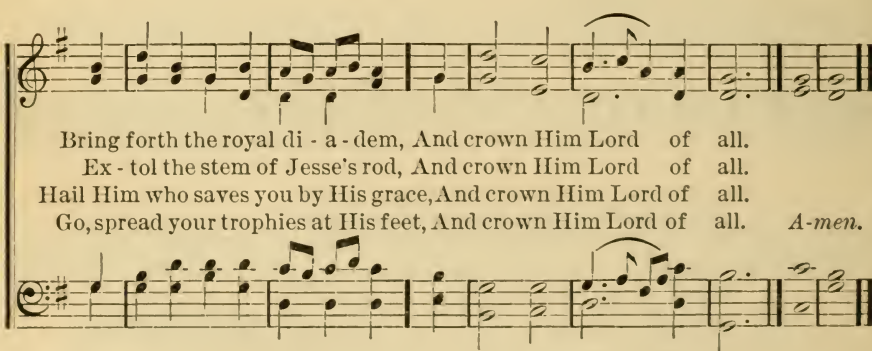
Oliver Holden, (1765—1844) 1793.



1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall!
 2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
 3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;
 4. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all. *A-men.*

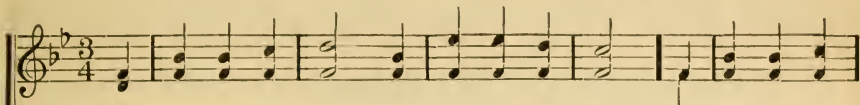
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

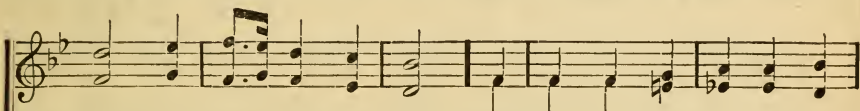
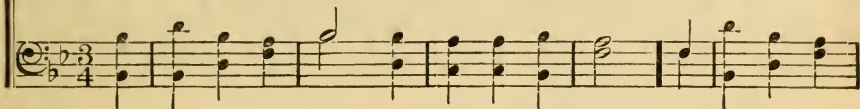
"Lyons." 10s. & 11s.

REV. AMBROSE M. SCHMIDT (1857—) 1893.

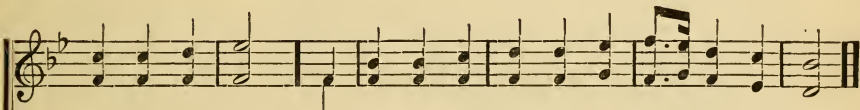
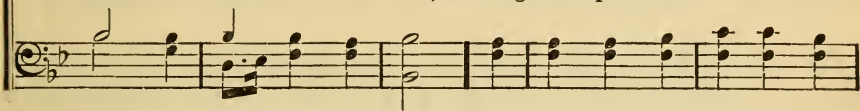
Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1770.



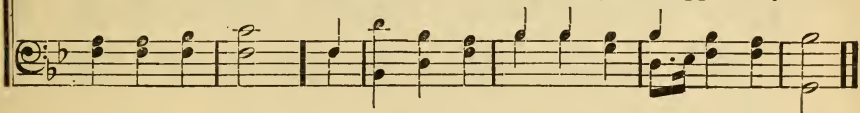
1. We praise Thee, O God, our Lord and our King! Accept Thou the
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy guiding hand, In lead-ing Thy



praise, we grate-ful - ly bring; Thankgiv-ing and wor-ship we
 Church to free-dom's fair land; Through sore per - se - cu - tion our



of - fer to Thee, Thou Rul - er of na-tions, in whom we are free!
 fathers here came, Where free and unfettered they worshipped Thy name.



3 We praise Thee, O God! for years of increase,
 For faith unassailed, prosperity, peace;
 United we offer our anthem of praise
 To Thee our Supporter, our Ancient of Days.

4 We pray Thee, O Christ, our Helper and Friend!
 From error and strife, our Zion defend!
 Breathe on us, we pray Thee, O Spirit of Love,
 And fit us for union with Thy Church above.

1. { Thou who art en-throned in glo - ry, Crowned with love and robed in grace, }
 Lo! we hum-bly bow be-fore Thee, (*Omit.*.....)
 2. { We would cel - e - brate the chan - ges Which the passing years have made, }
 Since our fathers—poor and strangers—(*Omit.*.....)

Of - fering up our songs of praise. Might - y God and gra-cious
 Sought the Wes-tern for-est's shade. From Hel - ve - tia's vine-clad

Sa-vior! Spir - it of en - dur - ing grace, Come in Thine es -
 moun-tains Came a lit - tle friend-less band; By the rich Rhine's

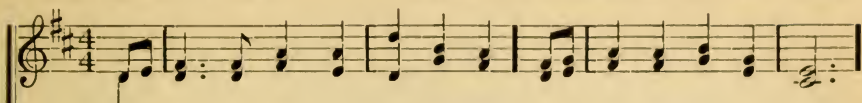
pe - cial fa - vor, With Thy glo - ry fill this place.
 in - fant foun-tains, Oth - ers left their fa - ther - land.

3 Here the little vine, increasing,
 Spread its branches green and fair;
 Now by Thine especial blessing
 See how wide Thy vineyards are.
 Come and take the ripened cluster;
 All the vintage, Lord, is Thine;
 But let mercy temper justice,
 Where Thou meet'st a fruitless vine.

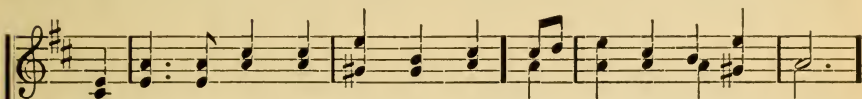
4 Let our institutions flourish,
 Sending forth a pious band,
 With the words of life to nourish
 All who hunger through the land.
 Zion spreads her hands before Thee;
 Come, and in her temples reign,
 While we give all praise and glory
 To the Triune God, Amen.

ULRICH ZWINGLI, (1484—1531)

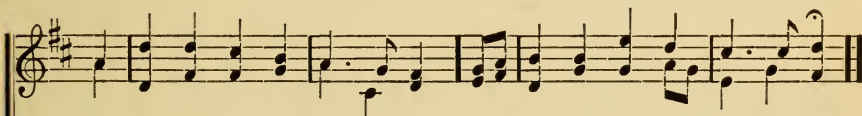
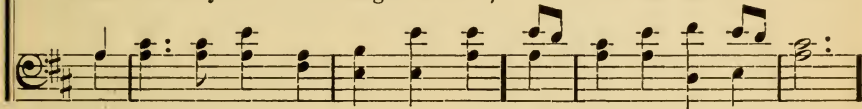
Arranged by D. Nicholas Schaeffer, (1853—) 1899.



1. Do Thou di-rect Thy char-iot, Lord, And guide us at Thy will;



With-out Thy aid our strength is vain, And use-less all our skill.



Look down up-on Thy saints be-low When prostrate laid be-neath the foe.



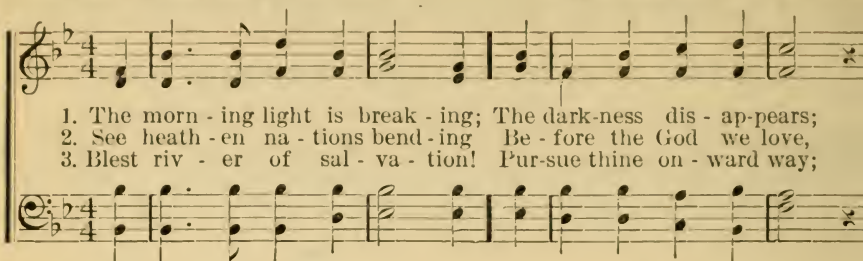
2 Beloved Shepherd, who hast saved
Our souls from death and sin,
Uplift Thy voice, awake Thy sheep,
That slumbering lie within
Thy fold; and curb, with Thy right hand,
The rage of Satan's furious band.

3 Send down Thy peace and banish strife,
Let bitterness depart;
Revive the spirit of Thy grace
In each true Christian's heart;
Then shall Thy church forever sing
The praises of her heavenly King.

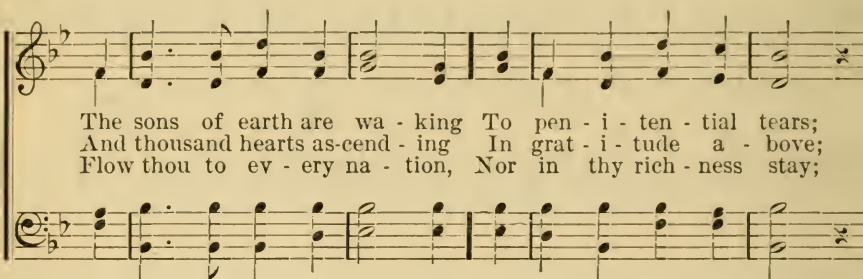
"Webb." 7s. & 6s. D.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, (1808—1895) 1832.

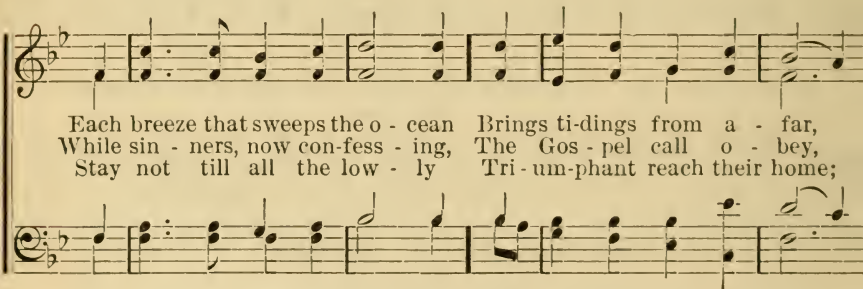
George James Webb, (1803—1887) 1830.



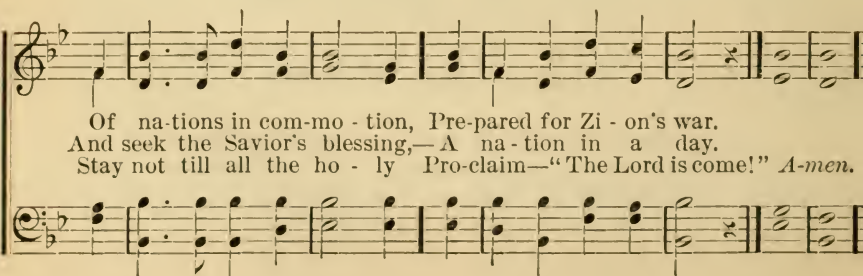
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap-pears;
 2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
 3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thine on - ward way;



The sons of earth are wa - king To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
 And thousand hearts as-cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
 Flow thou to ev - ery na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far,
 While sin - ners, now con-fess - ing, The Gos - pel call o - bey,
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phants reach their home;



Of na-tions in com-mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
 And seek the Savior's blessing,—A na - tion in a day.
 Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim—"The Lord is come!" A-men.

UPLIFT THE BANNER! LET IT FLOAT.

"Waltham." (*First Tune.*)

BP. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, (1799—1859) 1848.

John Baptiste Calkin, (1827—) 1872.

1. Up - lift the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
 2. Up - lift the ban-ner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And

sun shall light the shining folds, The cross on which the Sa-vior died.
 vain-ly seek to com-prehend The won-der of the love di-vine. *A-men.*

- 3 Uplift the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 Our glory only in the cross,
 Our only hope the Crucified.
- 4 Uplift the banner! wide and high,
 Skyward and seaward, let it shine:
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

UPLIFT THE BANNER! LET IT FLOAT.

(*Second Tune.*)

BP. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, (1799—1859) 1848.

William W. Rousseau.

1. Up - lift the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The
 2. Up - lift the banner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And

sun shall light the shining folds, The cross on which the Sa-vior died.
 vain-ly seek to com-prehend The won-der of the love di-vine. *A-men.*

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

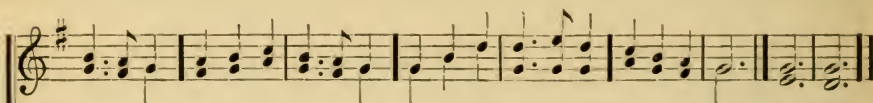
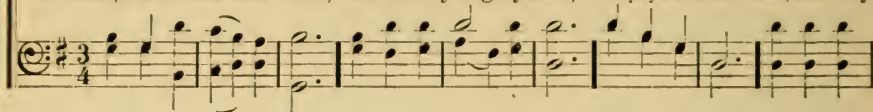
"Italian Hymn." 6s. 4s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1757.

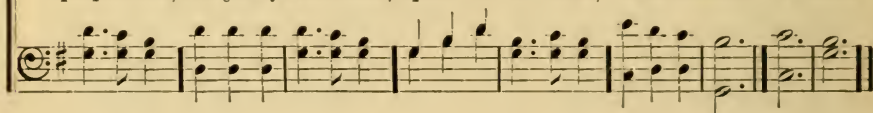
Felice Giardini, (1716—1796) 1769.



1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father, all—
 2. Come, Thou Incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend: Come, and Thy



glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.
 people bless, And giv' Thy word success; Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us descend. *A-men.*



- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, Who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

- 4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD WE SING.

REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, (1813—1886) 1869.

- 1 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With loving zeal;
 The poor, and them that mourn,
 The faint and overborne,
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

- 2 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With fervent prayer;
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passions tossed,
 Redeemed at countless cost,
 From dark despair.

- 3 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear,
 For Christ our Lord.

- 4 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song;
 The new-born souls, whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

WE ARE LIVING, WE ARE DWELLING.

"Latter Day." 8s. & 7s. D.

BP. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, (1818—1896) 1840.

Plymouth Collection.

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing In a grand and
 2. Worlds are charg - ing, heaven be - hold - ing; Thou hast but an

aw - ful time; In an age on a - ges tell - ing,
 hour to fight; Now, the bla - zoned cross un - fold - ing,

To be liv - ing is sub - lime. Hark! the wa - king up of
 On, right on - ward, for the right! On! let all the soul with -

na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray; Hark! what soundeth is cre -
 in you For the truth's sake go a - broad; Strike! let ev - ery nerve and

a - tion's Groan - ing for its lat - ter day.
 sin - ev Tell on a - ges, tell for God. A - men.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674-1748) 1719.

Karl Wilhelm, (1815-1873)

f

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end - less prais - es

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till
crown His head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the prin - ces meet,
ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue

To pay their hom - age at His feet; While west - ern em - pires
Dwell on His love with sweet - est song, And in - fant voi - ces

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

SING TO THE LORD, YE DISTANT LANDS.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674-1748)

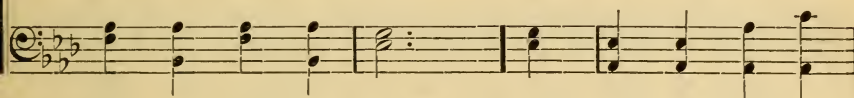
Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864-) 1896.



1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye
 2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's
 3. Let Heaven pro - claim the joy - ful day; Joy



tribes of ev - ery tongue; His rich dis - play of
 own al - might - y Son; His power the sink - ing
 through the earth be seen; Let cit - ies shine in



grace de - mands A new and no - ble song.
 world sus - tains, And grace sur - rounds His throne.
 bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer - ful green. *A - men.*



Copyright, 1899, by S. L. Krebs.

- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea:
 Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
 Prepare the Lord His way.
- 5 Behold! He comes, He comes to bless
 The nations as their God;
 To show the world His righteousness
 And send His truth abroad.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) George Coles Stebbins, (1846—) 1883.

1. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room At the
 2. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room; But our
 3. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a

feast that the King has spread; Oh gath - er them in!— let His
 hearts—how they throb with pain, To think of the ma - ny who
 mes - sage from God a - bove; Oh, gath - er them in - to the

house be filled, And the hun - gry and poor be fed.
 slight the call, That may nev - er be heard a - gain!
 fold of grace, And the arms of the Sa - vior's love!

REFRAIN.

Out in the highway, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin;

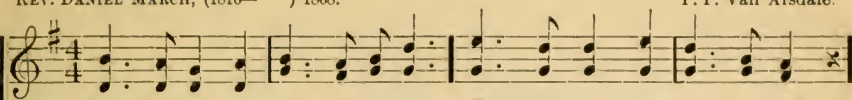
Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gath - er the wanderers in!

HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

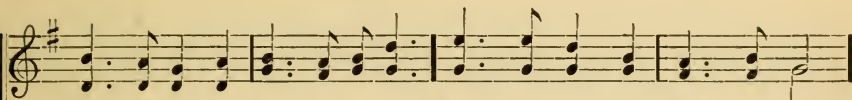
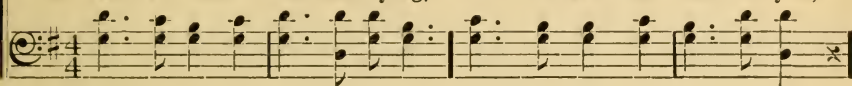
"Mission Song." 8s. 7s. D.

REV. DANIEL MARCH, (1816—) 1868.

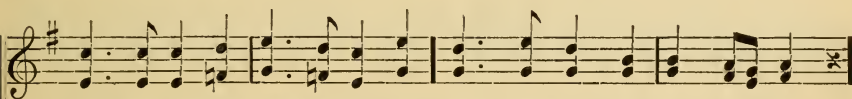
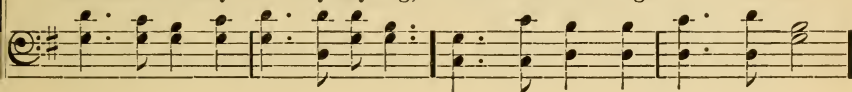
P. P. Van Arsdale.



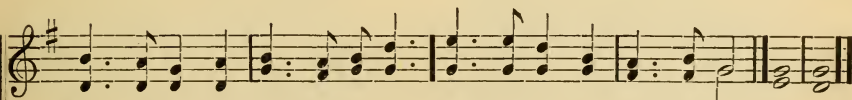
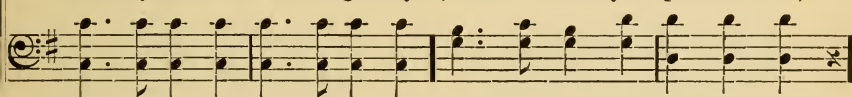
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling,—"Who will go and work to-day?"
2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the heath - en lands ex-plore,
3. If you can-not be the watchman, Stand-ing high on Zi - on's wall,
4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Mas - ter calls for you,



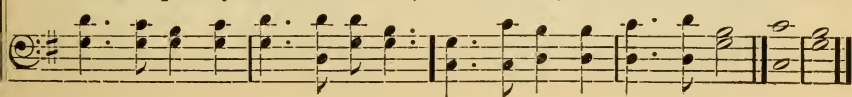
Fields are white, the har-vest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"
 You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door.
 Point-ing out the path to heaven, Of - fering life and peace to all;
 Let none hear you i - dly say-ing, "There is noth - ing I can do!"



Loud and long the Mas-ter calleth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free;
 If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the wid - ow's mite,
 With your prayers and with your bounties You can do what Heaven demands;
 Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleas-ure be;

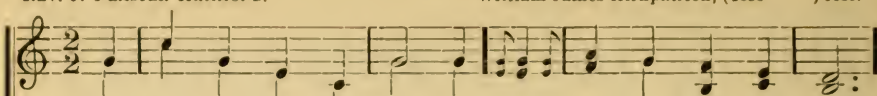


Who will an-swer, glad - ly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
 And the least you do for Je-sus, Will be precious in His sight.
 You can be like faith-ful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands.
 Answer quickly when He calleth, "Here am I, O Lord send me." *A-men.*

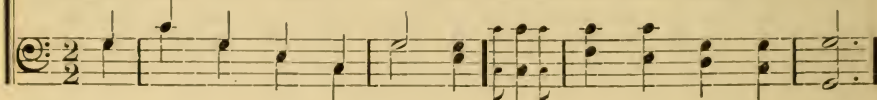


REV. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND.

William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1885.



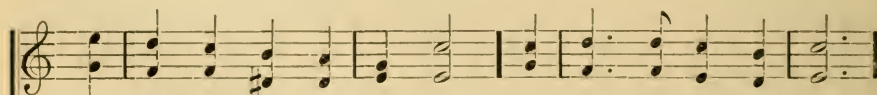
1. The whole wide world for Je - sus, This shall our watch-word be,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In - spire us with the thought
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus, The march-ing or - der sound,
4. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In the Fa - ther's home a - bove



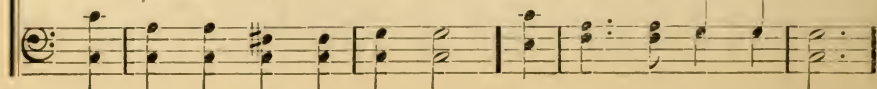
Up - on the high - est moun - tain, Down by the wi - dest sea.
 That ev - ery son of Ad - am Hath by the blood been bought.
 Go ye and preach the gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found.
 Are ma - ny wondrous man - sions, Man - sions of light and love.



The whole wide world for Je - sus, To Him all men shall bow,
 The whole wide world for Je - sus, O faint not by the way!
 The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our ban - ner is un - furled,
 The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride forth, O conquering King,



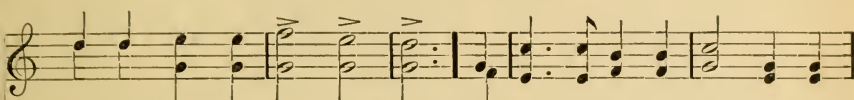
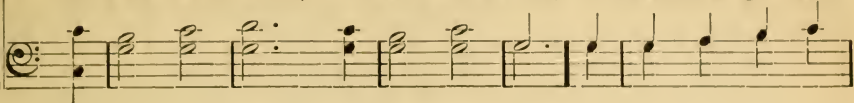
In cit - y or on prai - rie, The world for Je - sus now.
 The cross shall sure - ly con - quer In this our glo - rious day.
 We bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world.
 Through all the might - y na - tions, The world to glo - ry bring.



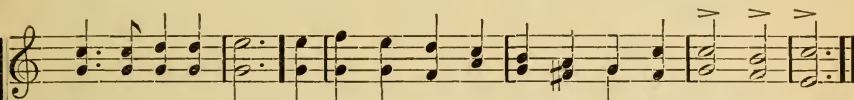
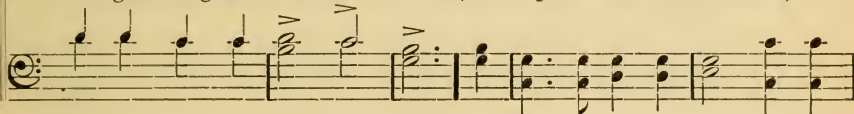
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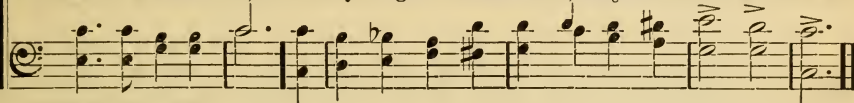
The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro-claim the gos - pel



tidings through the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His



banner be unfurled, Till every tongue confess Him, through the whole wide world.



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FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

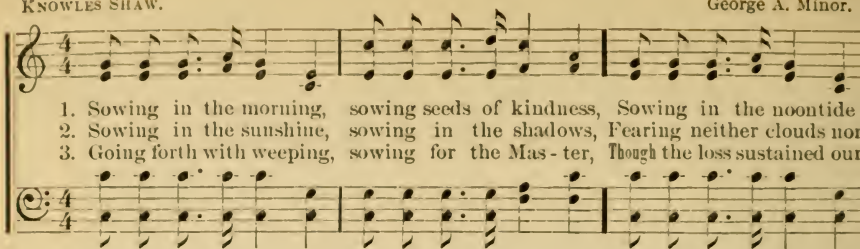
7s. & 6s. D.

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783— 1826) 1819.

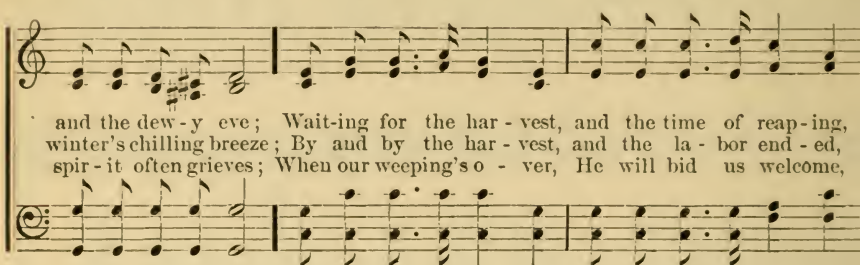
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.</p> | <p>3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.</p> |
| <p>2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.</p> | <p>4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.</p> |

KNOWLES SHAW.

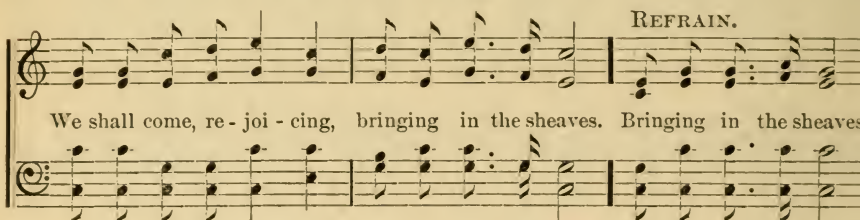
George A. Minor.



1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide,
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas - ter, Though the loss sustained our

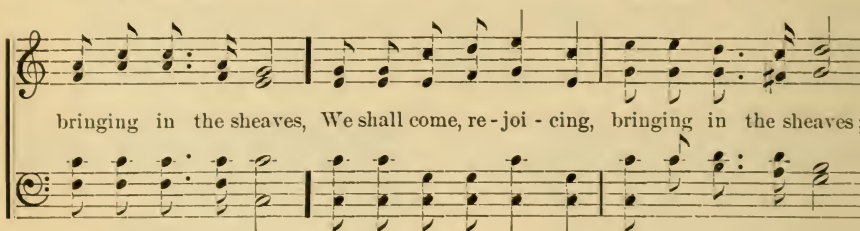


and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
 spir - it often grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us welcome,

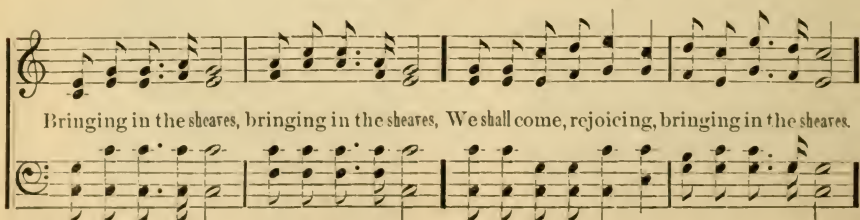


REFRAIN.

We shall come, re - joi - cing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves



bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joi - cing, bringing in the sheaves,



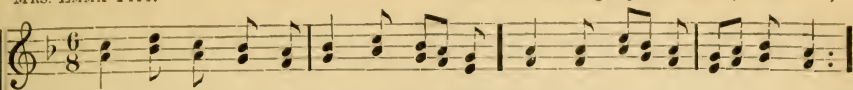
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

ARE YOU SOWING THE SEEDS OF MERCY?

"Harvest."

MRS. EMMA PITT.

Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, (1835—)

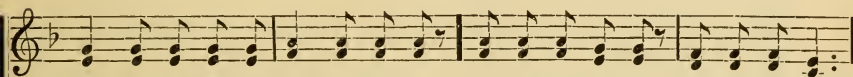


1. Are you sow-ing the seeds of mer-cy, Fel-low pil-grim! day by day?
 2. Are you sow-ing in life's bright morning Seeds you e'er would wish to reap?
 3. Are you sow-ing the seeds of kind-ness, Bring-ing forth the gold-en grain?
D.C.—Are you sow-ing the seeds of mer-cy, Fel-low pil-grim! day by day?

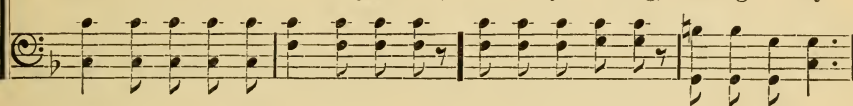
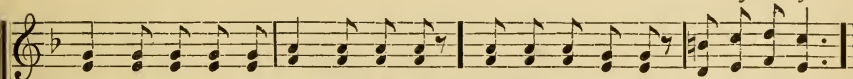


FINE.

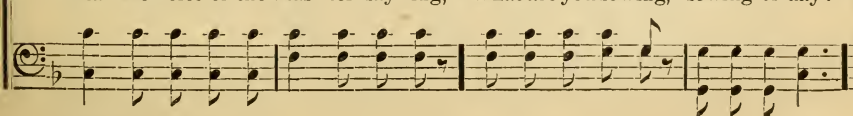
Are you help-ing to point the sin-ner To the true and on - ly way?
 Trust-ing un-to the Lord till even-ing All this pre-cious seed to keep?
 Are you tell-ing in words so ten-der Of the Lamb for sin-ners slain?
 Are you help-ing to point the sin-ner To the true and on - ly way?



Are you sowing be-side all waters? What are you sowing, sowing to-day?
 Haste! the field e-ven now is read-y; What are you sowing, sowing to-day?
 Soon the harvest will all be gathered; What are you sowing, sowing to-day?

*D. C. for Refrain.*

Deeds of kindness, a warm heart proving! What are you sowing, sowing to-day?
 Soon the time will be gone for ev-er; What are you sowing, sowing to-day?
 Hear the voice of the Mas-ter say-ing, "What are you sowing, sowing to-day?"



PHILIP P. BLISS, (1838-1876) 1875.

Philip P. Bliss, (1838-1876) 1875.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the world is
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is
 3. Ye dwell - ers in darkness with sin-blind - ed eyes, The Light of the world is
 4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of that world is

Je - sus. Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo - ry shone in, The
 Je - sus. We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide, The
 Je - sus. Go, wash, at His bid - ding, and light will a - rise, The
 Je - sus. The Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold, The

REFRAIN.

Light of the world is Je - sus.
 Light of the world is Je - sus.
 Light of the world is Je - sus.
 Light of that world is Je - sus. } Come to the Light, 'tis shi-ning for thee;

Sweet - ly the Light has dawned up - on me, Once I was blind, but

now I can see; The light of the world is Je - sus.

THE SHEPHERD.

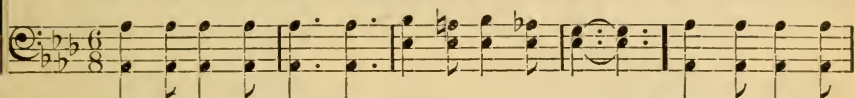
TENDERLY THE SHEPHERD.

PHILIP P. BLISS, (1838—1876) 1875.

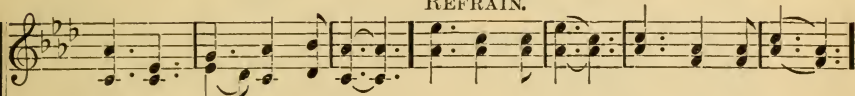
Philip P. Bliss, by per., (1838—1876) 1875.



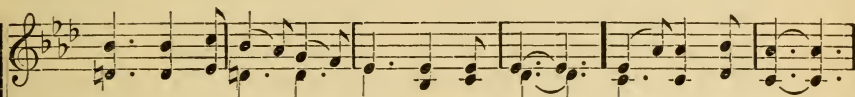
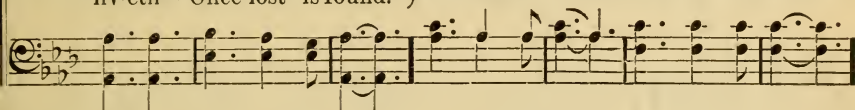
1. Ten-der-ly the Shep-herd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his
 2. Pa-tient-ly the own-er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
 3. Lov-ing-ly the Fa-ther Sends the news a-round: "He once dead now



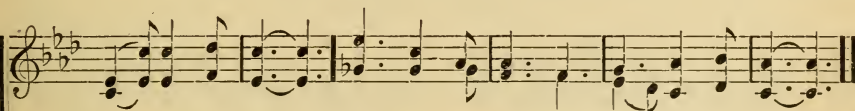
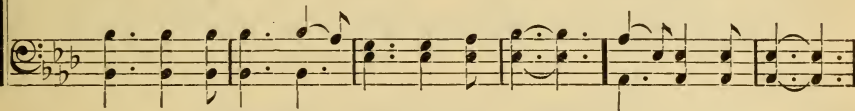
REFRAIN.



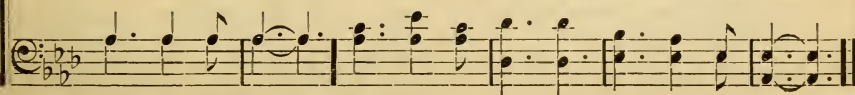
lost one Back to the fold.
 dark-ness Her treas-ure rare. } Seek-ing to save, seek-ing to save,
 liv-eth— Once lost is found." }



Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save. Seek-ing to save,



seek-ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save.



REV. HUGH STOWELL, (1799—1865) 1849.

J. I. Tucker.

1. Je - sus is our Shep-herd, Well we know His voice; How the gentlest
 2. Je - sus is our Shep-herd; Guard-ed by His arm, Though the wolves may
 3. Je - sus is our Shep-herd; With His goodness now And His ten-der

whis-per, Makes our hearts re-joyce! E-ven when He chideth, Ten-der is His
 rav-en None can do us harm; When we tread death's valley, Dark with fearful
 mer-cy, He doth us en-dow! Let us sing His prais-es With a glad some

tone, None but He shall guide us; We are His a-lone.
 gloom, We will fear no e-vil, Victors o'er the tomb.
 heart, 'Till in heaven we meet Him Nev-er more to part. *A-men.*

FAITHFUL SHEPHERD, FEED ME.

"Warfare." 6s. & 5s.

1. Faith-ful Shep-herd, feed me In the pas-tures green;
 2. Hold me fast, and guide me In the nar-row way;

Faith - ful Shepherd, lead me Where Thy steps are seen.
So with Thee be - side me, I shall nev - er stray. *A - men.*

3 Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore ;
May my faith grow clearer,
May I love Thee more.

5 Give me joy or sadness,
This be all my care :
That eternal gladness
I with Thee may share.

4 Hallow every pleasure,
Every gift and pain ;
Be Thyself my Treasure,
Though none else I gain.

6 Day by day prepare me
As Thou seest best,
Then let angels bear me
To Thy promised rest.

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THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS.

“Williamson.” S. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719.

Arr. by Miss Alice Nevin, (1838—) 1878.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied ; Since
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows, Where

He is mine and I am His, What can I want be - side ?
liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows. *A - men.*

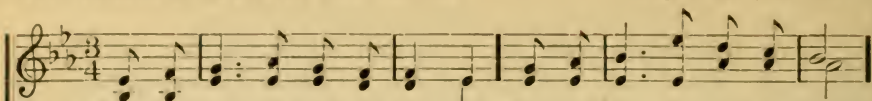
Per. of Miss A. Nevin.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy name.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear ; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

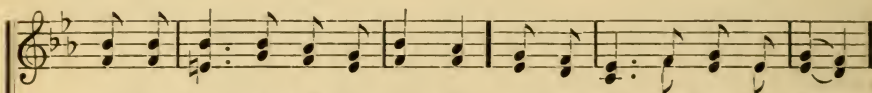
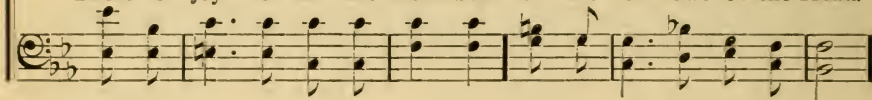
6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.



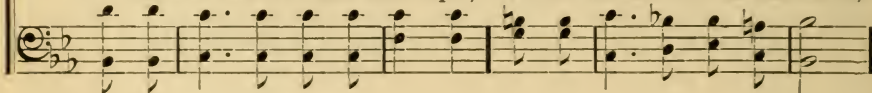
1. Was there ev - er kind-est shepherd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet
2. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind,
4. There is plen - ti - ful re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;



As the Sa - vior who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet?
 There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.



It is God; His love looks mighty, But is mightier than it seems;
 There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
 But we make His love too nar - row By false lim - its of our own,
 If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word,



'Tis our Fa - ther; and His fond-ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams.
 There is mer - cy with the Sa - vior, There is heal - ing in His blood.
 And we mag - ni - fy His strict-ness With a zeal He will not own.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

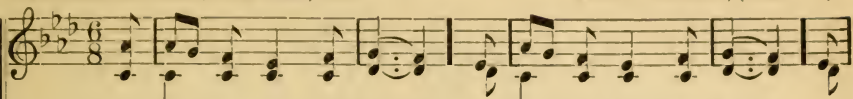


I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

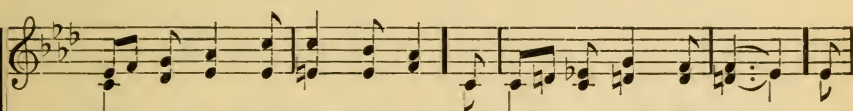
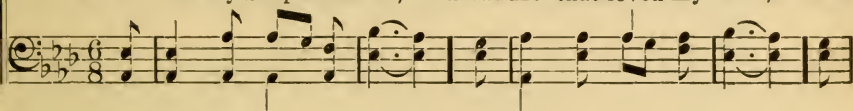
"Pastor Bonus."

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, (1808-1889) 1844.

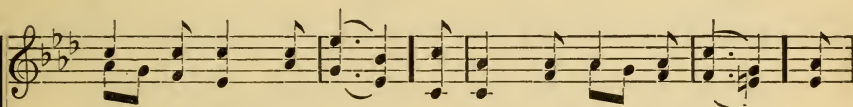
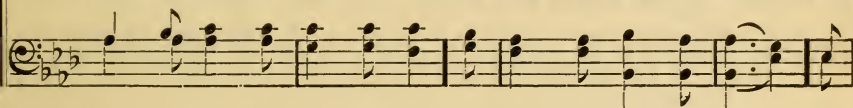
Alfred J. Caldicott, (1842-)



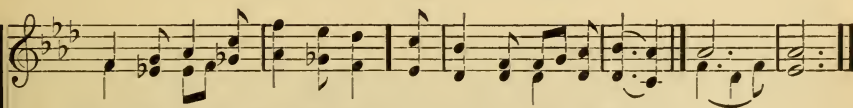
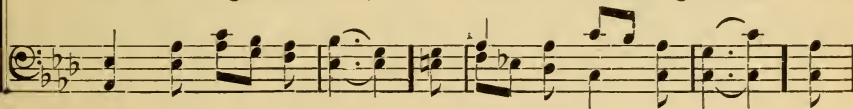
1. I was a wandering sheep; I did not love the fold; I
 2. The Shepherd sought His sheep; The Father sought His child; They
 3. Je - sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas He that loved my soul, 'Twas



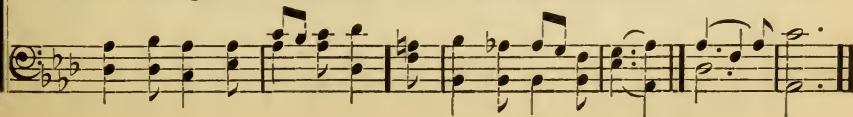
did not love my Shepherd's voice; I would not be con-trolled. I
 fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild. They
 He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole; 'Twas



was a way-ward child; I did not love my home; I
 found me nigh to death, Fam-ished and faint and lone; They
 He that sought the lost, That found the wan-dering sheep, 'Twas



did not love my Father's voice; I loved a - far to roam.
 bound me with the bands of love; They saved the wandering one.
 He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep. A - men.



GREAT SHEPHERD OF THY SHEEP.

"Great Shepherd."

George Frederick Root, (1820—1895).

1. Great Shepherd of Thy sheep, Who all Thy flock dost keep,
 2. I fear I may be torn By many a sharp-set thorn,
 3. But when the road is long, Thy ten-der arm, and strong,
 4. Till, from the soil of sin, Cleansed and made pure with - in,

Lead - ing by wa - ters calm; Do Thou my foot - steps guide,
 As far from Thee I stray; My wear - y feet may bleed,
 The wear - y one will bear; And Thou wilt wash me clean,
 Dear Sa - vior, whose I am, Thou bring - est me in love,

To fol - low by Thy side, Make me Thy lit - tle lamb.
 For rough are paths which lead Out of Thy pleasant way.
 And lead to pas - tures green Where all the flowers are fair.
 To Thy sweet fold a - bove, A lit - tle snow-white lamb. Amen.

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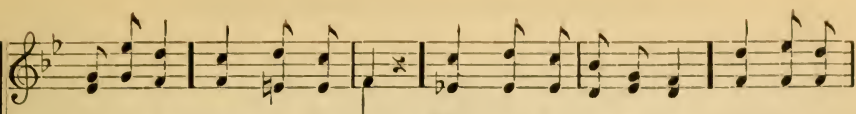
TELL ME, MY SAVIOUR.

"Lynde."

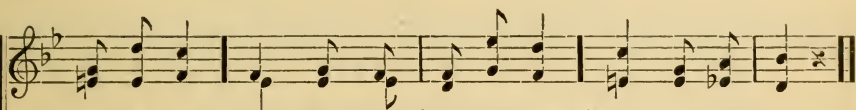
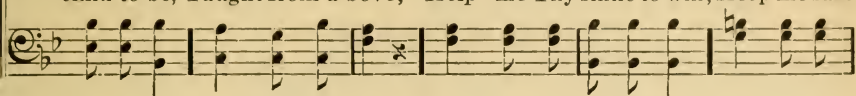
REV. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, (1828—1899).

Thuringian Folk-Song.

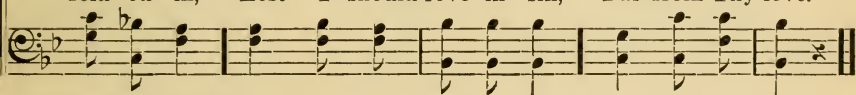
1. Tell me, my Sa-vior! Where Thou dost feed Thy flock, Rest-ing be -
 2. Seek me, my Sa-vior! For I have lost the way. I will Thy
 3. Show me, my Sa-vior! How I can grow like Thee; Make me Thy



side the rock, Cool in the shade. Why should I be as one Turning a -
voice o-bey; Speak to me here! Help me to find the gate Where all Thy
child to be, Taught from a-bove; Help me Thy smile to win; Keep me safe



side a-lone, Left, when Thy sheep have gone, Where I have strayed?
cho-sen wait; Ere it shall be too late, Oh, call me near!
fold-ed in, Lest I should rove in sin, Far from Thy love.



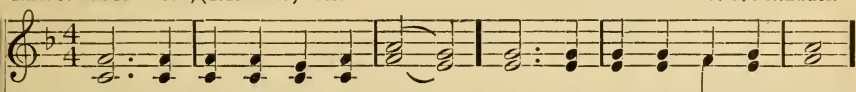
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134 TO THY PASTURES FAIR AND LARGE.

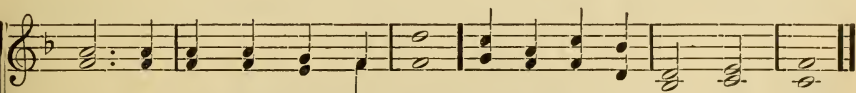
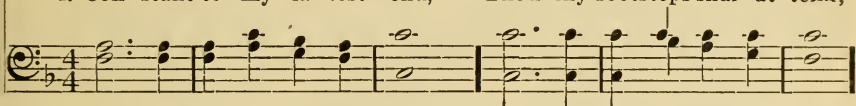
"Dijon." 7s.

REV. JAMES MERRICK, (1720—1769) 1765.

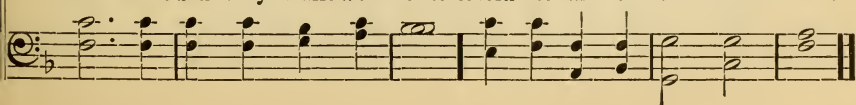
J. G. Bitthauer.



1. To Thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge;
2. When I faint with summer's heat Thou shalt guide my weary feet
3. Safe the drear-y vale I tread By the shades of death o'er-spread,
4. Con-stant to my la-test end, Thou my footsteps shalt at-tend;



And my couch, with tenderest care, 'Mid the springing grass pre-pare.
To the streams that, still and slow, Through the verdant meadows flow.
With Thy rod and staff sup-plied, This my guard—and that my guide.
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome Yield me an e-ter-nal home.



FRANK M. DAVIS, (1839—1897) 1882.

Frank M. Davis, (1839—1897) 1882.

1. Sa - vior, lead me, lest I stray,
 2. Thou, the ref - uge of my soul,
 3. Sa - vior, lead me, then at last,
 Sa - vior, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly

Gent - ly lead me all the
 When life's stormy bil - lows
 When the storm of life is

way;
 roll,
 past,
 lead me all the way;
 I am safe when by Thy side,
 I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 To the land of end - less day,
 I am safe when by Thy side,

REFRAIN.

I would in Thy love a - bide.
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
 Where all tears are wiped a - way.
 I would in Thy love abide.

Lead me, lead me,

Sa - vior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
 lest I stray;
 Gent - ly down the stream of

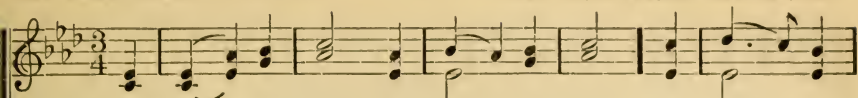
time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sa - vior, all the way, all the way.

JESUS, MY SHEPHERD, LET ME SHARE.

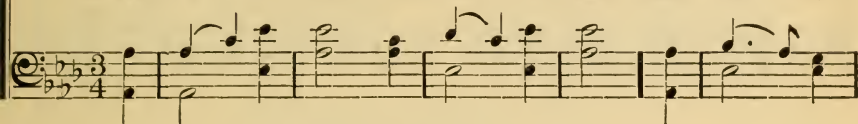
"Louvan." L. M.

REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, (1817—1867)

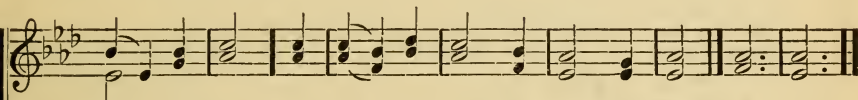
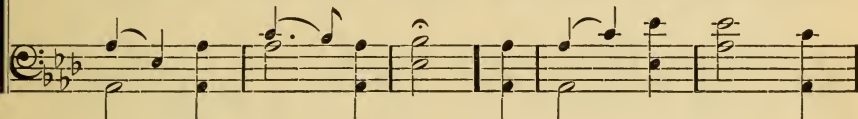
Virgil Corydon Taylor, (1817—1884) 1847.



1. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, let me share Thy guid - ing
 2. Oh, lead me ev - er by Thy side, Where fields are
 3. While I this bar - ren des - ert tread, Feed Thou my



hand, Thy ten - der care; And let me ev - er
 green, and wa - ters glide; And be Thou still, wher -
 soul on heaven - ly bread; 'Mid foes and fears Thee



find in Thee, A ref - uge and a rest for me.
 e'er I be, A ref - uge and a rest for me.
 may I see, A ref - uge and a rest for me. *A - men.*



- 4 Anoint me with Thy gladdening grace,
 To cheer me in the heavenly race;
 Cause all my gloomy doubts to flee,
 And make my spirit rest in Thee.
- 5 When death shall end this mortal strife,
 Bring me through death to endless life;
 Then, face to face, beholding Thee,
 My refuge and my rest shall be.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. C. 200.

TR. REV. HENRY MARTYN DEXTER, (1821—1890) 1846.

Johann Georg Braun, 17th century.

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth,
 2. Thou art our Ho - ly Lord, The all - sub - du - ing Word,
 3. Ev - er be Thou our Guide, Our Shep - herd and our Pride,
 4. So now and till we die, Sound we Thy prais - es high,

Through de - vious ways; Christ, our tri - um - phant King, We come Thy
 Heal - er of strife; Thou didst Thy - self a - base, That from sin's
 Our Staff and Song; Je - sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy per -
 And joy - ful sing; Let all the ho - ly throng Who to Thy

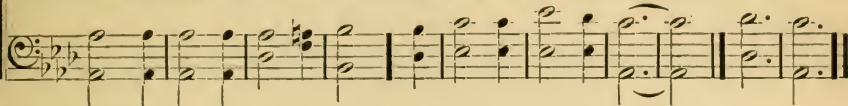
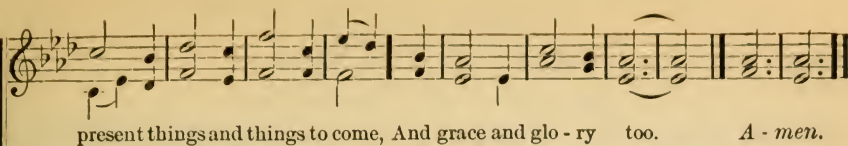
name to sing, And here our children bring, To shout Thy praise.
 deep disgrace Thou mightest save our race, And give us life.
 en - nial word, Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.
 Church be-long, U - nite to swell the song To Christ our King! *A - men.*

"Manoah." C. M.

REV. BENJAMIN BEDDOME, (1717—1795) 1776.

Franz Joseph Haydn, (1732—1809)

1. If Christ is mine, then all is mine, And more than an - gels know; Both



2 If Christ is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the full source of every good,
Is more than all to me.

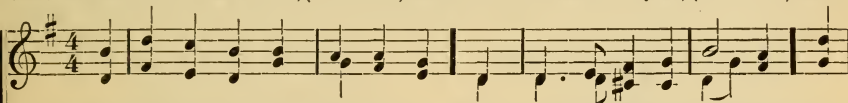
3 If Christ is mine, unharmed I pass
Through death's dark dismal vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

4 O Christ, assure me Thou art mine;
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

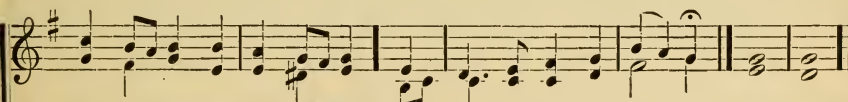
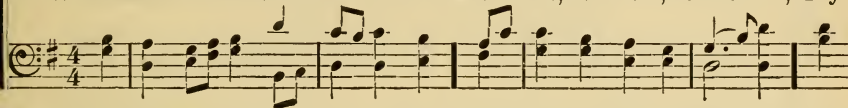
139 THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

"Dominus Regit Me."

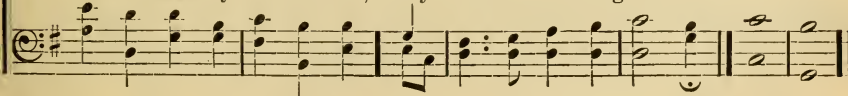
REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, (1821—1877) 1868. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1868.



1. The King of Love my Shepherd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er; I
2. Where streams of living wa - ter flow My ransomed soul He lead - eth, And
3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me; Thy



noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev - er.
where the verdant pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
on His shoulder gent-ly laid, And home, re-joicing, brought me.
rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me. A - men.



5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever!

CONSECRATION.

JESUS, I LIVE TO THEE.

"Mornington." S. M. (*First Tune.*)

REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, (1817—1867) 1850.

Garrett Colley Wellesley,
Lord Mornington, (1735—1781) 1760.

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The lov - li - est and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.
3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best—

To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.
4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me
Makes heaven for ever mine.

JESUS, I LIVE TO THEE.

"Lake Enon." S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, (1817—1867) 1850.

Isaac Baker Woodbury, (1819—1858)

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

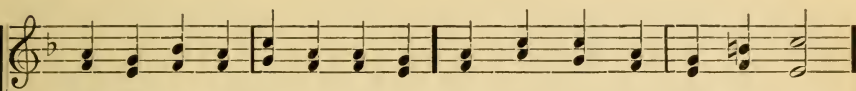
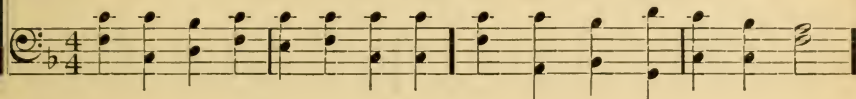
I WOULD LOVE THEE, GOD AND FATHER.

"Rhône." 8s. & 7s. D.

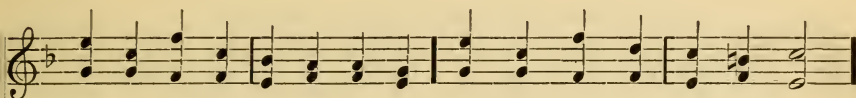
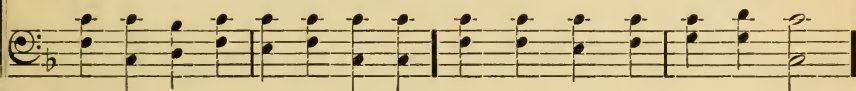
Rev. Walter Edmund Krebs, (1837—) 1897.



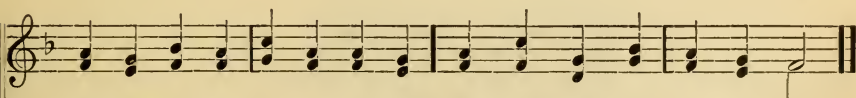
1. I would love Thee, God and Father, My Re - deem - er and my King:
 2. I would love Thee; may Thy brightness Dazzle my re - joicing eyes;



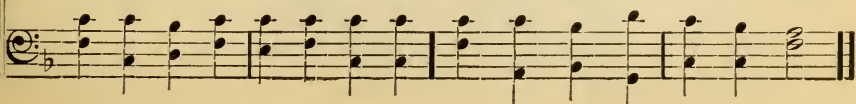
I would love Thee; for, without Thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.
 I would love Thee; may Thy goodness Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.



I would love Thee; look up-on me, Ev - er guide me with Thine eye:
 I would love Thee, I have vowed it; On Thy love my heart is set;



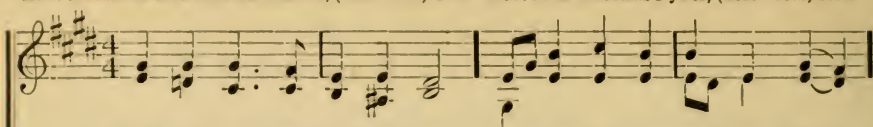
I would love Thee; if not nourished By Thy love, my soul would die.
 While I love Thee, I will nev - er My Re - deem-er's blood for - get.



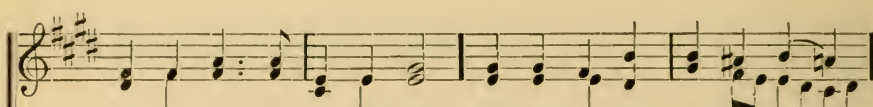
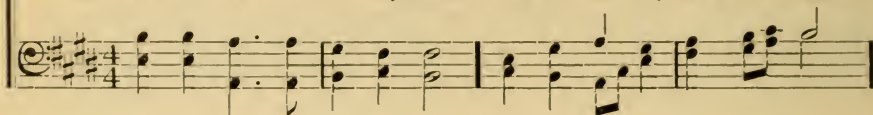
ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

"Rock of Ages." 7s. 6 lines.

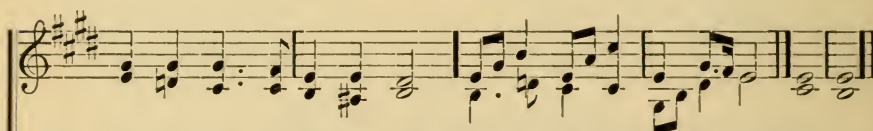
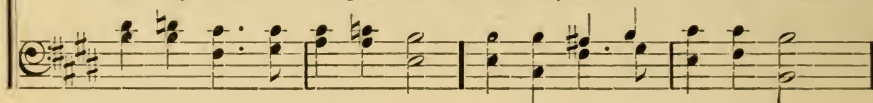
REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, (1740—1778) 1776. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1872.



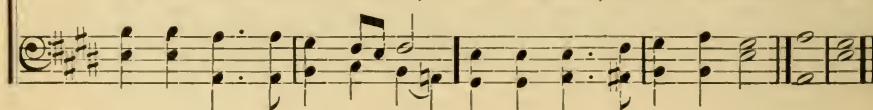
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee ;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands ;



Let the Wa - ter and the Blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone. A - men.

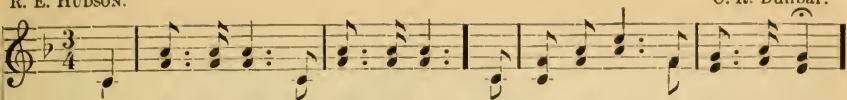


- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Savior, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment - throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

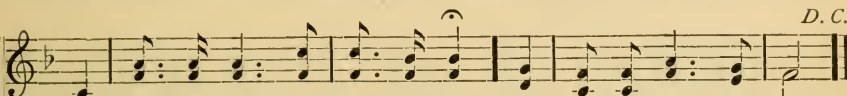
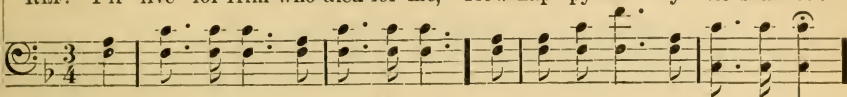
MY LIFE, MY LOVE I GIVE TO THEE.

R. E. HUDSON.

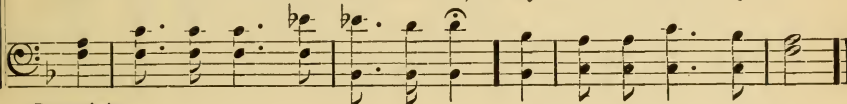
C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,
 REF.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!



- Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sa - vior and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sa - vior and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sa - vior and my God!
 I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sa - vior and my God!



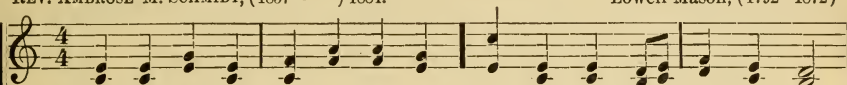
By permission.

TAKE, OH, TAKE ME, HOLY FATHER!

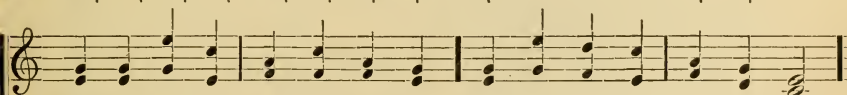
"Mt. Vernon." 8s. & 7s.

REV. AMBROSE M. SCHMIDT, (1857—) 1884.

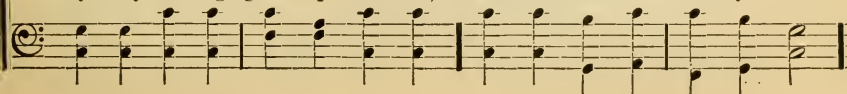
Lowell Mason, (1792—1872)



1. Take, oh, take me, Ho - ly Fa - ther! Hear my sup - pli - ca - ting prayer;
 2. Break me, oh, Thou lov - ing Fa - ther! Though Thy break - ing cost me pain;
 3. Make me as Thou wilt, O Fa - ther! Melt this stub - born heart of mine;
 4. Take me, break me, make me, Fa - ther! Un - to Thee I all re - sign!

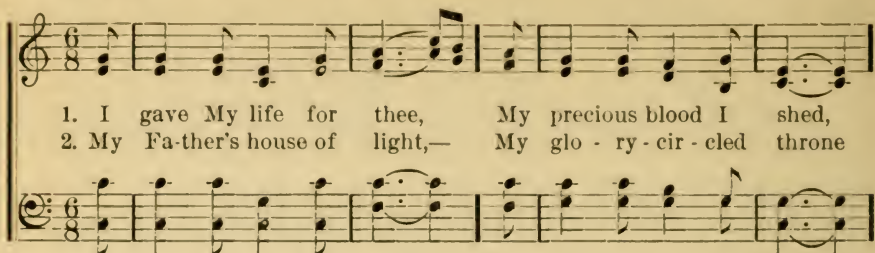


- Take and use me as Thy ves - sel, Take, oh, take me to Thy care.
 Though Thou tri - est me with fire I will mag - ni - fy Thy name.
 Make me like my Lord and Sa - vior, Full of love and life di - vine.
 By Thy lov - ing grace up - hold me, Make me ev - er whol - ly Thine.

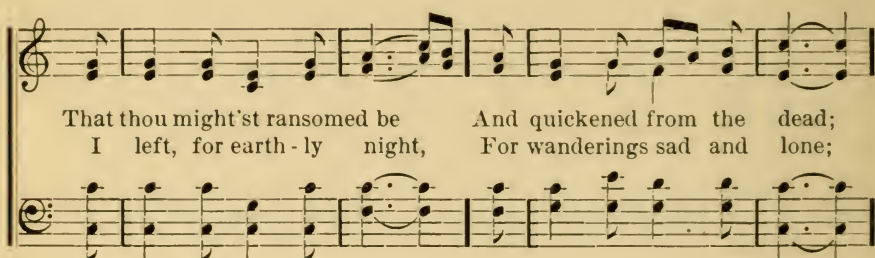


MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, (1836—1879) 1858.

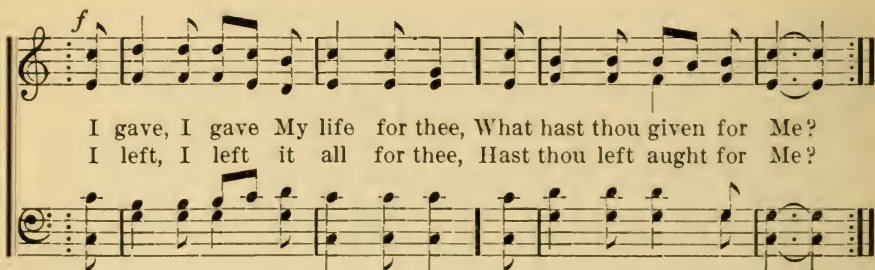
Phillip P. Bliss, (1838—1876)



1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light,— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne



That thou might'st ransomed be And quickened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wanderings sad and lone;



f
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

JESUS, I COME TO THEE.

6s. & 4s.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1883.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Longing for rest; Fold Thou Thy
 2. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Hear Thou my cry; Save, or I
 3. Now let the roll - ing waves Bend to Thy will, Say to the
 4. Swift - ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der Thy

REFRAIN.

wear - y child Safe to Thy breast.
 per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.
 troubled deep, "Peace, peace be still." } Rocked on a storm - y sea,
 bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

Oh, be not far from me; Lord, let me cling to Thee, On - ly to Thee.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

6s. 4s.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, (1805—1848) 1841.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be:
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!</p> | <p>3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!</p> |
| <p>2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone:
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!</p> | <p>4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!</p> |

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

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THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

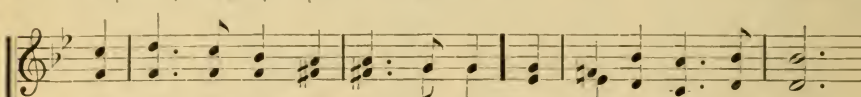
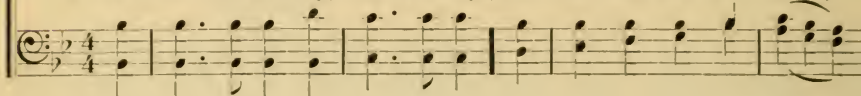
"All Saints." (Cutler.) C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) 1827.

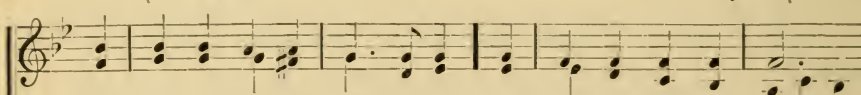
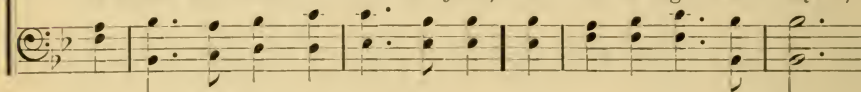
Henry Stephen Cutler, (1824—) 1872.



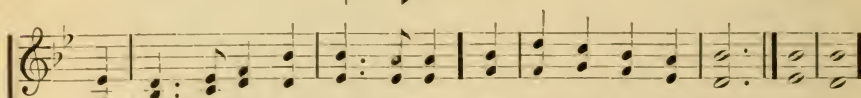
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain ;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



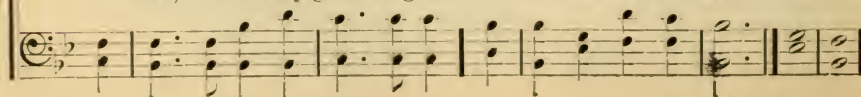
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far ; Who fol - lows in His train ?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save ;
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame ;
 A - round the Sa - vior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed :



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain ;
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane ;
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven Through peril, toil, and pain :



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong : Who fol - lows in His train ?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel : Who fol - lows in their train ?
 O God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - men.



THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

"Lambeth." C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) pb. 1827.

Samuel Webbe, (1740—1816)

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain ;
 2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant o - ver pain ;
 3. The mar-tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,
 4. Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,

His blood-red ban - ner streams afar ; Who fol-lows in His train ?
 Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train? A - men.

- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:
 Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS?

C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1723.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine.

"Courage."

George Frederick Root, (1820—1895)

1. O, we are vol-un-teers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to
 2. The glo-ry of our flag is the em-blem of the dove, Gleaming are our
 3. O, glo-rious is the strug-gle in which we draw the sword, Glorious is the

line at our Cap-tain's word; We are un-der marching or-ders to
 swords from the forge of love; We go forth, but not to bat-tle for
 Kingdom of Christ, our Lord; It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall

take the bat-tle-field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
 earth-ly hon-ors vain, 'Tis a bright im-mor-tal crown that we seek to gain.
 reach from shore to shore, And His people shall be bless-ed for ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

Come and join the ar-my, the ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our

Cap-tain, we ral-ly at His word; Sharp will be the con-flict

with the powers of sin, But with such a Lead-er, we are sure to win.

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AWAKE, MY SOUL, STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

"Christmas." C. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, (1702—1751) 1740.

George Frederick Handel, (1685—1759) 1728.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in
 3. 'Tis God's all an - i - ma - ting voice That calls thee
 4. Blest Sa - vior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my

vig - or on; A heav - enly race de - mands thy zeal, And
 full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And
 from on high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To
 race be - gun; And crowned with vic - tory, at Thy feet I'll

an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
 thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
 lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down. A - men.

HORATIO RICHMOND PALMER, (1834—) 1868,

Horatio Richmond Palmer, (1834—) 1868.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each victory will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sa-vior,

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

REFRAIN.

Ask the Sa-vior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

DON'T STEP THERE.

"CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Rev. James H. Rosecrans, (1844—) 1890.

1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a place,
 2. Some i - dle hab - it, word or thought, Some sin, how - ev - er small,
 3. Our fel - low-travelers on the road, We'll watch with anxious care,

Where, if not care - ful, we may fall And sink in - to dis - grace.
 May make us stum - ble in the path, And stumbling, we may fall.
 And when they reach some dangerous spot, We'll warn them: "Don't step there."

REFRAIN.

Don't step there, Don't step there, Don't step there, For

if not care - ful we may fall, Don't step there.

1. For - ward, Chris - tian chil - dren, With your ban - ners gay,
 2. Now we'll be Thy sol - diers, Stand - ing firm and true,
 3. Here, O Lord, we'll thank Thee For the bless - ings past,

Glad your hearts and voi - ces, On this hap - py day ; Je - sus is your
 Trust - ing Thee to help in Ev - ery - thing we do ; All kind words and
 Here pledge hearts and voi - ces, While our lives shall last ; Make us Thine own

Lead - er, In the cause of right. He will nev - er fail you,
 ac - tions Thou wilt well re - pay, If we fol - low close - ly
 chil - dren, And we'll hap - py be, In that world of beau - ty,

REFRAIN. *Unison.*

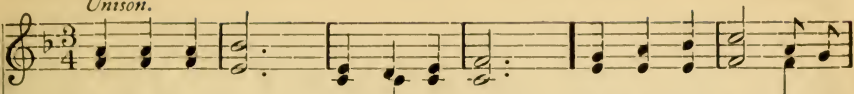
Forward to the fight. } Forward to the bat - tle, For the good and
 In the heavenly way. }
 Af - ter - ward with Thee. }

true, Je - sus is your Cap - tain, He is lead - ing you.

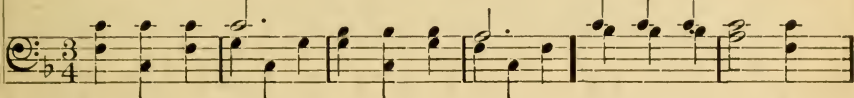
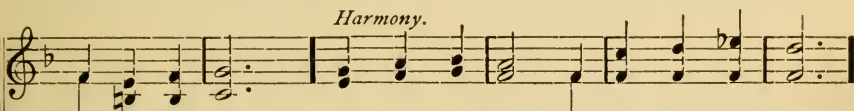
DARE TO BE BRAVE.

W. L. ROOPER.

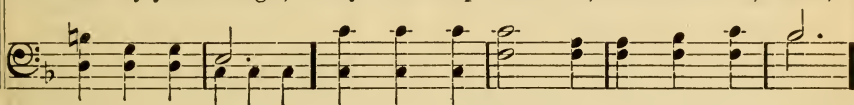
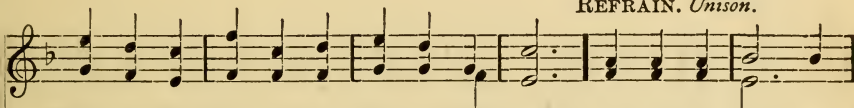
Duncan Hume.

Unison.

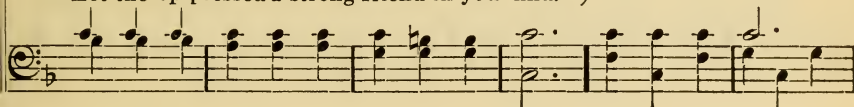
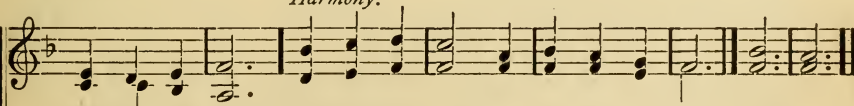
1. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, Strive for the right, for the
 2. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God is your Fa-ther, He
 3. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God grant you courage to

*Harmony.*

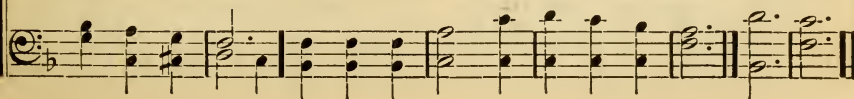
- Lord is with you; Fight with sin brave - ly, fight and be strong,
 watch-es o'er you; He knows your tri - als; when your heart quails,
 car - ry you through; Try to help oth - ers, be ten - der, kind,

REFRAIN. *Unison.*

- Christ is your Captain, fear not but what's wrong. }
 Call Him to res-cue,—His grace nev-er fails. } Fight then, good soldiers,
 Let the op-pressed a strong friend in you find.

*Harmony.*

- fight and be brave, Christ is your Cap-tain, migh-ty to save. A - men.




PRAISE.

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PRAISE THE LORD! PRAISE HIM!

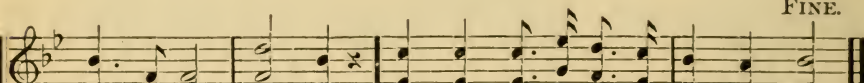
JAMES R. MURRAY, (—) 1880.

James R. Murray, (—) 1880



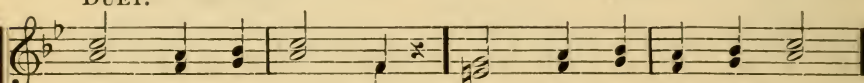
1. Praise the Lord! praise Him! Men and an-gels u - nite in hap-py song;
 2. Praise the Lord! praise Him! Praise His name, for His promis-es are sure;
 3. Praise the Lord! praise Him! Earth's Redeemer, the blessed Prince of Peace!
D. C.—Praise the Lord! praise Him! Men and an-gels u - nite in hap-py song!

FINE.




Praise the Lord! praise Him! Sing Je - ho-vah's praises loud and long!
 Praise the Lord! praise Him! For His mer-cies ev - er shall en - dure.
 Praise the Lord! praise Him! May Je - ho-vah's praises nev - er cease!
 Praise the Lord! praise Him! Sing Je - ho-vah's praises loud and long!

DUET.



Praise Him, ye heav - ens! Praise Him, ye stars of light!
 Praise Him, ye chil - dren! Men, maid-ens, old and young!
 Sing ye His glo - ry, Send forth His name a - broad;
For Organ.

D. C. for Refrain.



Praise Him, ye moun - tains! Oh, praise Him day and night!
 Kings bow be - fore Him From ev - ery land and tongue.
 Tell the glad sto - ry Of this our might - y God.

"Creation." L. M. D.

JOSEPH ADDISON, (1672—1719)

Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1798.

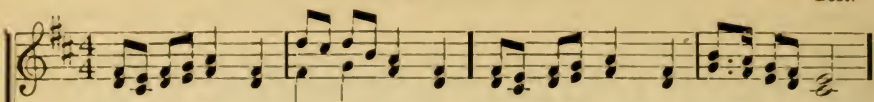
1. { The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e -
And spangled heavens, a shi-ning frame, Their great O - rig-i -

the - real sky, } Th'un-wea-ried sun, from day to day, Does
nal pro-claim.

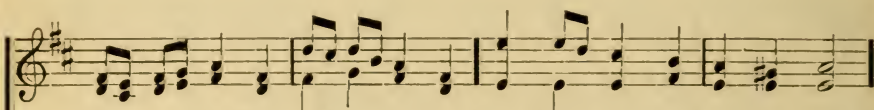
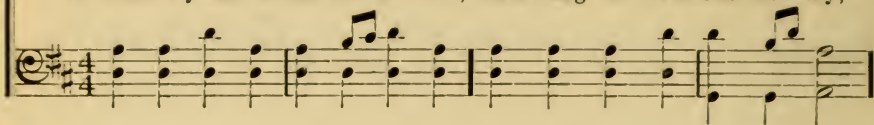
his Cre-a-a-tor's power dis-play, And pub-lish-es to

ev-ery land The work of an Al-might-y Hand. A-men.

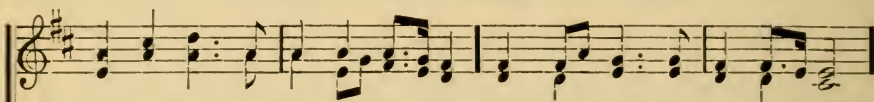
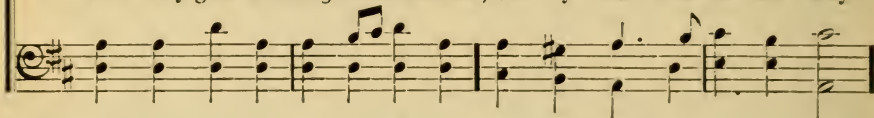
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole,
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine:
"The Hand that made us is divine."



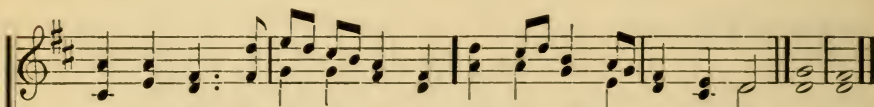
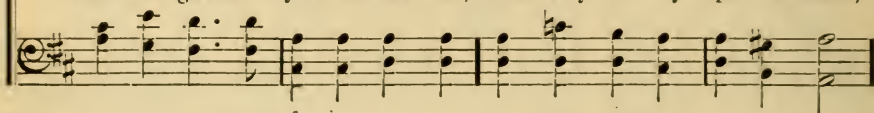
1. All Thy works, O Heavenly Father, What Thou biddest them, ful - fill,
2. Lord, 'tis of Thy lov-ing kindness That Thy gos - pel I have known;
3. Since my time is like an ar - row, Hastening on with-out de - lay;



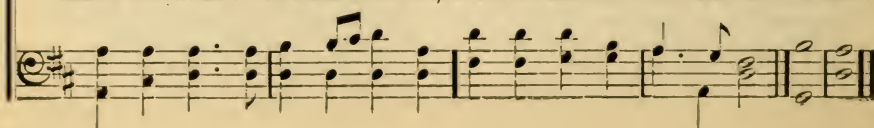
Shall not I, Thy child, much rather Sing Thy praise and do Thy will?
 Else I might have sat in blindness, Bow-ing down to wood and stone.
 And Thy gate is straight and narrow, Ver - y nar - row is the way.



Hith-er - to Thy hand hath led me, And hath brought me on my way;
 To Thy font my parents brought me, Ere Thy ten - der love I knew;
 Thou who gavest Thy Son to save me, Send Thy Ho - ly Spir - it down;



Thou hast clothed me, Thou hast fed me, Thou hast blest me every day.
 And Thy min - ister has taught me, What to flee and what to do.
 Make me do as Thou wouldst have me, Make me more and more Thine own! A-men.



THERE IS NO NAME SO SWEET ON EARTH.

"The Blessed Name." 8. 7. 8. 7. D. (*With Refrain.*)

REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE, (1805—1862) 1858.

Sir Joseph Barnby, (1838—1896)

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heav - en,
 2. His hu-man name they did proclaim When Abram's Son they sealed Him,—
 3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a - bove Him;

As that be-fore His wondrous birth To Christ the Sa-vior giv - en.
 The name that still by God's good will, De - liv - er - er re - vealed Him.
 That all might see the rea - son we For ev - er-more must love Him.

REFRAIN.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus!

For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus! A - men.

4 So now, upon His Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Savior Jesus.—REF.

6 O Jesus, by that matchless name,
 Thy grace shall fail us never;
 To-day as yesterday the same,
 Thou art the same for ever.—REF.

5 To Jesus every knee shall bow,
 And every tongue confess Him,
 And we unite with saints in light,
 Our only Lord to bless Him.—REF.

REFRAIN.—*For last Verse.*

Then let us sing around our King,
 The faithful, precious Jesus,—
 For there's no word ear ever heard
 So dear, so sweet as Je-sus!

PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

"Integer Vitæ." 11s. & 5s.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES, (1828—1896)

Friedrich Ferdinand Fleming, (1778—1813) 1810.

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing kind - ness,
 2. Praise ye the Sa - vior! great is His com - pas - sion,
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - fort - er of Is - rael,

Ten - der - ly cares He for His er - ring chil - dren;
 Gra - cious - ly cares He for His cho - sen peo - ple;
 Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us;

Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the
 Young men and maid - ens, ye old men and
 Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly

heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
 chil - dren, Praise ye the Sa - vior!
 Spir - it, Praise ye the Tri - une God. A - men.

PETITION.

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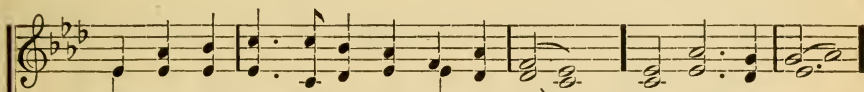
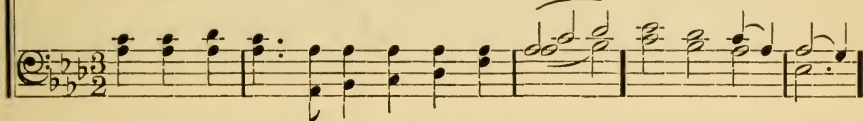
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

"Lux Benigna." 10s. & 4s. 10s.

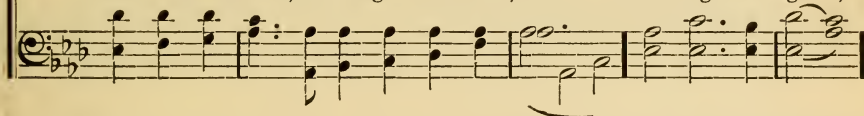
CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, (1801—1890) 1833. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.



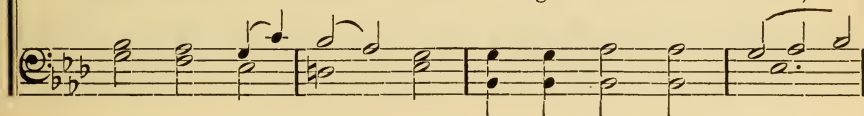
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



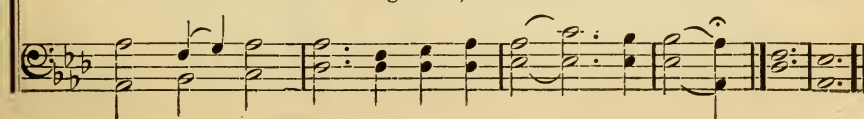
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar-ish day; and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those an-gel-fa-ces smile,



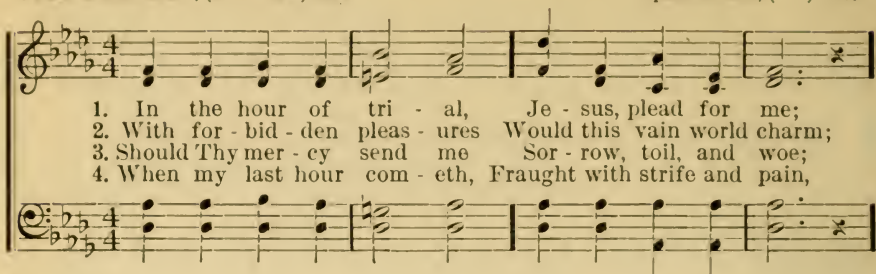
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while. A-men.



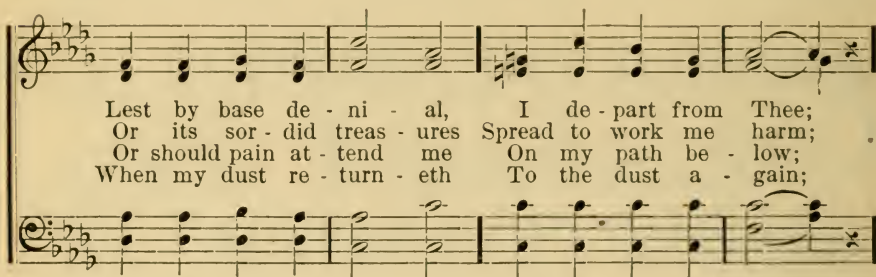
"Penitence." 6. 5. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854) 1834.

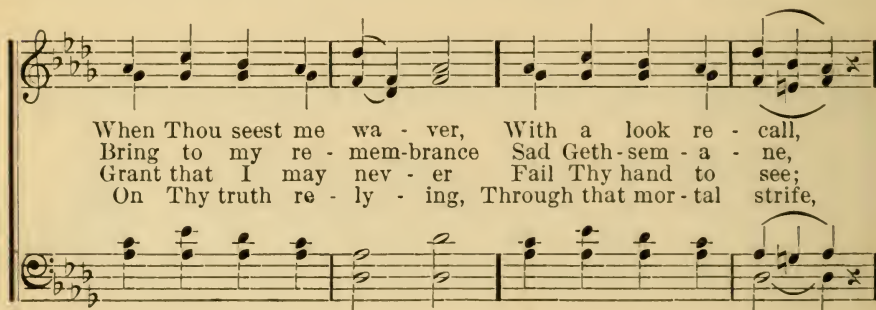
Spencer Lane, () 1879.



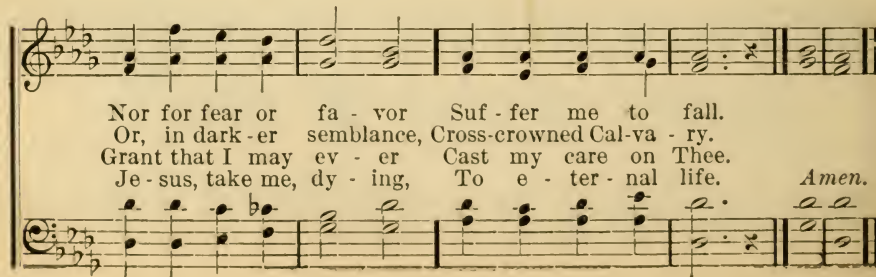
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
 2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;
 3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe;
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,



Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee;
 Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;
 Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low;
 When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain;



When Thou seest me wa - ver, With a look re - call,
 Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,
 Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;
 On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Through that mor - tal strife,

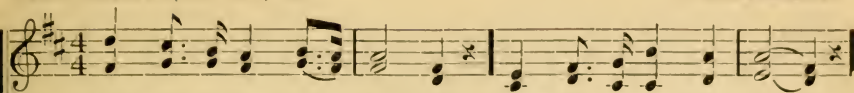


Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
 Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crowned Cal - va - ry.
 Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. Amen.


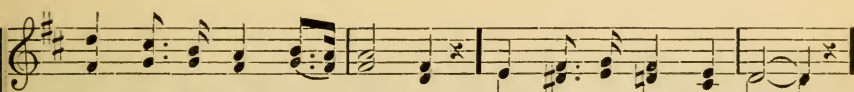
GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.

JANE C. SIMPSON, (1811—1866) 1831.

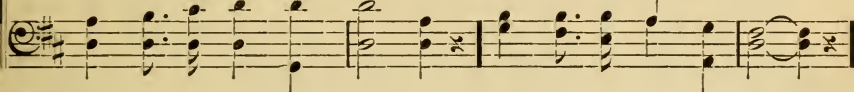
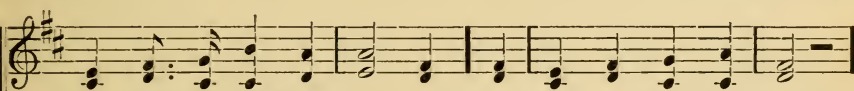
Thomas Gardiner.



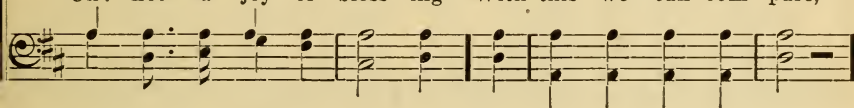
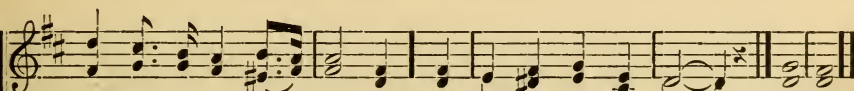
1. Go when the morning shi - neth, Go when the noon is bright;
 2. Re - member all who love thee; All who are loved by thee;
 3. But if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In sol - i - tude to pray,
 4. Where'er thou pinest in sick - ness, Be - fore His foot-stool fall;

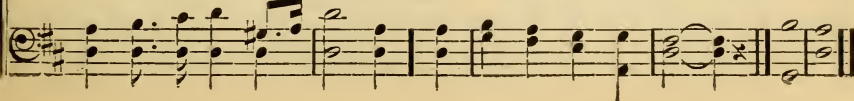
Go when the day de - cli - neth, Go in the hush of night;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be.
 Should ho - ly thoughts come o'er thee, When friends are round thy way—
 Re - mem - ber in thy glad - ness, His love Who gave thee all.

Go with pure heart and feel - ing, Cast earth - ly thoughts a - way,
 Then for thy-self, in meek - ness, A bless - ing hum - bly claim;
 E'en then, in si - lence breathing, The spir - it, raised a - bove,
 Oh! not a joy or bless - ing With this we can com - pare,

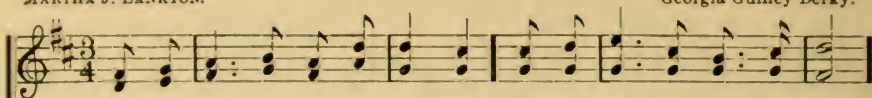



And in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in se - cret pray.
 And link with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Redeemer's Name.
 Will reach the throne of glo - ry, Of mer - cy, truth, and love.
 The power which He has giv - en, T'ap - proach His throne of prayer. Amen.

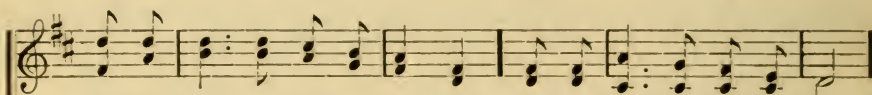
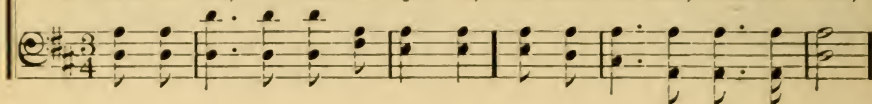


MARTHA J. LANKTON.

Georgia Guiney Berkly.



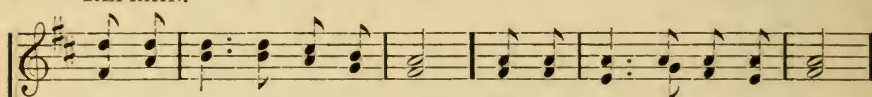
1. Dwell in me, O bless-ed Spir - it, How I need Thy help di-vine!
2. Let me feel Thy sa-cred pres-ence, Then my faith will ne'er de-cline;
3. Round the cross where Thou hast led me, Let my pur - est feel-ings twine;
4. Dwell in me, O bless-ed Spir - it, Gracious Teacher, Friend di-vine;



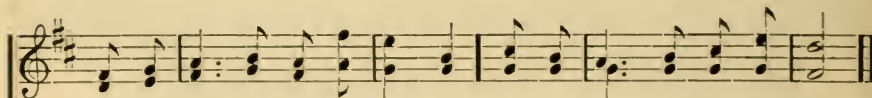
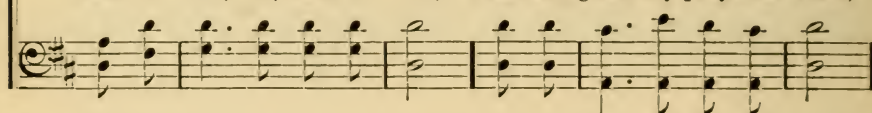
In the way of life e - ter - nal, Keep, oh, keep this heart of mine.
 Comfort Thou and help me on - ward, Fill with love this heart of mine.
 With the blood from sin that cleansed me, Seal a - new this heart of mine.
 For the home of bliss that waits me, Oh, pre-pare this heart of mine.



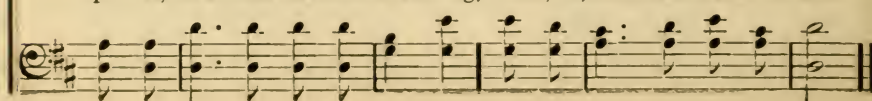
REFRAIN.



Dwell in me, oh, dwell in me; Hear and grant my prayer to Thee;



Spir - it, now from heaven descending, Come, oh, come and dwell in me.

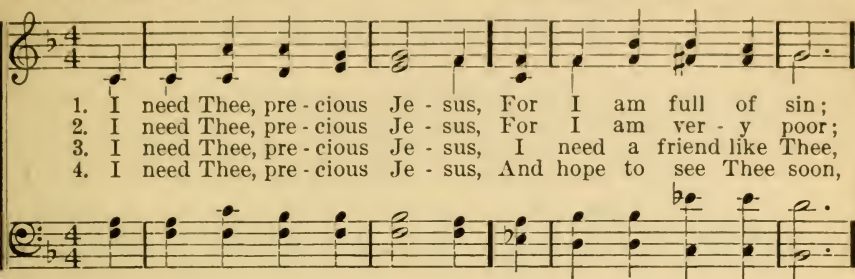


I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

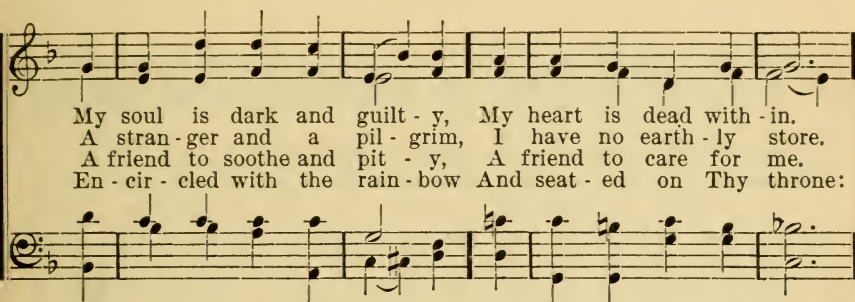
"Savoy Chapel." 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

REV. FREDERICK WHITFIELD, (1829—) 1855.

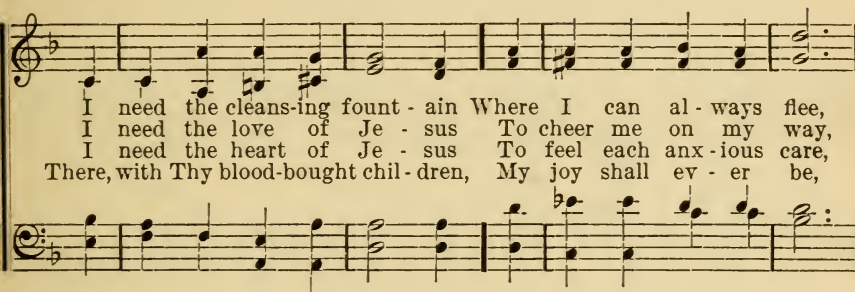
John Baptiste Calkin, (1827—) 1870.



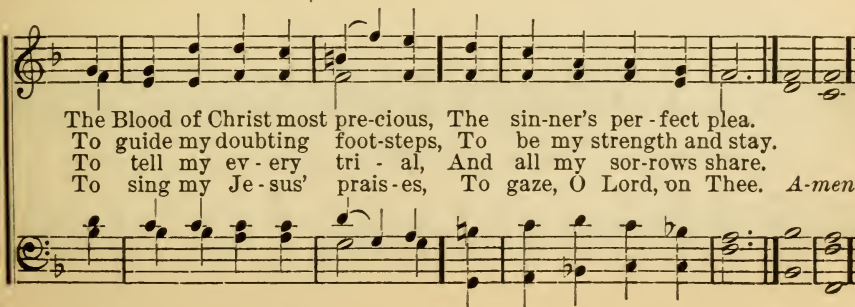
1. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
 2. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
 3. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, I need a friend like Thee,
 4. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon,



My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in.
 A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store.
 A friend to soothe and pit - y, A friend to care for me.
 En - cir - cled with the rain - bow And seat - ed on Thy throne:



I need the cleans - ing fount - ain Where I can al - ways flee,
 I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
 I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,
 There, with Thy blood - bought chil - dren, My joy shall ev - er be,



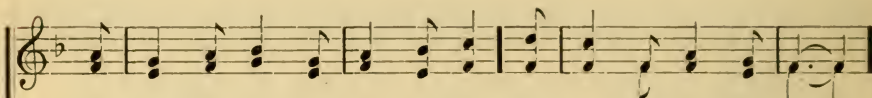
The Blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
 To tell my ev - ery tri - al, And all my sor - rows share.
 To sing my Je - sus' prais - es, To gaze, O Lord, on Thee. *A - men.*

FRANK M. DAVIS, (1839—1897)

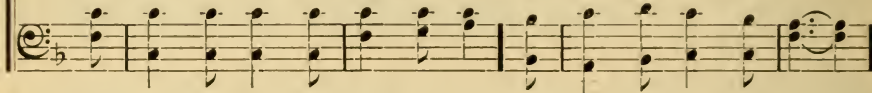
Frank M. Davis, (1839—1897)



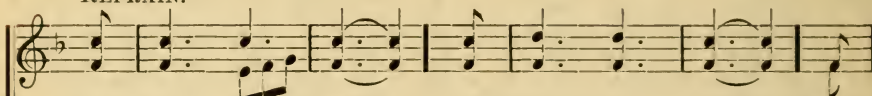
1. When wear-y with the ills of life, Its bur-dens and its cares,
2. When tempt-ed by the power of sin, That would the soul en-snare,
3. There's grace to help in time of need, A full sup-ply is there,
4. When doubts a-rise and faith is weak, And cross-es hard to bear,



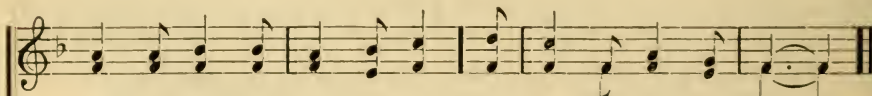
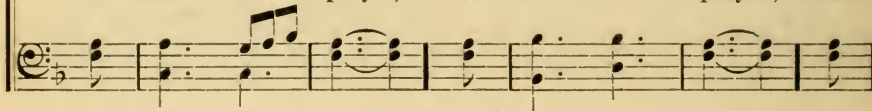
There is a balm, a sa-cred joy, 'Tis found a-lone in prayer.
 There is a sure, a safe re-treat, 'Tis found a-lone in prayer.
 Go find it at the Mas-ter's feet, In hum-ble, heart-felt prayer.
 Then seek the Fa-ther at His throne, And find re-lief in prayer.



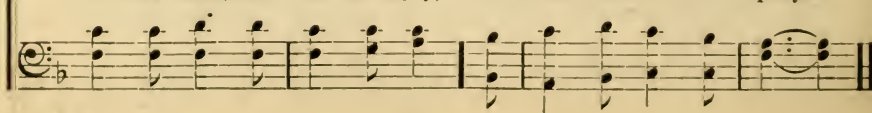
REFRAIN.



A-lone in prayer, A-lone in prayer; There



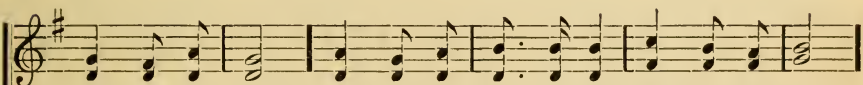
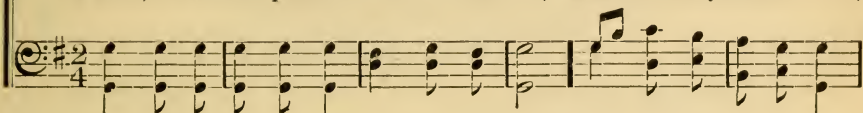
is a balm, a sa-cred joy, 'Tis found a-lone in prayer.



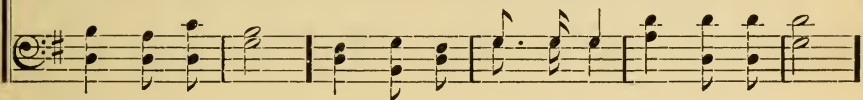
MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1885.



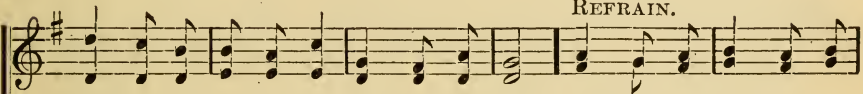
1. Out on the midnight deep Hear Thou my cry; Come to my res-cue, Lord,
2. Hope of the des - o - late, Light of the soul, Now of my lone - ly bark,
3. Lord, at the o - pen door Let me come in; Heal Thou my broken heart,



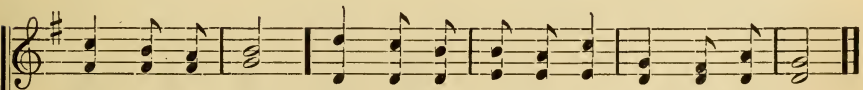
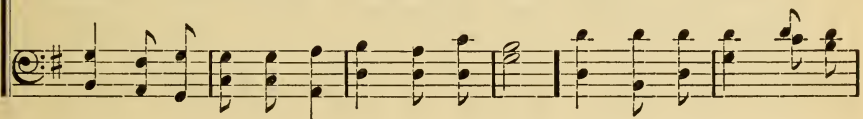
Save, or I die. Let not the storm - y waves Break o - ver me,
Take Thou con-trol. Yon - der the Ark of Grace Dim - ly I see,
Wear - y of sin. Close to Thy bleed-ing side Still would I be,



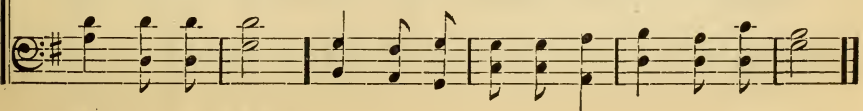
REFRAIN.



Reach out Thy loving arm, Draw me to Thee. Draw me to Thee, Sa-vior,



Draw me to Thee, Reach out Thy lov-ing arm, Draw me to Thee.



JAMES NICHOLSON.

Wm. G. Filscher, (1835—) 1871.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast
 make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 nev - er saidst, "No"—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

REFRAIN.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

169 JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

"Pilot." 7s. 6 lines.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, (1818—1888) 1871.

John Edgar Gould, (1822—1875) 1871.

1. Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

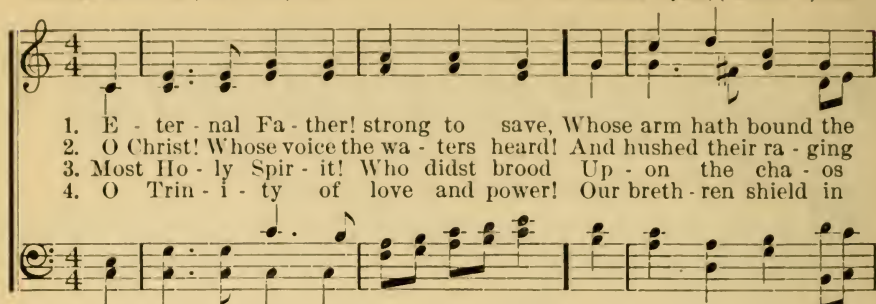
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hi-ding rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayest to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com- pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov-ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

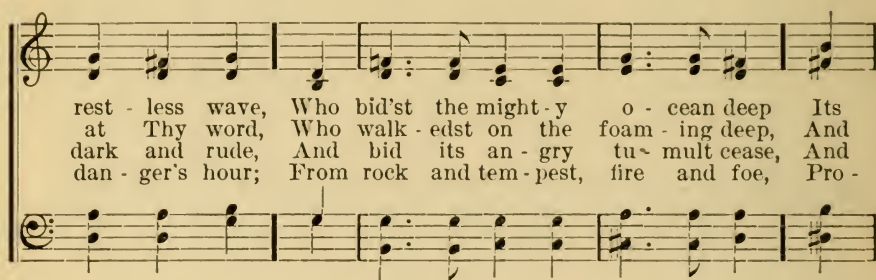
"Melita." L. M. 6 lines.

WILLIAM WHITING, (1825—1878) 1860.

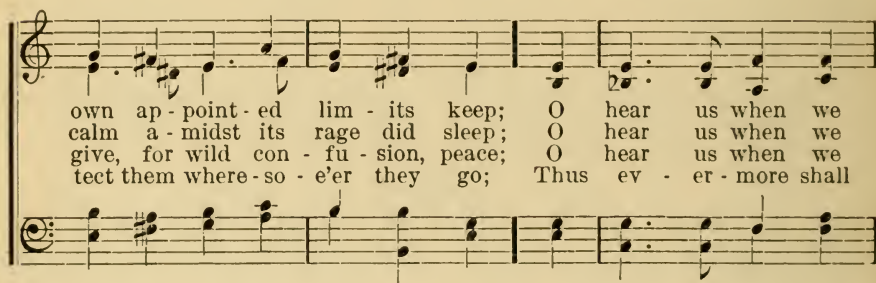
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.



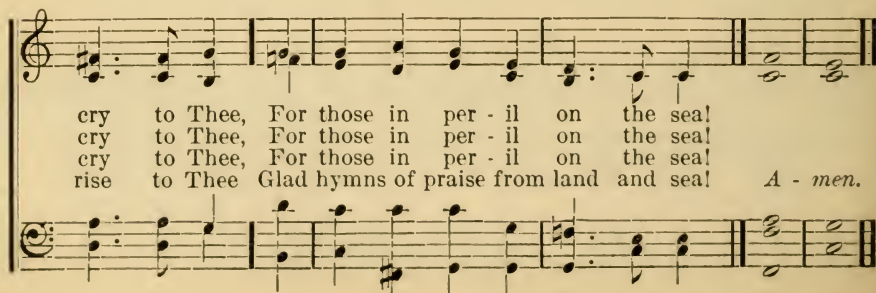
1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the
 2. O Christ! Whose voice the wa - ters heard! And hushed their ra - ging
 3. Most Ho - ly Spir - it! Who didst brood Up - on the cha - os
 4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power! Our breth - ren shield in



rest - less wave, Who bid'st the night - y o - cean deep Its
 at Thy word, Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, And
 dark and rude, And bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, And
 dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -



own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; O hear us when we
 calm a - midst its rage did sleep; O hear us when we
 give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace; O hear us when we
 tect them where - so - e'er they go; Thus ev - er - more shall



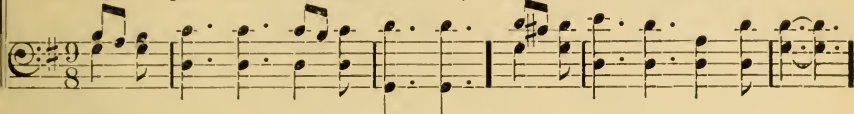
cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea!
 cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea!
 cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea!
 rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea! A - men.

LORD, MY HEART IS RESTED.

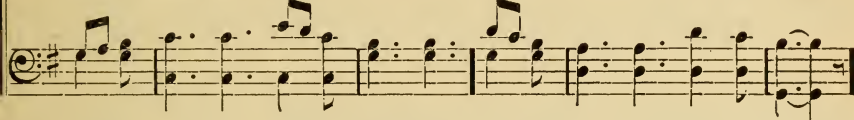
Geo. F. Rosche, (1855—) 1895.



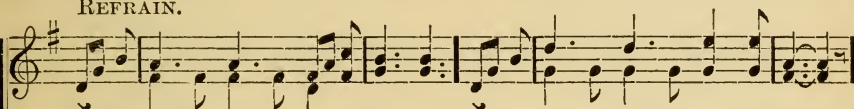
1. Lord, my heart is rest-ed, strengthened, By this qui-et hour with Thee;—
 2. Here Thy peace like mu-sic steal-ing, Stills all dis-cord, tumult, strife,—
 3. For more per-fect self-sur-ren-der, For a clos-er walk with Thee!



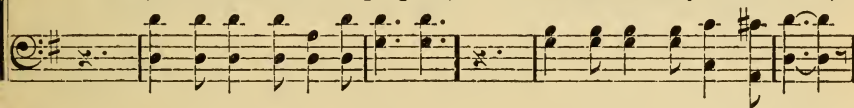
In the sun-shine of Thy pres-ence, Earthly gloom and shad-ows flee.
 Fills the heart with ten-der yearnings For a no-bler, sweet-er life.
 For a meek and qui-et spir-it, From all car-nal sins set free.



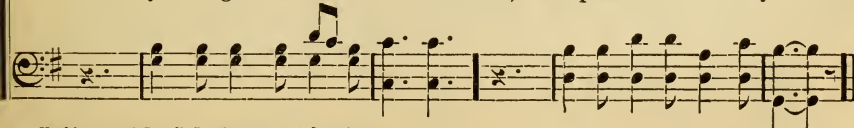
REFRAIN.



Lord, while still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a-bide;
 Lord, while still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a-bide;



Safely through life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ev-er near Thy side.
 Safely through life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ever near Thy side.



WILL L. THOMPSON, (1849—) 1898.

Will L. Thompson, (1849—) 1898.

1. O, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;
 2. O, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise.
 3. O, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci - ful, lov - ing and kind;

His love;
 to rise;
 and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
 Giv-ing a hand, Bid-ding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
 Lead-ing the way, Brightening the day, Help - ing the lame and blind.

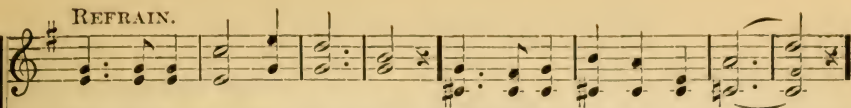
Je - sus came loving and cheer-ing, Giv - ing the hun - gry food,
 Cheer-ing the bro - ken-heart - ed, Wi - ping a-way their tears,
 Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Help-ing them sin o'er - come.

the hun - gry
 a - way their
 them sin o'er-

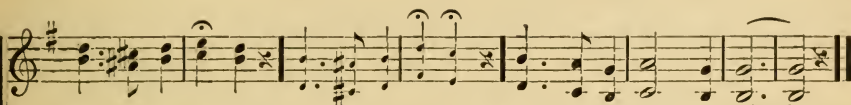
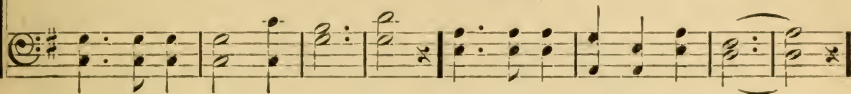
Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.
 Com-fort-ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban - ish-ing doubts and fears.
 Res - cu - ing per - ish - ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way - ward home.

food, Help-ing the need - y,
 tears, Com-fort-ing sor - row,
 come, Res - cu - ing sin - ners,

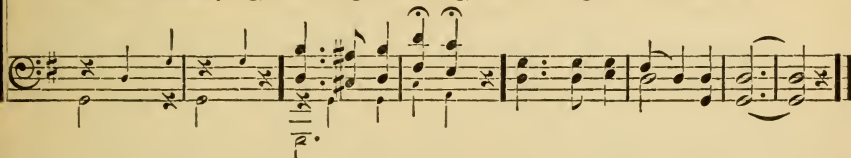
REFRAIN.



Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;



Nev - er cease trying, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Work - ing for God and love.



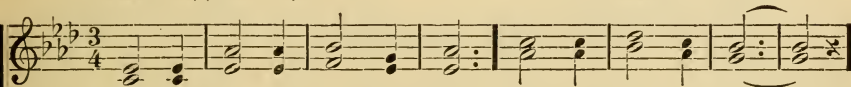
173

HEAVENLY FATHER, I WOULD PRAY.

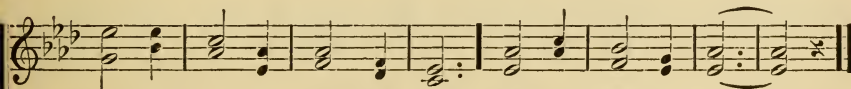
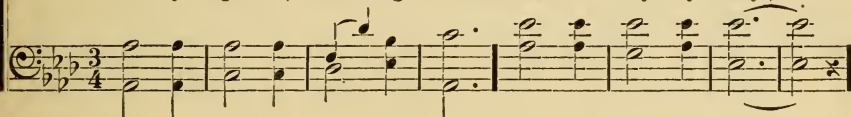
"Heavenly Father." 7s. & 5s.

J. H. KURZENKNABE, (1840—) 1874.

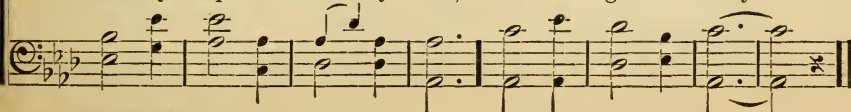
J. H. Kurzenknabe, (1840—) 1874.



1. Heavenly Fa - ther, I would pray, Come Thou near to me,
2. Bless - ed Je - sus, I would ask For a gen - tle will;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, lov - ing Guide! Lead me day by day;



Teach me what to do and say, How to hon - or Thee.
Help Thou me my ev - ery task Faith - ful to ful - fill.
Guard my steps on ev - ery side, Lest I go a - stray.



LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

Adam Gelbel, (1855—) 1899.

1. Take my mo-ments, blessed Je - sus, Keep them for me ev - ery day,
 2. Keep them for Thy use, dear Sa - vior, As they pass so swift - ly by;
 3. Just the mo-ments, but they may be Touched with God's e - lec - tric love,

Till they glow with life and beau - ty; Fill them with Thy praise al - way.
 Let them shine through years of ser - vice, With a glo - ry from on high.
 Till they bear some fla-ming mes - sage From the mer - cy-seat a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Take my mo - - - ments, keep them ev - er,
 Take my mo - ments

Con - se - cra - se - - ted, Lord, to Thee; Use them,
 Con - se - cra - ted

make each one a bless - ing Garnered for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Use them, make each

GALILEE, BRIGHT GALILEE.

"Galilee."

WILLIAM FISK SHERWIN, (1826-1888)

William Fisk Sherwin, (1826-1888)

1. Gal - i - lee, bright Gal - i - lee, Hallowed thoughts we turn to thee !
 2. Once a - long that rug - ged shore, He, who all our sor - rows bore,
 3. Wild the night on Gal - i - lee ; Loud - ly roared the an - gry sea,
 4. Still in lov - ing ten - der - ness Doth the Mas - ter wait to bless ;

Wo - ven through thy his - to - ry, Gleams the charm - ing mys - ter - y
 Journeyed oft with wear - y feet, Through the storm or burn - ing heat ;
 When up - on the toss - ing wave Je - sus walked, His own to save—
 Still His touch up - on the soul Bring - eth balm and ma - keth whole ;

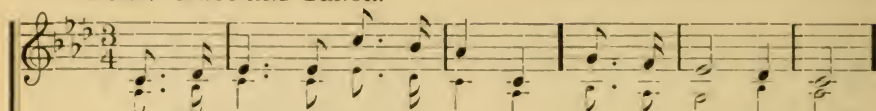
Of the life of One who came, Bear - ing grief, re - proach, and shame,
 Heal - ing all who came in faith, Call - ing back the life from death.
 Calmed the tu - mult by His will, On - ly say - ing, "Peace, be still !"
 Still He com - forts mourning hearts, Life and joy and peace im - parts ;

Sa - vior of the world to be ; "God with us" by Gal - i - lee !
 King of kings from heaven was He, Though so poor by Gal - i - lee !
 Ru - ler of the storm was He, On the ra - ging Gal - i - lee !
 Still the sin - ner's Friend is He, As of old by Gal - i - lee !

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—)

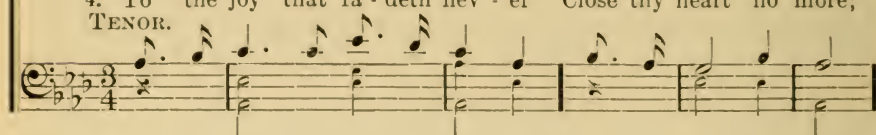
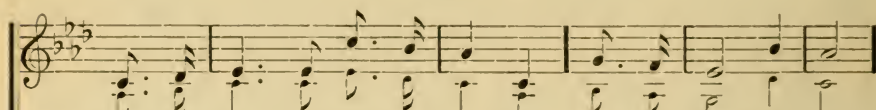
John R. Sweney, (1835—1899) 1892.

DUET. ALTO AND TENOR.

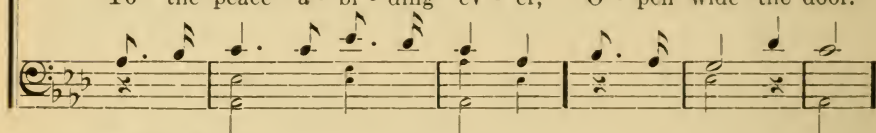


1. Wear-y child, thy sin for-sa-king, Close thy heart no more;
 2. To the Sa-vior's ten-der plead-ing Close thy heart no more;
 3. To the gos-pel in-vi-ta-tion Close thy heart no more;
 4. To the joy that fa-deth nev-er Close thy heart no more;

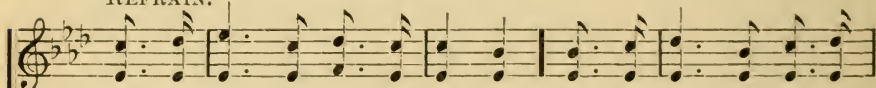
TENOR.

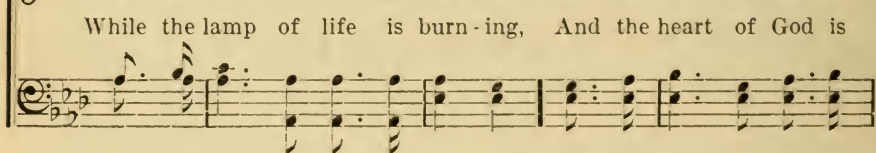
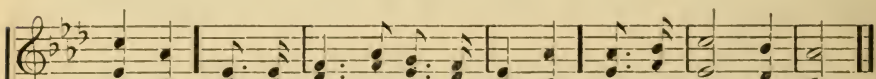
From thy dream of pleas-ure wa-king, O - pen wide the door.
 Now the call of mer-cy heed-ing, O - pen wide the door.
 To re-ceive a full sal-va-tion, O - pen wide the door.
 To the peace a-bi-ding ev-er, O - pen wide the door.



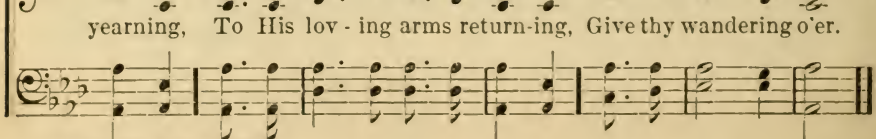
REFRAIN.



While the lamp of life is burn-ing, And the heart of God is

yearning, To His lov-ing arms return-ing, Give thy wandering o'er.



INVITATION.

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COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY.

"Vox Jesu," 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

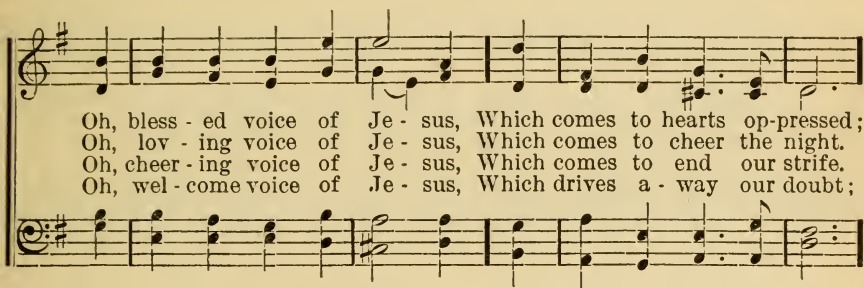
WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, (1837—) 1867.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1875.

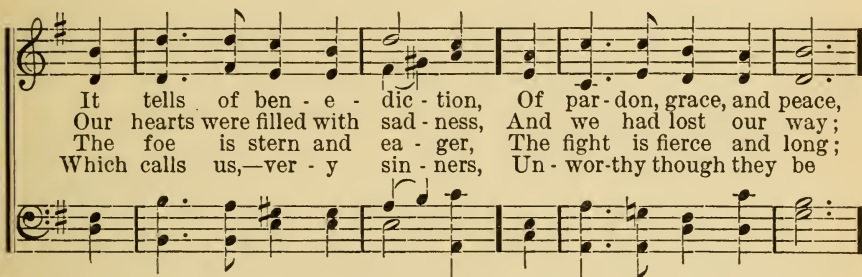
Organ.



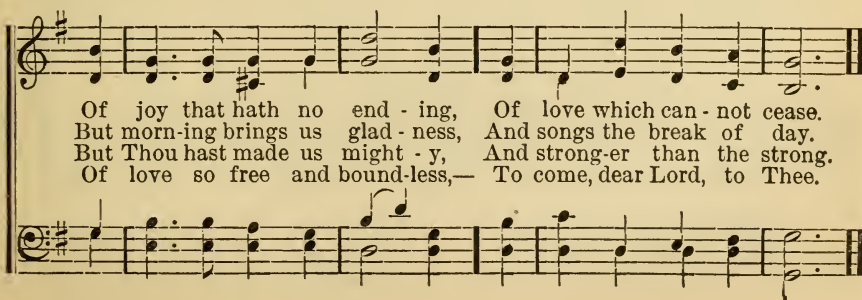
1. "Come un-to Me, ye wear-y And I will give you rest."
2. "Come un-to Me, dear chil-dren, And I will give you light."
3. "Come un-to Me, ye faint-ing, And I will give you life."
4. "And who-so-ev-er com-eth I will not cast him out."



Oh, bless-ed voice of Je-sus, Which comes to hearts op-pressed;
 Oh, lov-ing voice of Je-sus, Which comes to cheer the night.
 Oh, cheer-ing voice of Je-sus, Which comes to end our strife.
 Oh, wel-come voice of Je-sus, Which drives a-way our doubt;



It tells of ben-e-dic-tion, Of par-don, grace, and peace,
 Our hearts were filled with sad-ness, And we had lost our way;
 The foe is stern and ea-ger, The fight is fierce and long;
 Which calls us,—ver-y sin-ners, Un-wor-thy though they be



Of joy that hath no end-ing, Of love which can-not cease.
 But morn-ing brings us glad-ness, And songs the break of day.
 But Thou hast made us might-y, And strong-er than the strong.
 Of love so free and bound-less,— To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

WILL L. THOMPSON, (1849—) 1880.

Will L. Thompson, (1849—) 1880.

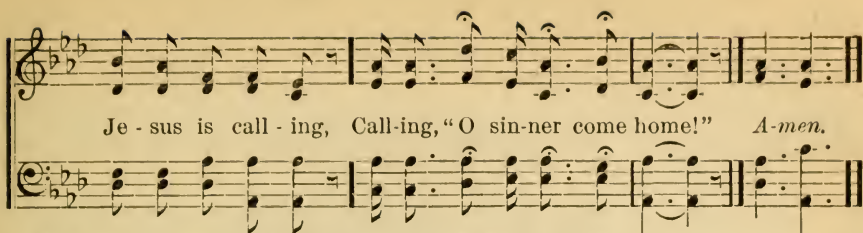
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. O for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for

you and for me; See! at the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and for me; Though we have sinned He has mer - cy and par - don,

REFRAIN.

Watching for you and for me. } Come home, ... Come home,
 Mer - cies for you and for me? }
 Par - don for you and for me. } Come home, Come home,

Ye who are wear - y come home; Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly



By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

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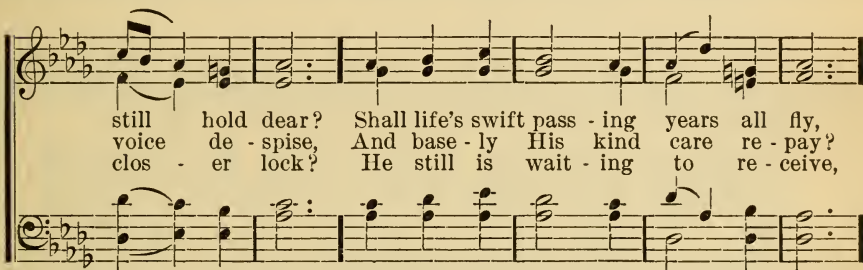
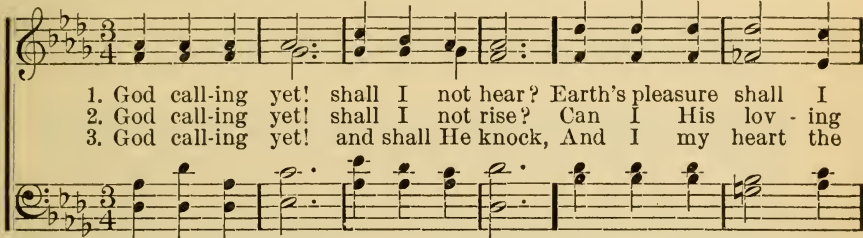
GOD CALLING YET! SHALL I NOT HEAR?

"Clolata."

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, (1697—1769) 1735.

Tr. by MRS. SARAH FINDLATER, née BORTHWICK, (1813—1897) 1855.

W. St. Clair Palmer, 1893.



4 God calling yet! and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live?
 I wait, but He does not forsake;
 He calls me still; my heart, awake!

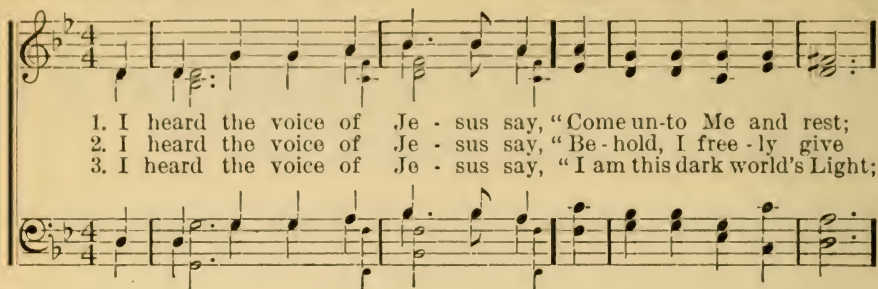
5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
 My heart I yield without delay;
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 180.

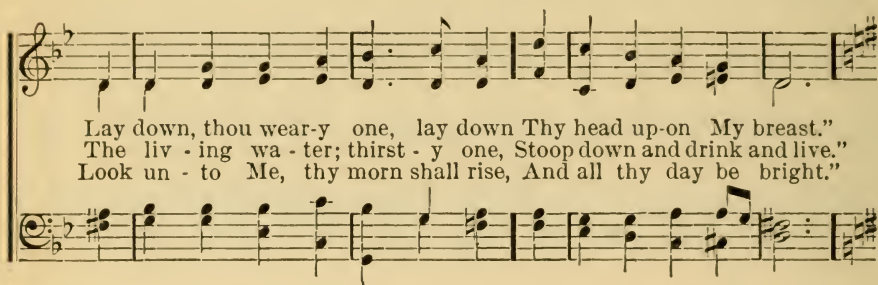
"Vox Dilecti." C. M. D.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, (1808—1889) 1846.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1868.

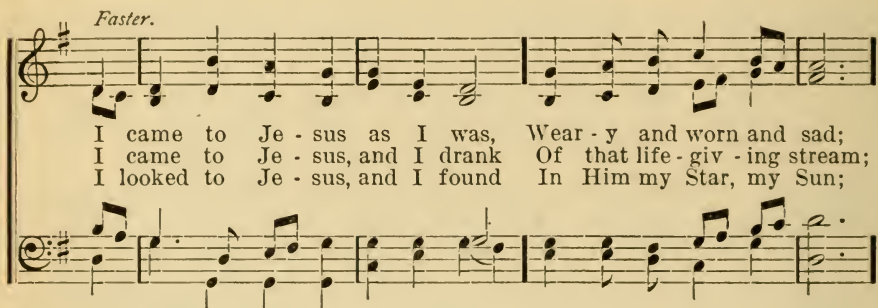


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

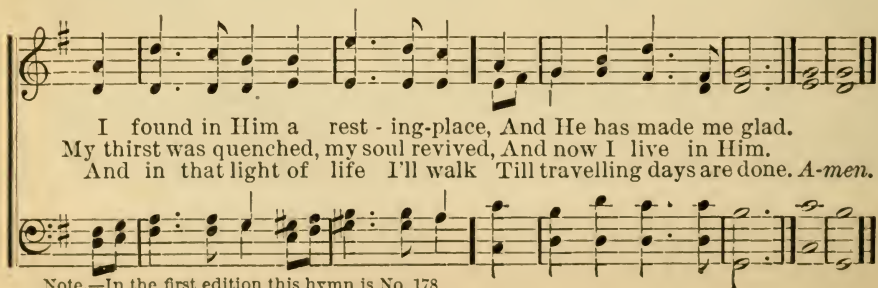


Lay down, thou wear-y one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

Faster.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y and worn and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



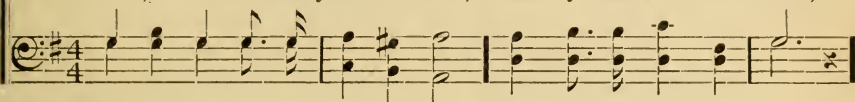
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done. *A-men.*

Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 178.

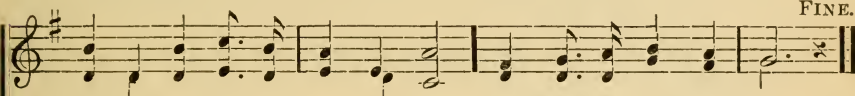
"Tiryus."

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE,
(1823—)Theodore Edson Perkins,
(1831—) 1896.

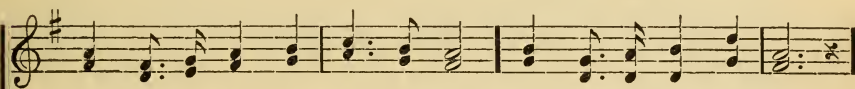
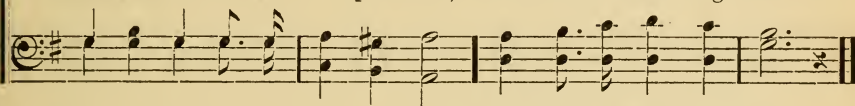
1. Come, oh, come with thy bro-ken heart, Wear - y and worn with care;
 2. Firm - ly cling to the bless-ed cross, There shall thy ref - uge be;
 3. Come and taste of the precious feast, Feast of e - ter - nal love;
- D. C.*—Come, oh come with thy broken heart, Wear - y and worn with care;



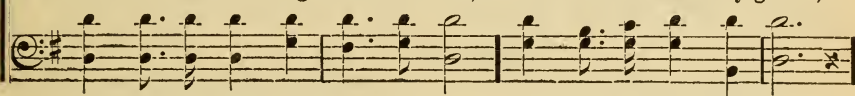
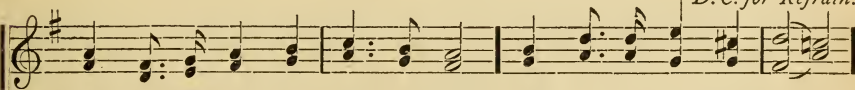
FINE.



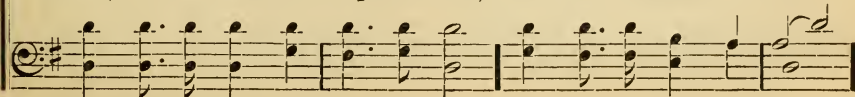
Come and kneel at the o - pen door, Je - sus is wait - ing there;
 Wash thee now in the crim-son fount, Flow-ing so pure for thee;
 Think of joys that for ev - er bloom, Bright in the life a - bove;
 Come and kneel at the o - pen door, Je - sus is wait - ing there.



Wait - ing to heal thy wound-ed soul, Wait - ing to give thee rest;
 List to the gen - tle warn - ing voice, List to the ear - nest call,
 Come with a trust - ing heart to God, Come and be saved by grace;

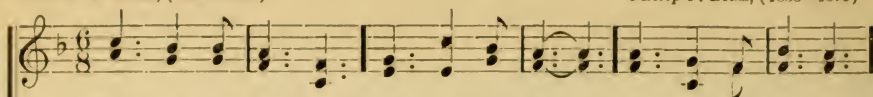
*D. C. for Refrain.*

Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall? Come to His lov - ing breast.
 Leave at the cross thy bur - den now, Je - sus will bear it all.
 Come, for He loves to clasp thee now, Close in His dear em - brace.

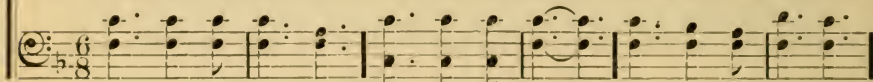


PHILIP P. BLISS, (1838—1876)

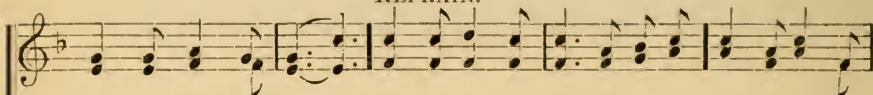
Philip P. Bliss, (1838—1876)



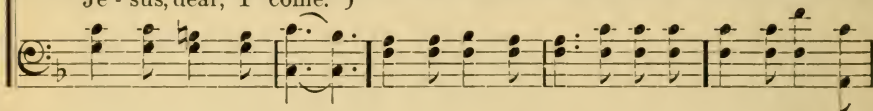
1. This lov-ing Sa-vior Stands pa-tient-ly; Though oft re-ject-ed,
2. Oh, boundless mer-cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er-ror,
3. Though all un-wor-thy, Come, now, come home—Say, while He's waiting,



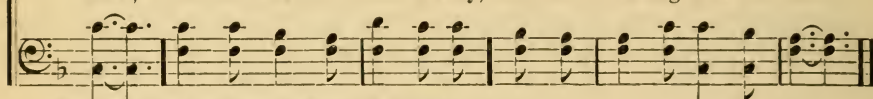
REFRAIN.



- Calls a-gain for thee.
 Heed the ten-der call.
 "Je-sus, dear, I come." } Call-ing now for thee, pro-di-gal, Call-ing now for



thee; Thou hast wandered far a-way, But He's call-ing now for thee.



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Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 181.

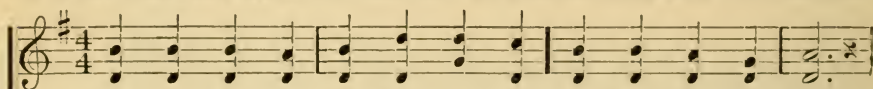
ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?

"Stephanos." 8. 5. 8. 3.

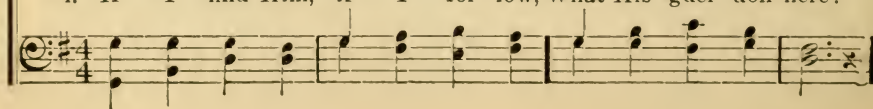
ST. STEPHEN, THE SABAITE, (725—794)

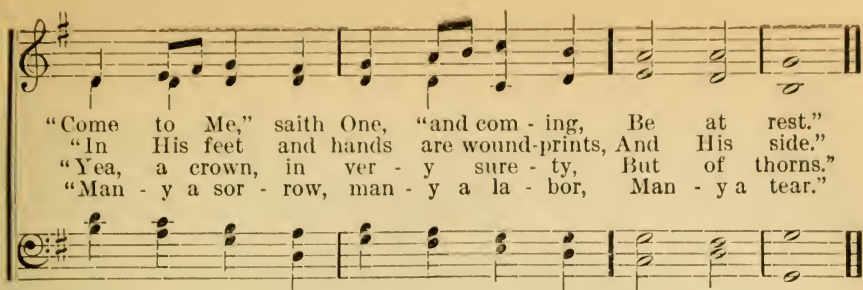
Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, (1821—1877) 1860.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1862. Ar. by William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.



1. Art thou wear-y, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-tress-ed?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. Is there di-a-dem as mon-arch, That His brow a-dorns?
4. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What His guer-don here?





"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
 "Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."
 "Man - y a sor - row, man - y a la - bor, Man - y a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him

What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,

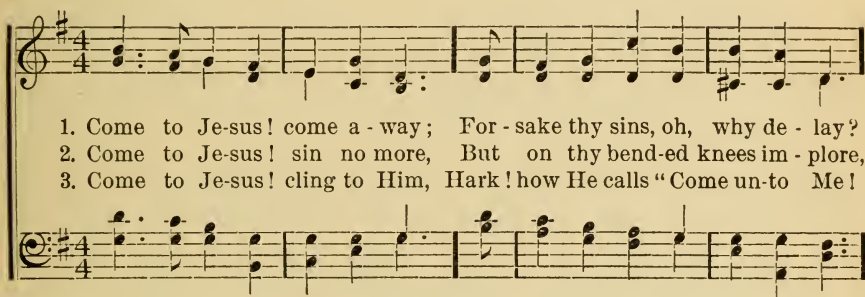
Will He say me nay?—

"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

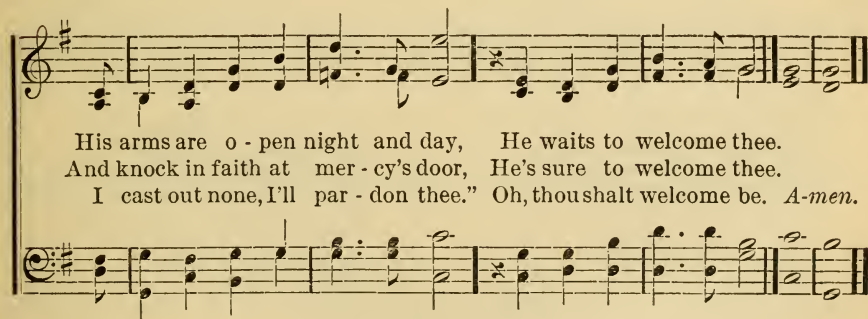
Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 182.

184

COME TO JESUS



1. Come to Je-sus! come a - way; For - sake thy sins, oh, why de - lay?
 2. Come to Je-sus! sin no more, But on thy bend-ed knees im - plore,
 3. Come to Je-sus! cling to Him, Hark! how He calls "Come un-to Me!



His arms are o - pen night and day, He waits to welcome thee.
 And knock in faith at mer - cy's door, He's sure to welcome thee.
 I cast out none, I'll par - don thee." Oh, thou shalt welcome be. *A-men.*

4 Come to Jesus! cling to Him,
 He'll keep thee far from paths of sin,
 Thou shalt at last the victory win;
 And He will welcome Thee.

5 Come to Jesus! Lord, I come:
 Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
 But with my Savior be at home;
 I know He'll welcome me.

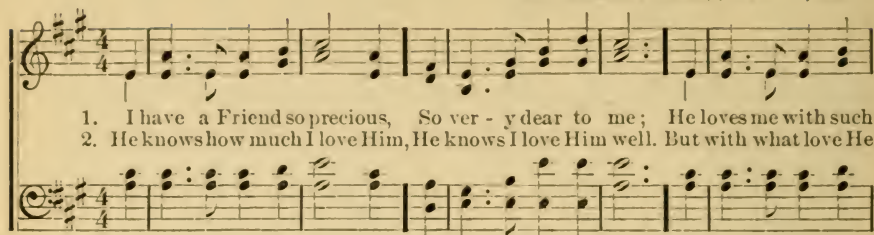
Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 183.

ASSURANCE AND TRUST.

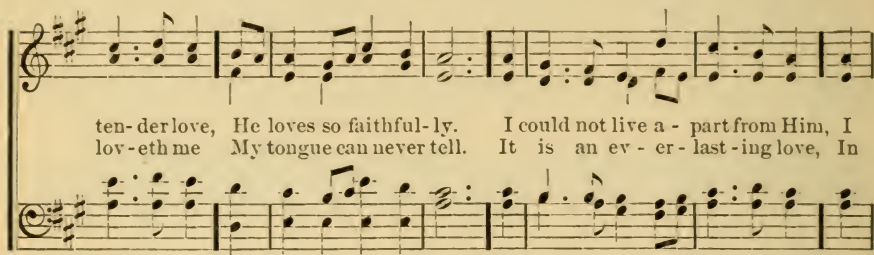
185

MY LORD AND I.

Rev. Antonius Darms, (1869—) 1897.



1. I have a Friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me; He loves me with such
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well. But with what love He



ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly. I could not live a - part from Him, I
lov - eth me My tongue can never tell. It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In



love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell togeth - er— My Lord and I.
ev - er rich sup - ply; And so we love each other— My Lord and I.

3 Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And so He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek.
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together—
My Lord and I.

4 I tell Him all my sorrows,
I tell Him all my joys;
I tell Him all that pleases me,
I tell Him what annoys.
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we talk together—
My Lord and I.

5 He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go and speak
A loving word for Him;
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die;
And so we work together—
My Lord and I.

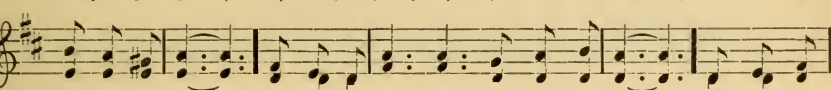
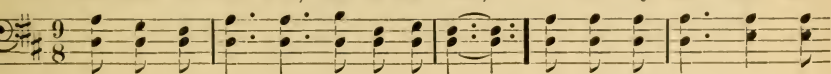
BLESSED ASSURANCE.

MRS. FANNY J. (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—)

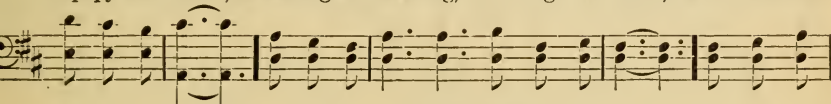
Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, () 1873.



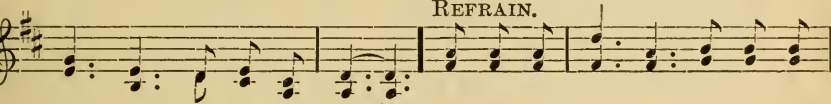
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sa-vior am



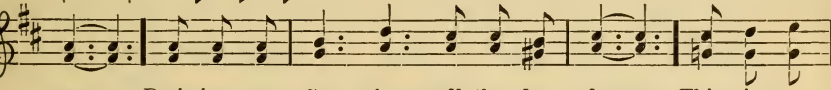
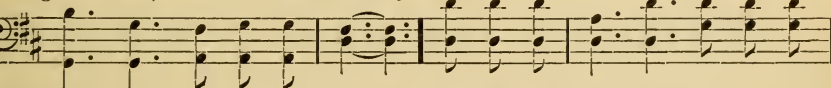
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight; An-gels descend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His



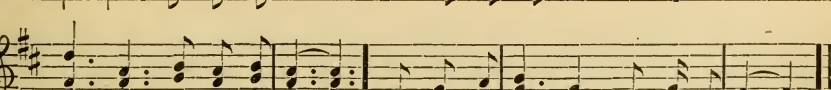
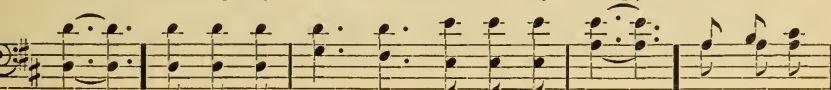
REFRAIN.



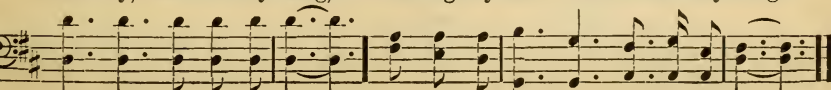
Spir-it, washed in His blood. } This is my sto-ry, this is my
 mer-cy, whispers of love. }
 good-ness, lost in His love. }



song, Prais-ing my Sa-vior all the day long; This is my




sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sa-vior all the day long.

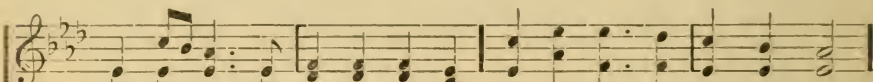


REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

Rev. Antonius Darms, (1869—) 1897.

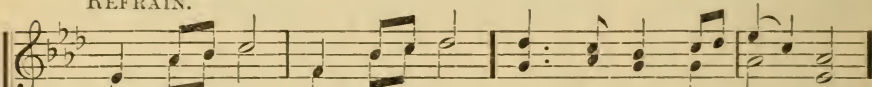


1. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Jesus, Step by step and day by day;
 2. 'Tis so safe to walk with Jesus, Leaning hard up - on His arm;
 3. Step by step I'll walk with Jesus, Just a mo - ment at a time;
 4. Je - sus keep me clos - er, clos - er, Step by step and day by day;

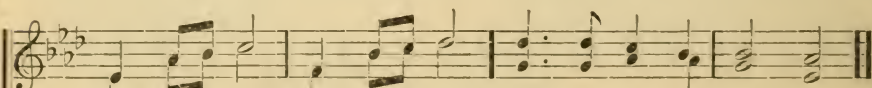


Step - ping in His ver - y foot - prints, Walking with Him all the way.
 Following closely where He leads us, None can hurt and naught can harm.
 Heights I have not wings to soar to, Step by step my feet can climb.
 Step - ping in His ver - y foot - prints, Walking with Thee all the way.

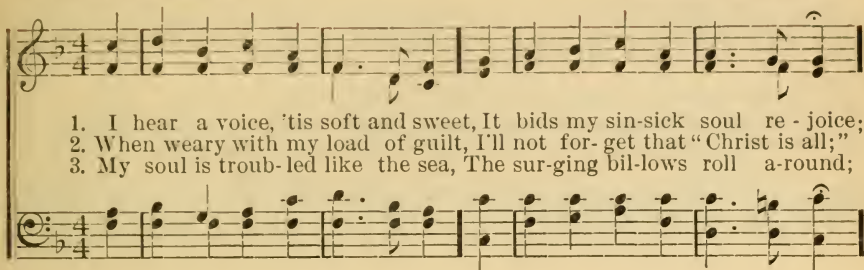
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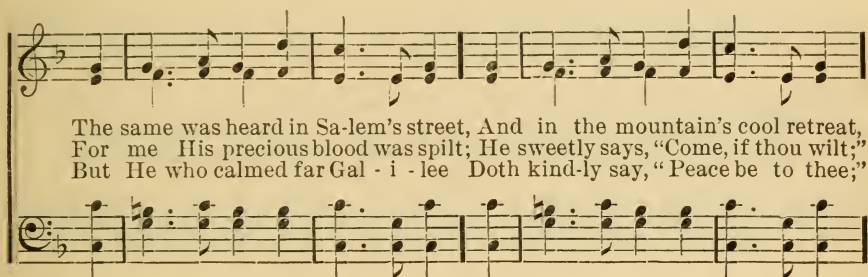
Step by step, step by step, I would walk with Je - sus;



All the day, all the way, Keep - ing step with Je - sus.

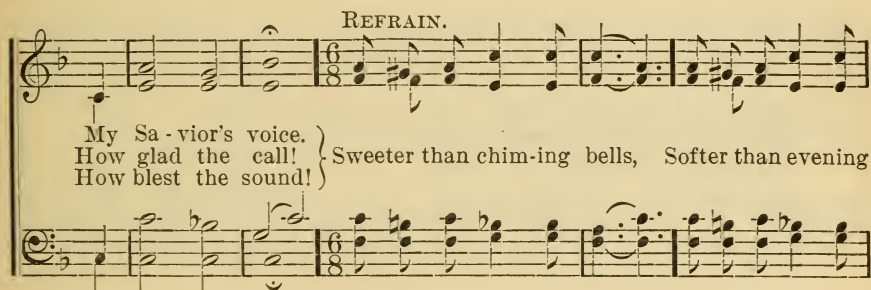


1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin-sick soul re-joice;
 2. When weary with my load of guilt, I'll not for-get that "Christ is all;"
 3. My soul is troub-led like the sea, The sur-ging bil-lows roll a-round;

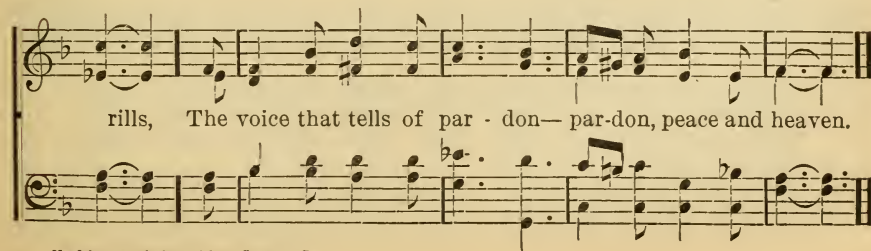


The same was heard in Sa-lem's street, And in the mountain's cool retreat,
 For me His precious blood was spilt; He sweetly says, "Come, if thou wilt;"
 But He who calmed far Gal-i-lee Doth kind-ly say, "Peace be to thee;"

REFRAIN.



My Sa-vior's voice. }
 How glad the call! } Sweeter than chim-ing bells, Softer than evening
 How blest the sound! }



rills, The voice that tells of par-don—par-don, peace and heaven.

REV. WILLIAM H. SHULTS, (1855—) 1897.

Rev. William H. Shults, (1855—) 1897.

1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Thou art all in all;
 2. Be our strength and Help - er, Our sup - port and stay;
 3. Thou hast made at - one - ment With Thy pre - cious blood;

Fount of life and com - fort, Thou dost make us whole;
 May we nev - er fal - ter On our pil - grim way;
 Now ap - ply the heal - ing, Of that crim - son flood;

Take us soul and bod - y, In - to care di - vine;
 Lone and long the path - way, And the jour - ney be,
 Then our hope shall an - chor, On the Rock se - cure;

Watch and keep us safe - ly From the snares of sin.
 We shall nev - er stum - ble, While we fol - low Thee.
 Then shall faith have vis - ion, Fail - ing nev - er - more.

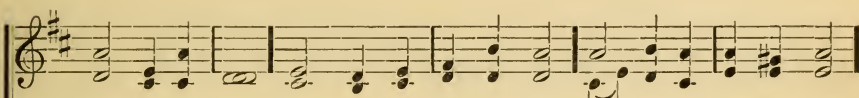
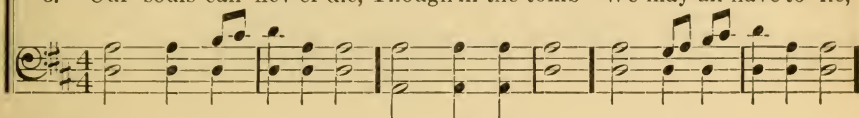
"Clifton."

ABIGAIL HUTCHINSON, (1821—1892)

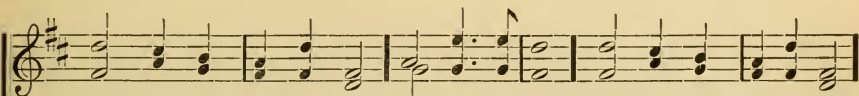
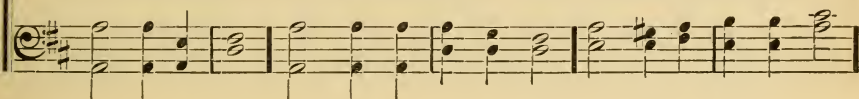
Abigail Hutchinson, (1821—1892)



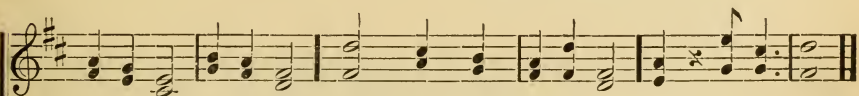
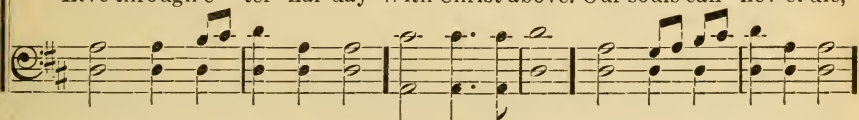
1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cher-ished and blest; God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet thoughts can nev-er die, Though, like the flowers, Their brightest hues may fly
3. Our souls can nev-er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie,



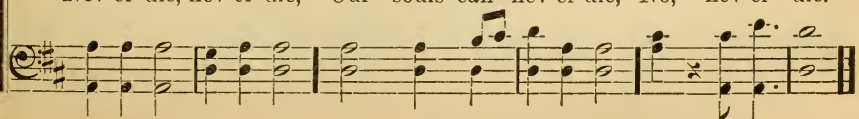
Stored in the breast; Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,
 In wintry hours. But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew,
 Wrapped in its gloom. What though the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a-way,



Ay, in all years and climes Distant and near. Kind words can never die,
 With many an add-ed hue They bloom again. Sweet thoughts can nev-er die,
 Live through e-ter-nal day With Christ above. Our souls can nev-er die,



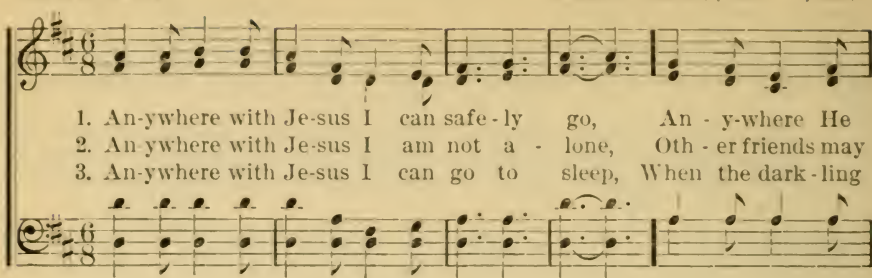
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
 Nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet thoughts can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
 Nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.



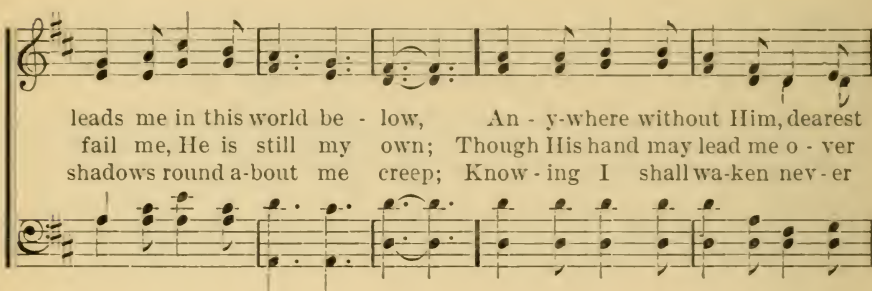
Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 192.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

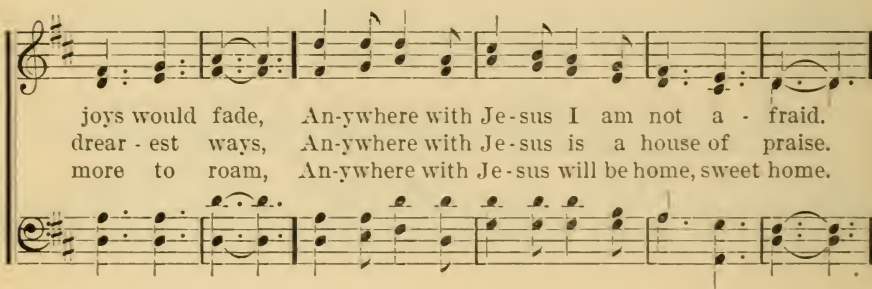
Daniel B. Towner, (1850—) 1887.



1. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An-y-where He
 2. An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Oth-er friends may
 3. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark-ling

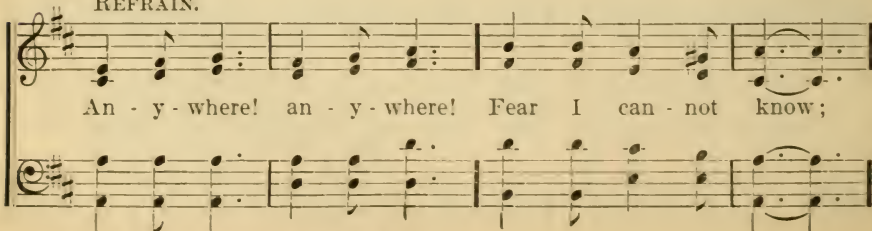


leads me in this world be-low, An-y-where without Him, dearest
 fail me, He is still my own; Though His hand may lead me o-ver
 shadows round a-bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wa-ken nev-er



joys would fade, An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
 drear-est ways, An-ywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, An-ywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

REFRAIN.



An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can-not know;

Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 190.

An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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192

WE MAY NOT CLIMB THE HEAVENLY STEEPS.

“Serenity.” C. M.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, (1807—1892)

Arr. fr. William Vincent Wallace, (1814—1865)

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
 2. But warm, sweet, tender, ev - en yet A present help is He;
 3. The heal - ing of the seamless dress Is by our beds of pain;

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.

4 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame;
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine!

Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 191.

REV. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thi - zing Je - sus :
 2. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb ! I now be - lieve in Je - sus ;
 3. The chil - dren too both great and small, Who love the name of Je - sus,

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
 I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 May now ac - cept the gra - cious call To work and live for Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

"Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus :
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear
 The precious name of Jesus.
- 5 And when to that bright world above,
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love
 His name, the name of Jesus.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

Phillip P. Bliss, (1838—1876)

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor - rows, like
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as -

sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -

REFRAIN.

It is well,.....

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

..... with my soul,.....

well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—

My sin—not in part, but the whole,

Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,—

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,

The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,

“Even so”—it is well with my soul.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

John R. Sweney, (1838—1899) 1887.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus list-en-ing can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up a-bove."

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,

When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
 hap-py mo-ments roll;

When Je - sus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.

196

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

"Pax Tecum."

BP. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, (1825—) 1875.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows sur - ging round?

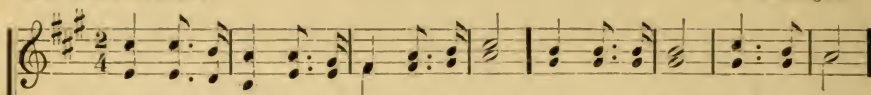
The blood of Je - sus whis-pers peace with - in.
 To do the will of Je - sus,—this is rest.
 On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found. *A - men.*

- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
 In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
 And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace.

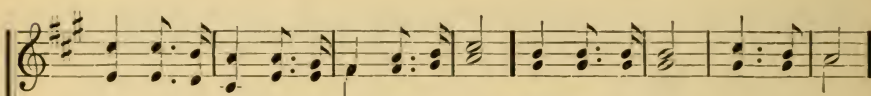
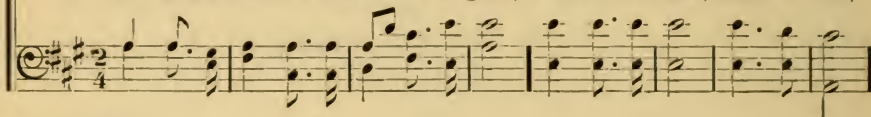
"Homeward Bound."

REV. WM. F. WARREN.

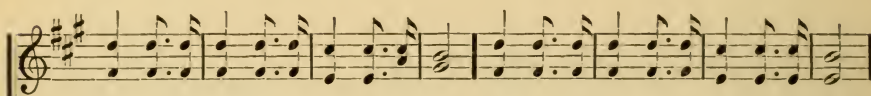
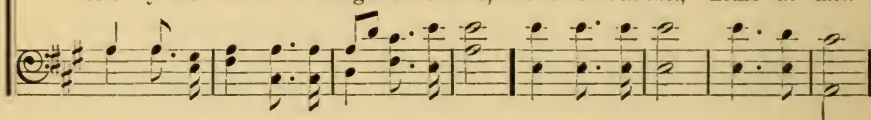
C. S. Harrington.



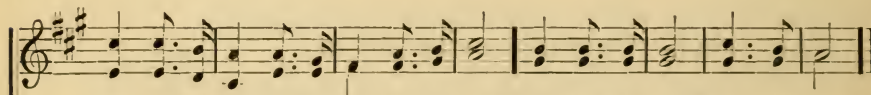
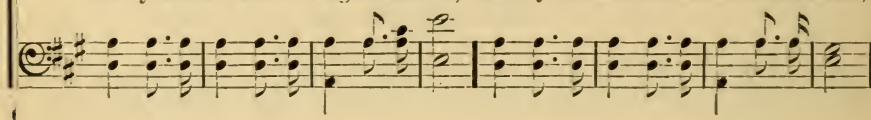
1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it soars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
3. In - to the harbor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;



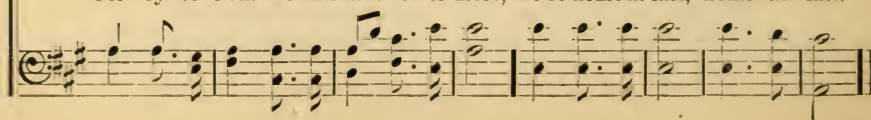
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Look! yonder lie the bright heaven-ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Soft - ly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last, home at last.



Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce-les-tial a - bode,
 Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale;
 Glo-ry to God! all our dangers are o'er; Safe-ly we stand on the ra - di-ant shore;



Prom - ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.



"Petra."

M. D. JAMES.

William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1875.

1. Out a - mid the waves of o - cean, Ra - ging oft in wild com - mo - tion,
 2. What though darkness now surround me? What though winds be howling round me,
 3. With my Sa - vior, what can harm me? Sa - tan's hosts can - not a - harm me!
 4. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion! With in - creas - ing ad - o - ra - tion,

Kept se - cure - ly I am sing - ing, For to Christ my soul is cling - ing, Safe when
 Threatening me with des - o - la - tion? Christ the Rock is my sal - va - tion! Calm a -
 Je - sus' might - y arms en - clo - sing, Sweetly is my soul re - po - sing, Sheltered
 Laud and bless His name for ev - er, From whose love no force can sever! Saved, we

REFRAIN.

comes the tempest's shock, Resting on the sol - id Rock.
 mid the wildest shock, On the ev - erlast - ing Rock. } On the Rock, on the Rock,
 from the fiercest shock, By the ev - er - blessed Rock.
 wait the fi - nal shock On the strong eter - nal Rock.

Resting safely on the Rock; On the Rock, the solid Rock, Resting safely on the Rock.

I WILL SING OF MY REDEEMER.

"My Redeemer."

James McGranahan, (1840—)

1. I will sing of my Redeem - er And His wondrous love to me;
 2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Redeem - er, His tri - um - phant power I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Redeem - er, And His heav - en - ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
 How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

REFRAIN.

Sing, oh! sing..... of my Redeem - er, With His
 Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem - er, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem - er, With His

blood..... He purchased me,..... On the cross..... He sealed my
 blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the

Repeat pp after last verse.

par - don, Paid the debt,..... And made me free.....
 cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt, and made me free, and made me free.

LOVE AND FAITH.

GOD LOVED THE WORLD OF SINNERS LOST.

"Wondrous Love."

MRS. MARTHA M. STOCKTON, (1821—1885) 1870.

Wm. G. Fischer, (1835— 1871)

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall;
 2. Even now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
 3. Love brings the glorious full - ness in, And to His saints makes known
 4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joi - cing go; There shall to you be given
 5. Of vic - tory now o'er Sa - tan's power Let all the ran - somed sing,

Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 Re - demption by His death I find, And cleansing through the blood.
 The blessed rest from in - bred sin, Through faith in Christ a - lone.
 A glo - rious foretaste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heaven.
 And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour Through Christ the Lord our King.

REFRAIN.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;

It brought my Sa - vior from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

BEAUTIFUL SAVIOR.

"Crusader's Hymn." P. M.

GERMAN, 1677.

TR. BY RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, (1819—) 1850. Arr. by Richard Storrs Willis, (1819—) 1850.

1. Beau - ti - ful Sa - vior, King of cre - a - tion, Son of
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er the wood - lands, Robed in

God and Son of man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd
flowers of bloom - ing spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is

serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
pur - er, He makes our sor - rowing spir - its sing. A - men.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer the moonlight,
And the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

4 Beautiful Savior,
Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be Thine.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST!

"More Love." 6s. & 4s.

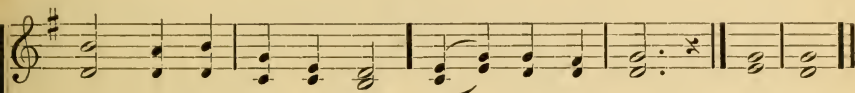
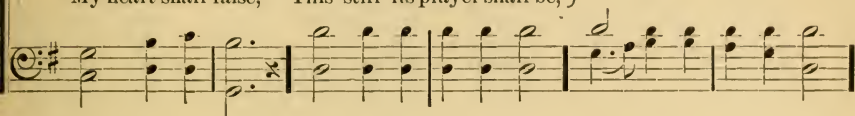
MRS. ELIZABETH (PAYSON) PRENTISS, (1818—1878) 1869. Theodore Edson Perkins, (1831—) 1875.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make,
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a - lone I seek,
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers,
4. Then shall my la - test breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the part - ing cry

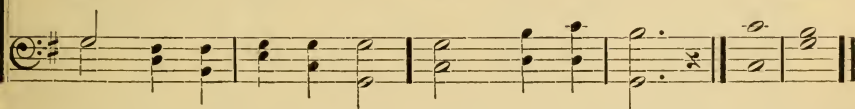
REFRAIN.



On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea—
 Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
 Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me, } More love, O Christ to Thee;
 My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee. A - men.



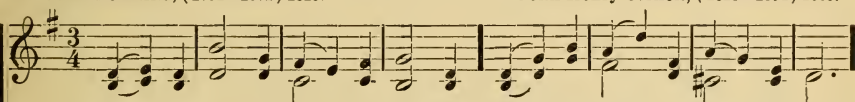
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GOD IS LOVE.

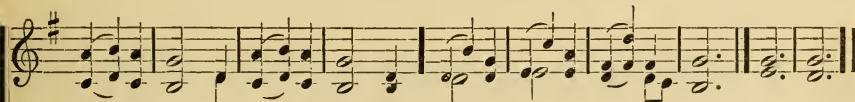
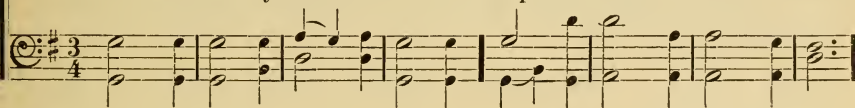
"Agape." 8s. & 7s.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, (1792—1872) 1825.

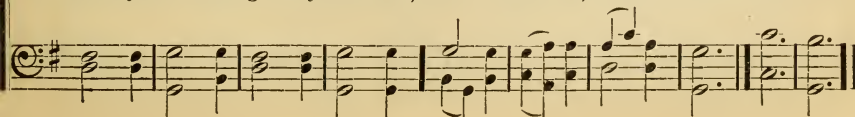
John Henry Cornell, (1828—1894) 1865.



1. God is love: His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth, Will His changeless good-ness prove;
 4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:



Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.
 But His mer - cy wa-neth nev - er; God is wisdom, God is love.
 From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.
 Ev-erywhere His glo - ry shi-neth; God is wisdom, God is love. A - men.



REV. SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS, (1816-1895) 1862.

Rev. Robert Lowry, (1826-1899)

1. Sa - vior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart— Like - ness to Thee— That each de -
 4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
 part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
 grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
 Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
 Some deed of kind - ness done, Some wanderer sought and won, Something for Thee.
 My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

By permission.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, (1836-1895) 1875.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I'll love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

By permission.

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 do re Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sa - vior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

206 JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET!

"Canonbury."

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, (1091—1153)

TR. by REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1866. abr.

Robert Schumann, (1810—1856)

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought is sweet! In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
 2. No word is sung more sweet than this, No Name is heard more full of bliss,
 3. No tongue of mor - tal can ex - press, No let - ters write the bless - ed - ness,
 4. Remain with us, O Lord to - day, In ev - ery heart Thy grace dis - play,

But oh! than hon - ey sweet - er far, The glimpses of His pres - ence are.
 No thought brings sweeter com - fort nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God Most High.
 A - lone, who hath Thee in his heart Knows, love of Je - sus, what Thou art.
 That now, the shades of night are fled, On Thee our spir - its may be fed.


"Quies."

James R. Murray, (—) 1890.


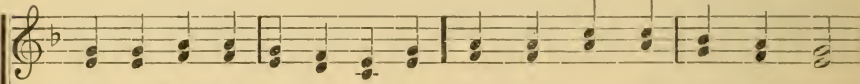


1. Sweetly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me;
 2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears,
 3. Glad - ly sing the love of Je - sus, Let us lean up - on His arm;
D.C.—Sweetly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me;

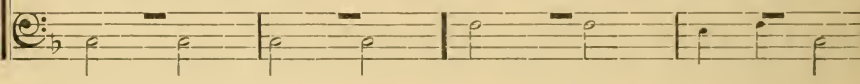
FINE.



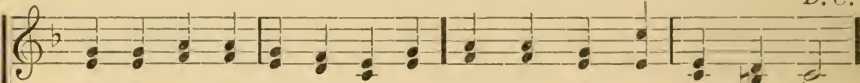
Heaven's light is not more cheering, Heaven's dews are not more free.
 As we think how—walking humbly This low earth for wear - y years,
 If He loves us, what can grieve us? If He keeps us, what can harm?
 Heaven's light is not more cheering, Heaven's dews are not more free.

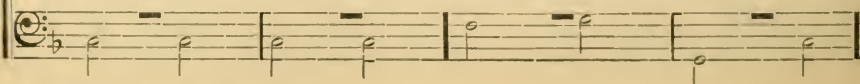
As a child, in pain or ter - ror, Hides him in His moth - er's breast,
 With - out rich - es, with - out dwelling, Wound - ed sore by foe and friend,
 Still He lays His hand in bless - ing On each up - turned seek - ing face,



D. C.



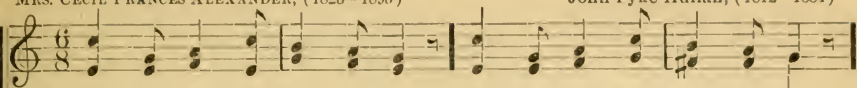
As a sail - or seeks the ha - ven,—We would come to Him for rest.
 In the Gar - den, and in dy - ing—Je - sus loved us to the end.
 And in heaven His children's angels Near the throne have al - ways place.



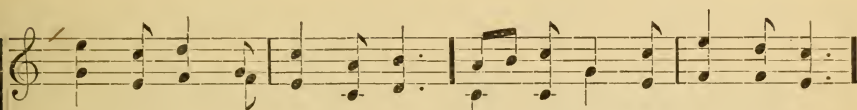
BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, (1823—1895)

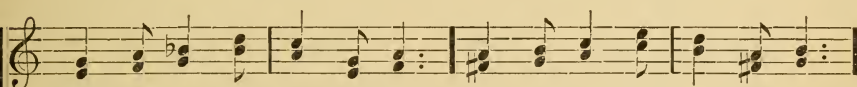
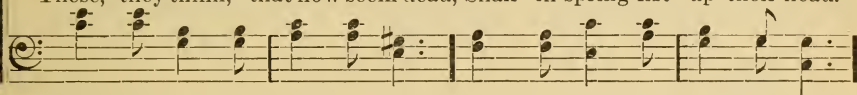
John Pyke Hullah, (1812—1884)



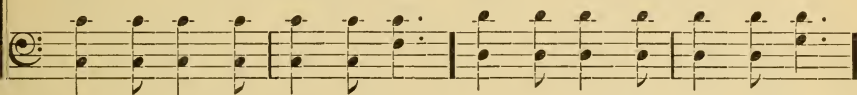
1. Bless-ed are the pure in heart, They have loved the bet-ter part;
 2. When the sun be-gins to rise, Spreading brightness through the skies,
 3. When the leaves in au-tumn die, Fall-ing fast and si-lent-ly,



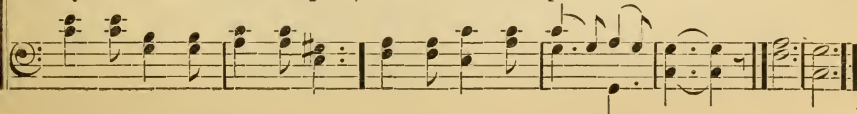
When life's jour-ney they have trod, They shall go to see their God.
 They will love to praise and bless Christ, the Son of Righteousness.
 "These," they think, "that now seem dead, Shall in spring lift up their head."



Till in glo-ry they ap-pear, They shall oft-en see Him here;
 In the watches of the night, When the stars are clear and bright,
 God in ev-ery thing they see; First in all their thoughts is He;



And His grace shall learn to know In His glorious works be-low.
 "Thus the just shall shine" they say, "In the Resur-rec-tion-day."
 They have loved the better part;—Bless-ed are the pure in heart! A-men.



Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864—) 1895.

1. Man-sions are pre-pared a - bove By the gra-cious God of love;
 2. Crowns there are for all to wear Who on earth the cross will bear;
 3. Robes of spot-less white are given By the glo-rious King of heaven;

Ma - ny will those man-sions see; Is there one pre-pared for me?
 Ma - ny will those bright crowns be; Is there one pre-pared for me?
 All can have them—they are free; Is there one pre-pared for me?

REFRAIN.

Is there one for me?..... Is there one for me?.....

Ma - ny will those man - sions see; Is there one pre -

pared for me? Is there one pre - pared for me?

BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

L. M.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, (c. 1720—1768) 1765.

Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864—) 1899.

1. Be - hold a stran - ger at the door: He
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With

gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore; Has wait - ed long, is
melt - ing heart and o - pen hands: Oh, match - less kind - ness!

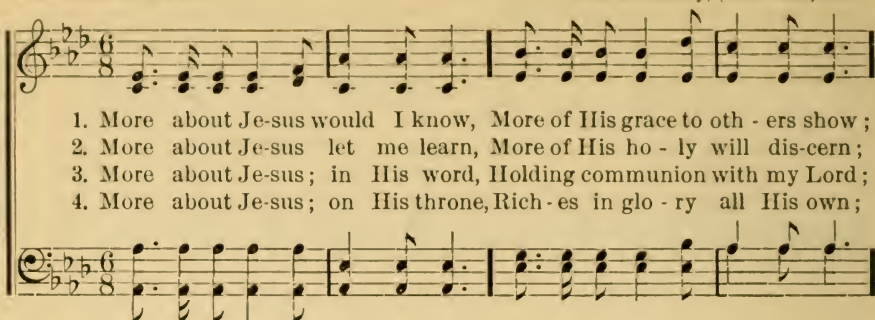
wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
and He shows This match - less kind - ness to His foes!

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

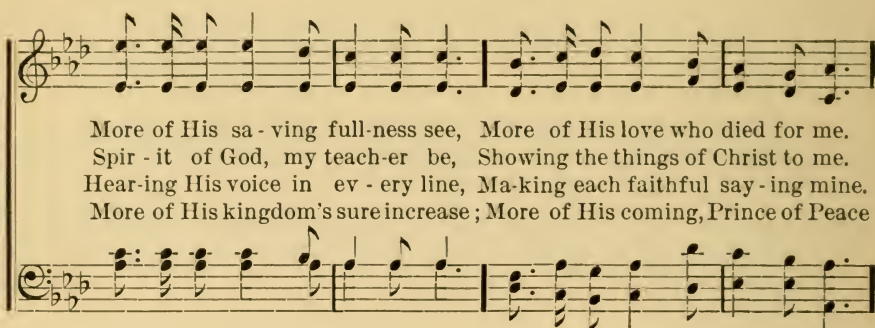
4 Oh, welcome Him, the Prince of Peace!
Now may His gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

John R. Sweney, (1831—1899) 1887.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show ;
 2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern ;
 3. More about Je-sus ; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord ;
 4. More about Je-sus ; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own ;

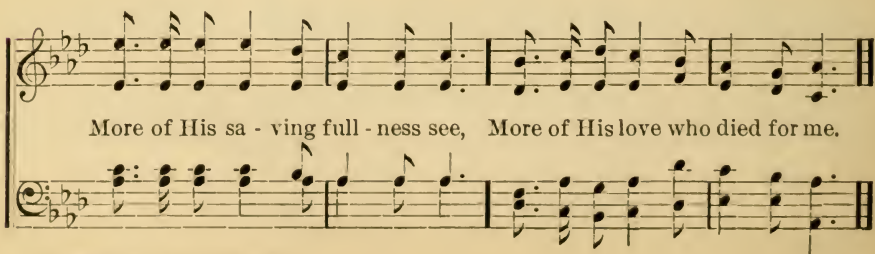


More of His sa - ving full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear - ing His voice in ev - ery line, Ma - king each faithful say - ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure increase ; More of His coming, Prince of Peace

REFRAIN.



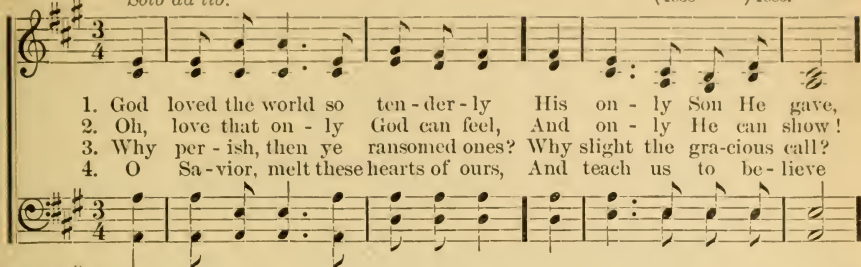
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus ;



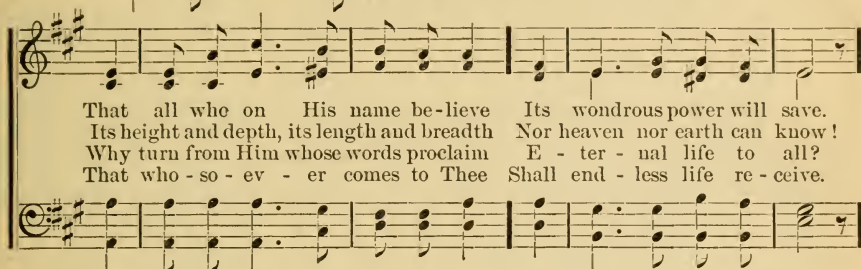
More of His sa - ving full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—)
Solo ad lib.

William James Kirkpatrick,
 (1838—) 1885.



1. God loved the world so ten - der - ly His on - ly Son He gave,
 2. Oh, love that on - ly God can feel, And on - ly He can show!
 3. Why per - ish, then ye ransomed ones? Why slight the gra - cious call?
 4. O Sa - vior, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to be - lieve

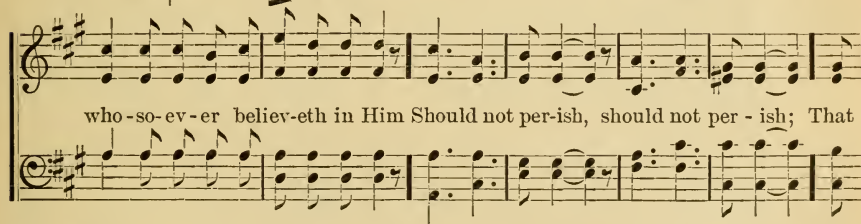


That all who on His name be - lieve Its wondrous power will save.
 Its height and depth, its length and breadth Nor heaven nor earth can know!
 Why turn from Him whose words proclaim E - ter - nal life to all?
 That who - so - ev - er comes to Thee Shall end - less life re - ceive.

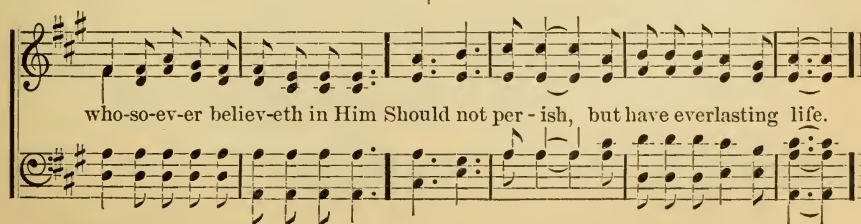
REFRAIN.



For God so loved the world that He gave His on - ly Son, That



who - so - ev - er believ - eth in Him Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That



who - so - ev - er believ - eth in Him Should not per - ish, but have everlasting life.

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

Frank M. Davis, (1839—1897) 1878.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
 Sa-vior! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
 be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-

pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sa-vior, Is my name written there?
 let-ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

REFRAIN.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
 Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair,
 Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair,

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
 In the book of Thy king-dom; Yes, my name's writ-ten there.
 In the book of Thy king-dom; Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

TEMPERANCE.

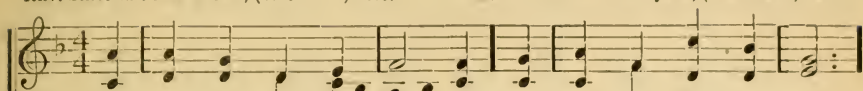
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O THOU, BEFORE WHOSE PRESENCE.

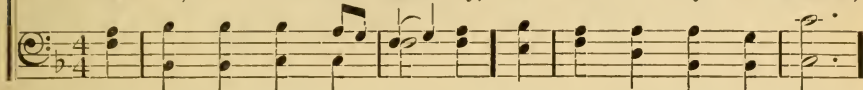
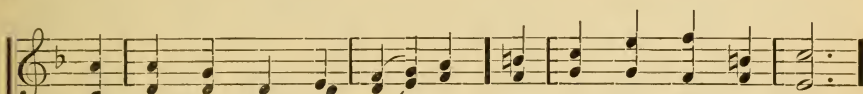
"Jesu, Magister Bone." 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

REV. SAMUEL JOHN STONE, (1839—) 1889.



Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1875.



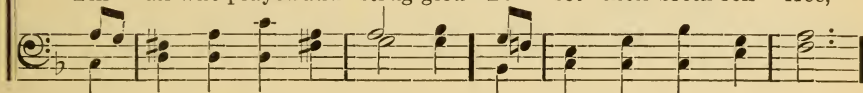
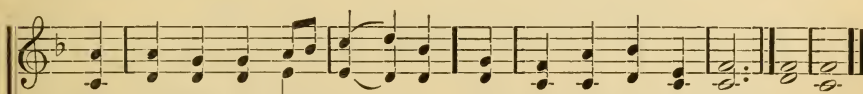
1. O Thou be - fore whose presence Naught e - vil may come in,
 2. Fierce is our sub - tle foe - man: The for - ces at his hand
 3. So hast Thou wrought a - mong us The great things that we see:
 4- Lead on, O Love and Mer - cy, O Pu - ri - ty and Power;

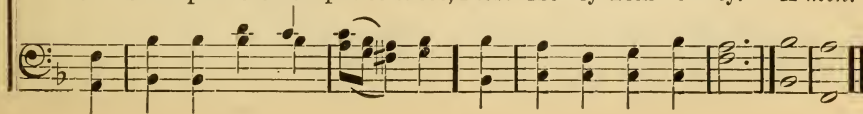
Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;
 With woes that none can num - ber De - spoil the pleas - ant land;
 For things that are we thank Thee, And for the things to be;
 Lead on till peace e - ter - nal Shall close this bat - tle - hour:

O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin-bound free,
 All they who war a - gainst them, In strife so keen and long,
 For bright hope is up - lift - ing Faint hands and fee - ble knees,
 Till all who prayed and strug-gled To set their breth-ren free,

And Christ-like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee.
 Must in their Sa - vior's ar - mor Be strong-er than the strong.
 To strive be-neath Thy bless - ing For great-er things than these.
 In triumph meet to praise Thee, Most Ho - ly Trin - i - ty. A-men.



E. WIGGLESWORTH.

William Pitts, (1829—)

1. Sol - diers, true and faith - ful, Hear the trum - pets call;
 2. Sub - tle foes are lurk - ing Deep your hearts with - in,
 3. Sa - tan, through the sen - ses, Seeks your souls to slay,
 4. By the signs up - on you, By Christ's life with - in,

'Neath your Cap - tain's ban - ner, Range ye one and all.
 There first wage the bat - tle With the power of sin.
 Let no se - cret trai - tor, Je - sus' cause be - tray.
 Close in dead - ly con - flict With each pleas - ant sin.

Not a - gainst the Dev - il, Not a - gainst the world,
 O'er the sight and hear - ing, Touch, and taste, and smell,
 If to lusts en - ti - cing Ye be - tray your heart,
 Je - sus' eye is on you, Keep your sol - emn vow;

Must the red - cross ban - ner On - ly be un - furled.
 Let a watch, good Chris - tians, Guard those por - tals well.
 Can ye bid the Dev - il, And the world de - part?
 Then a crown im - mor - tal Shall a - dorn your brow.

"Hamburg." L. M.

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, (1792-1872) 1821.

1. Bon - dage and death the cup con - tains, Dash to the
 2. Ho - san - nas, Lord, to Thee we sing, Whose power the
 3. Thou wilt not break the bruised reed, Nor leave the
 4. Spare, Lord, the thought-less, guide the blind, Till man no

earth the pois - oned bowl! Soft - er than silk are
 gi - ant fiend o - beys; What count-less thou - sands
 bro - ken heart un - bound; The wife re - gains a
 more shall deem it just To live, by for - ging

i - ron chains, Compared with those that chafe the soul.
 trib - ute bring, For hap - pier home and bright - er days!
 hus - band freed! The or - phan clasps a fa - ther found!
 chains to bind His weak - er broth - er in the dust. *A-men.*

RETURN, O WANDERER, RETURN.

L. M.

REV. WILLIAM BENGOLLYER, (1782-1854) 1812.

- 1 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injured Father's face;
 Those warm desires, that in thee burn
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart;
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
 Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear:
 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn."
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

GIVING.

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LORD, TEACH US THE LESSON OF LOVING.

E. C. Zartinan, (1857—) 1897.

1. Lord, teach us the les - son of lov - ing, The ver - y first
 2. Lord, teach us the les - son of giv - ing; For this is the

les - son of all. O Thou who dost love lit - tle chil - dren, How
 ver - y next thing; Our love al - ways ought to be show - ing, What

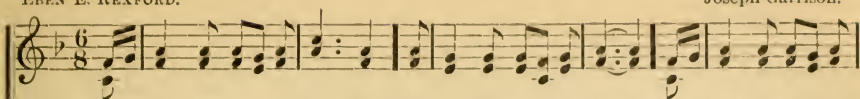
ten - der and sweet is Thy call! Now help us to hear it and
 of - ferings and fruit it can bring; There are ma - ny who know not Thy

give Thee, The love Thou art ask - ing to - day— Then
 mer - cy, There are mil - lions in dark - ness and woe— Our

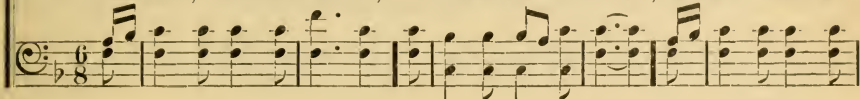
help us to love one an - oth - er, For this we most earnest - ly pray.
 prayers and our gifts are all need - ed, And all can do something, we know.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

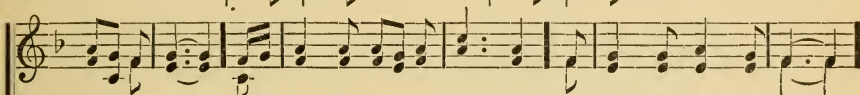
Joseph Garrison.



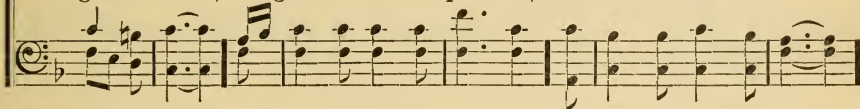
1. They brought their gifts to Jesus, And laid them at His feet, And love for this dear
2. A - part from oth-er giv - ers, A poor way-far-er stood; He saw the gifts they
3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sorrow, "I know how kind Thou art, Take all I have to



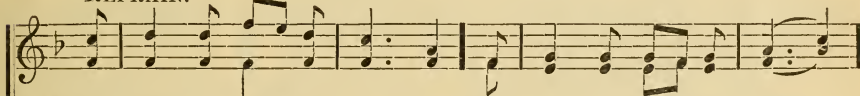
Sa- vior, Made ev-ery offering sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help for the of-fered, The poorest counted good. And he was filled with longing, A gift, though give Thee, My sin-ful, wayward heart." Then Jesus answered softly, "Count not the



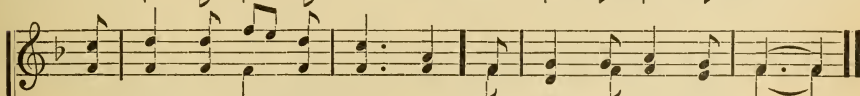
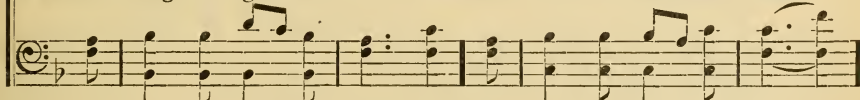
poor of earth, And not a gift a-mong them, Was thought of lit-tle worth. poor, to bring; A - las! all empty-hand-ed He stood be-fore the King. gift as small; Though all of them are pre-cious, Thine is the best of all."



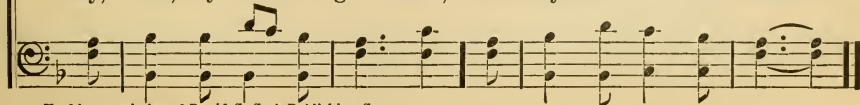
REFRAIN.



Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus That He will count most sweet?



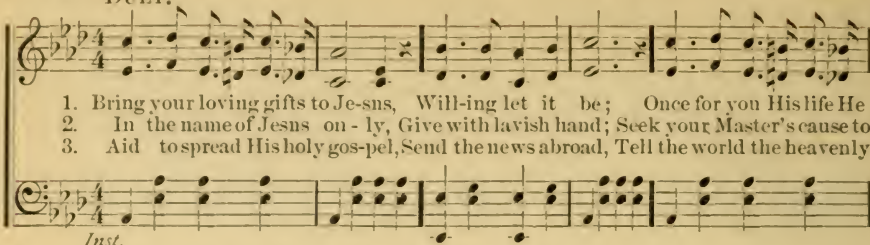
Say, "Lord, my heart I give Thee," And lay it at His feet.



IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

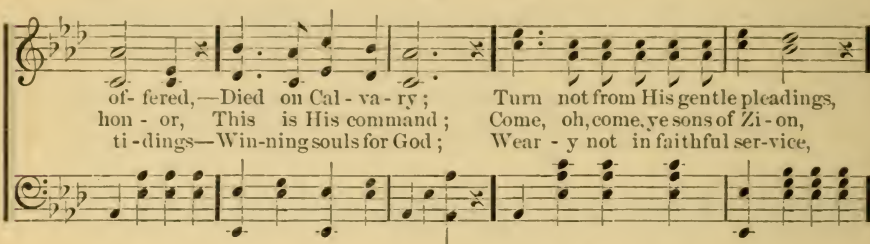
W. J. C. Thiel, (1857—) 1880.

DUET.



1. Bring your loving gifts to Je-sus, Will-ing let it be; Once for you His life He
 2. In the name of Je-sus on- ly, Give with lavish hand; Seek your Master's cause to
 3. Aid to spread His holy gos-pel, Send the news abroad, Tell the world the heavenly

Inst.

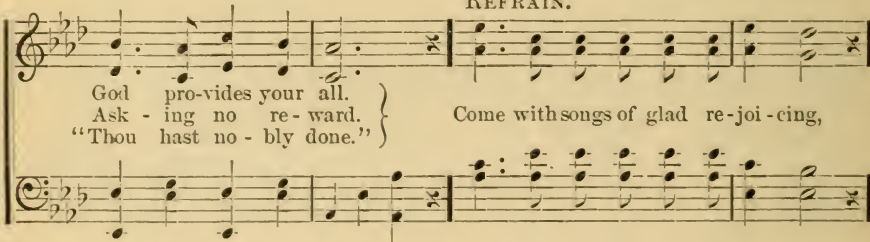


of-fered,—Died on Cal-va-ry; Turn not from His gentle pleadings,
 hon-or, This is His command; Come, oh, come, ye sons of Zi-on,
 ti-dings—Win-ning souls for God; Wear-y not in faithful ser-vice,

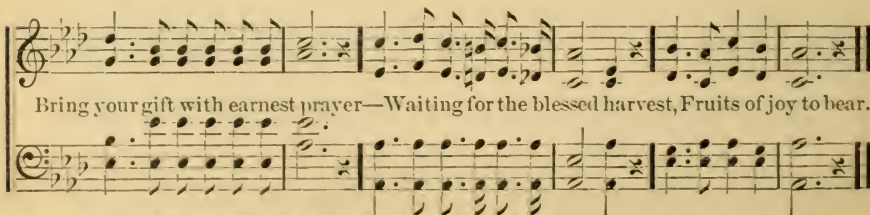


Though perhaps your store is small, From His great and wondrous boun-ty
 Bring your offerings to the Lord, Yield your treasure to His keep-ing,
 Toil-ing on from sun to sun, By and by shall Je-sus whis-per,

REFRAIN.



God pro-vides your all. } Come with songs of glad re-joi-cing,
 Ask-ing no re-ward. }
 "Thou hast no-bly done."



Bring your gift with earnest prayer—Waiting for the blessed harvest, Fruits of joy to bear.

HEAVEN.

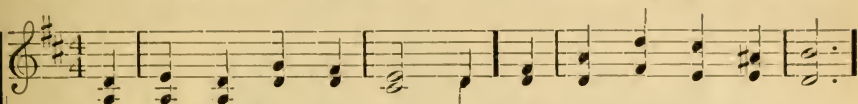
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

"Ewing." 7s. & 6s. D.

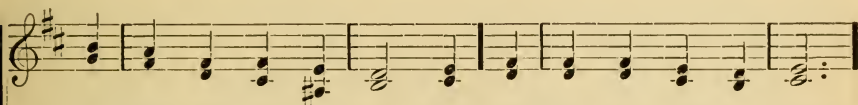
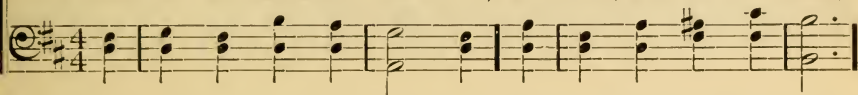
BERNARD OF CLUNY, (1120—) 1150.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1851.

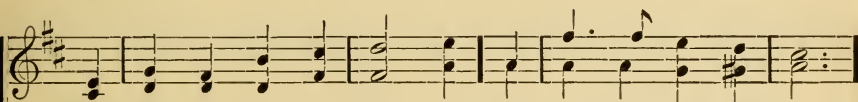
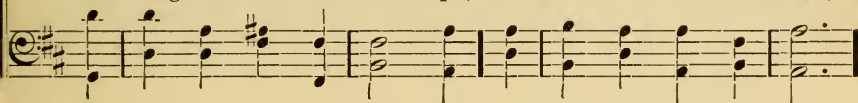
Alexander Ewing, (1830—1895) 1853.



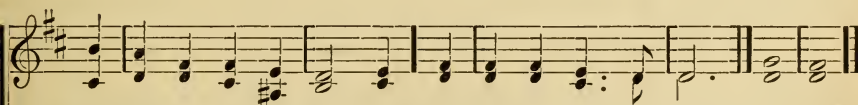
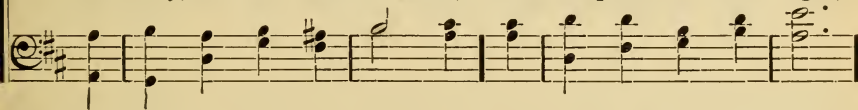
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All - ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,



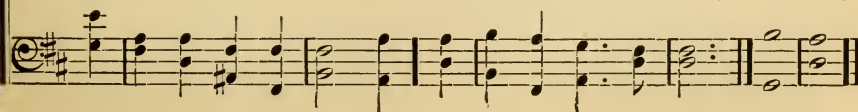
Be - neath Thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;



I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene;
 And they, who with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight,



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white. A - men.



O PARADISE, O PARADISE.

"Paradise." P. M. (*First Tune.*)

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1854.

Sir Joseph Barnby, (1838—1896) 1866.

1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, The world is grow - ing old;
 3. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, 'Tis wear - y wait - ing here;
 4. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, I want to sin no more;

Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest?
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;
 I want to be as pure on earth, As on thy spot - less shore;

REFRAIN.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rapture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-men.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 Is destining for me;—REF.

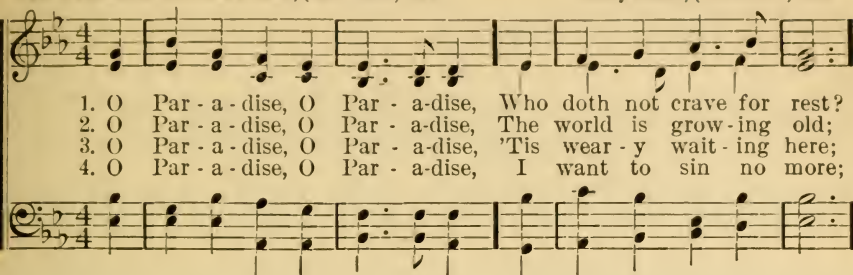
6 O Paradise, O Paradise!
 I feel 'twill not be long;
 Patience! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song;—REF.

O PARADISE, O PARADISE.

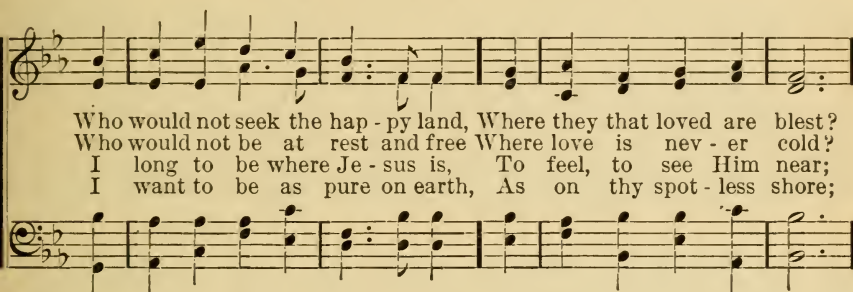
"Hopkins." P. M. (*Second Tune.*)

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1854.

Henry Smart, (1813—1879) 1868.



1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow - ing old;
 3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, 'Tis wear - y wait - ing here;
 4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more;

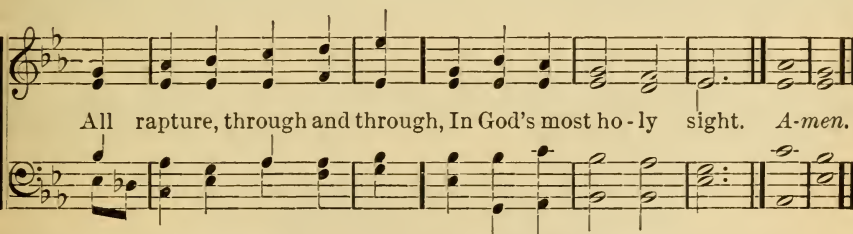


Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest?
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;
 I want to be as pure on earth, As on thy spot - less shore;

REFRAIN.



Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,



All rapture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

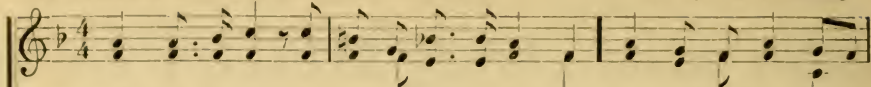
5 O Paradise, O Paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 Is destining for me; REF.

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 Faint fragments of thy song; REF.

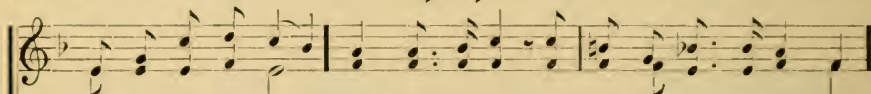
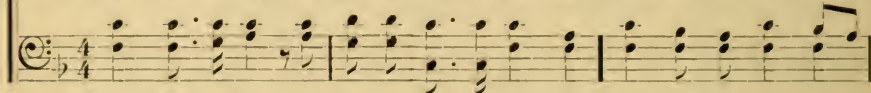
"Angelica." 11s. 10s. & 9. (*First Tune.*)

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1854.

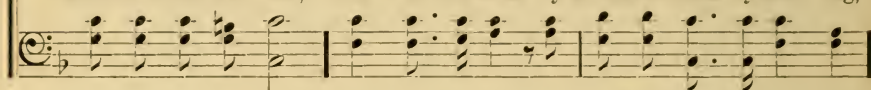
Arr. by J. M. Armstrong.



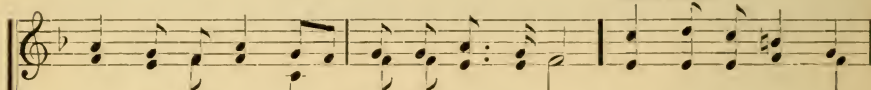
1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel-icsongs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a-way, like bells at even-ing peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus



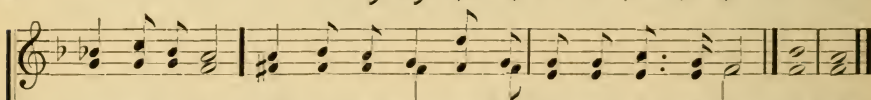
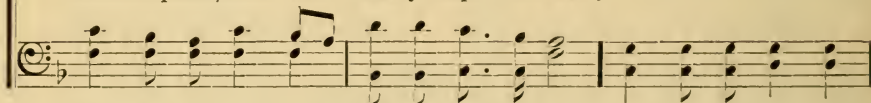
o-cean's wave-beat shore. How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come;" And, through the dark its ech-oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 soundso'er land and sea, And la-den souls by thousands meek-ly steal - ing,



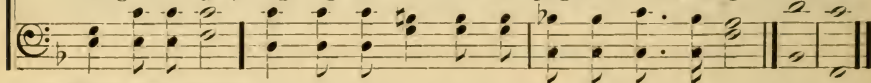
REFRAIN.



Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The mu - sic of the Gos-pel leads us home. } An - gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wear-y steps to Thee. }



an-gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night. *A-men.*



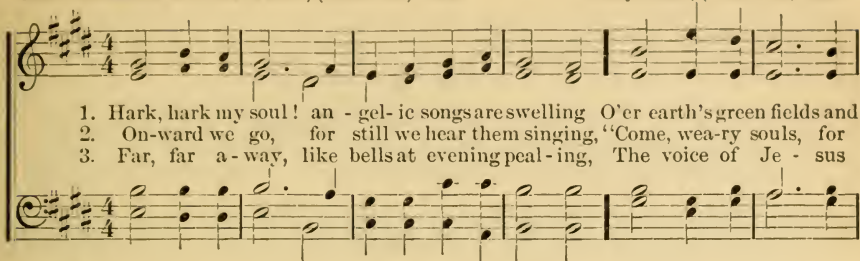
Used by per. from "The Helper."

- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven's true home, will come at last.—REF.
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

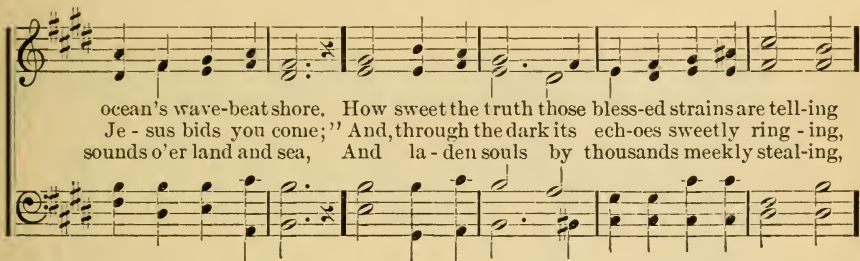
"Pilgrims." 11s. 10s. & 9. (*Second Tune.*)

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1854.

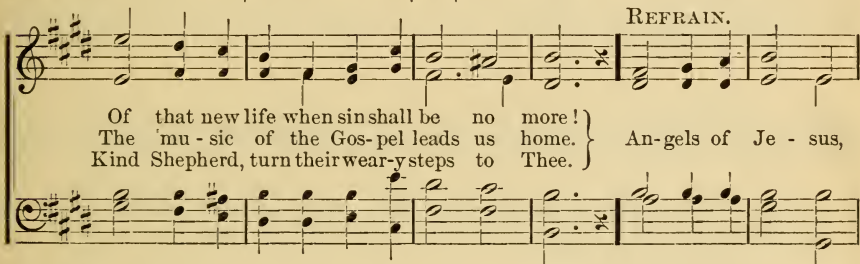
Henry Smart, (1813—1879) 1868.



1. Hark, hark my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a-way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus

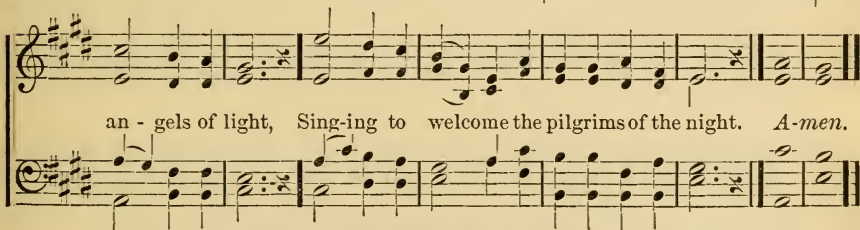


ocean's wave-beat shore. How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing
 Je - sus bids you come;" And, through the dark its ech-oes sweetly ring - ing,
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REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The 'mu - sic of the Gos-pel leads us home. } An-gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wear-y steps to Thee. }



an - gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. A-men.

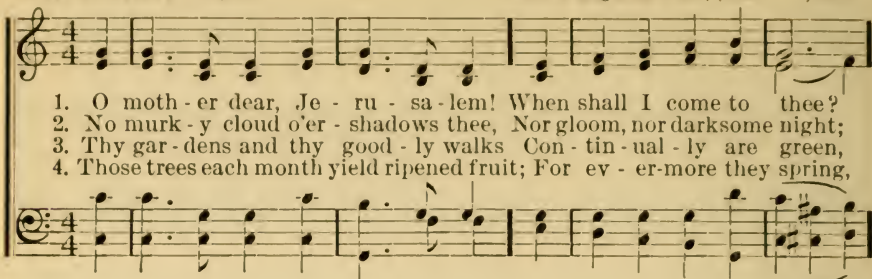
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 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
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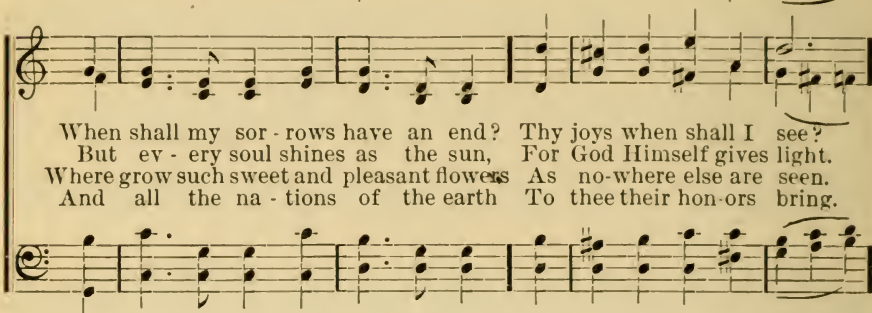
"The Holy City."

FRANCIS BAKER, c. 1616, alt.

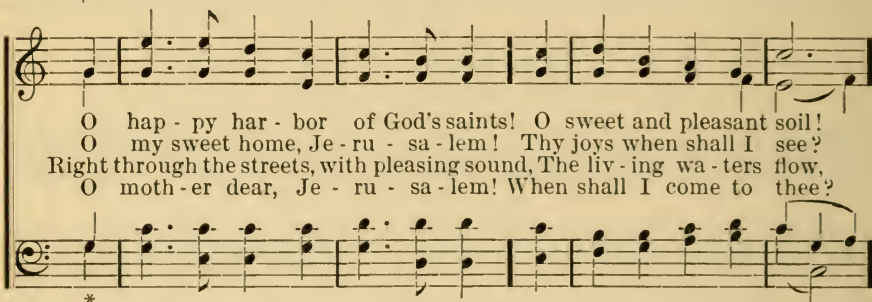
Samuel Augustus Ward, (1848—) 1882.



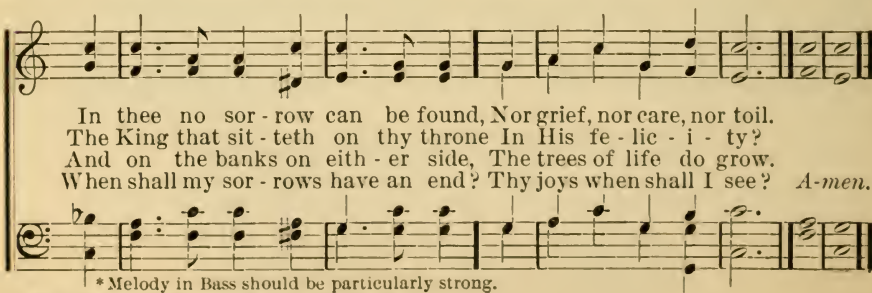
1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?
 2. No murk-y cloud o'er - shadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
 3. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
 4. Those trees each month yield ripened fruit; For ev - er - more they spring,



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 But ev - ery soul shines as the sun, For God Himself gives light.
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers As no - where else are seen.
 And all the na - tions of the earth To thee their hon - ors bring.



O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!
 O my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem! Thy joys when shall I see?
 Right through the streets, with pleasing sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow,
 O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?



In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
 The King that sit - teth on thy throne In His fe - lic - i - ty?
 And on the banks on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.
 When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? A - men.

* Melody in Bass should be particularly strong.

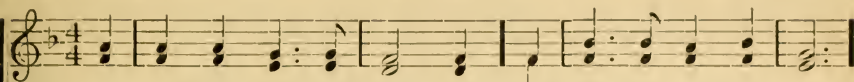
From Hutchin's S. S. Hymnal and Service Book, by per,

THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING.

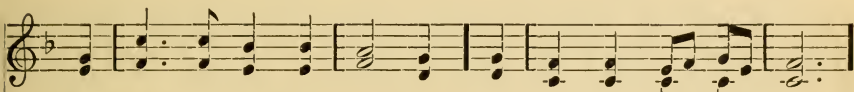
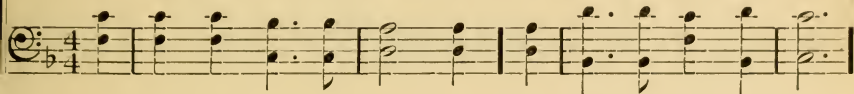
"Rutherford."

Chretien D'Urhan, (1788—1845) 1834.

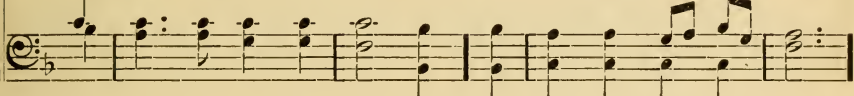
MRS. ANNE ROSS COUSIN, (1824—) 1857. Harmonized by Edward F. Rimbault, (1816—1876) 1867.



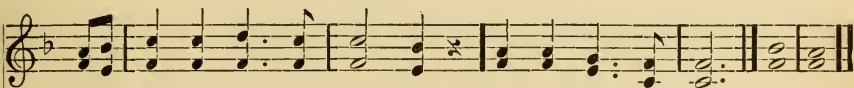
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
 2. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!
 3. O I am my Be - lov - ed's And my Be - lov - ed's mine;



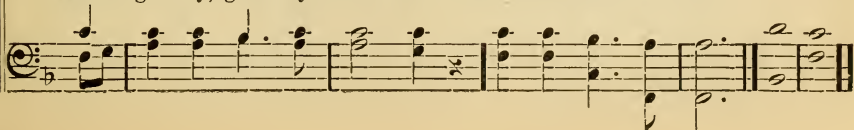
The sum-mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
 The streams of earth I've tast - ed; More deep I'll drink a - bove.
 He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His house di - vine.



O dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 Up - on the Rock of A - ges My soul redeemed shall stand,



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.
 Where glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land. A-men.



MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

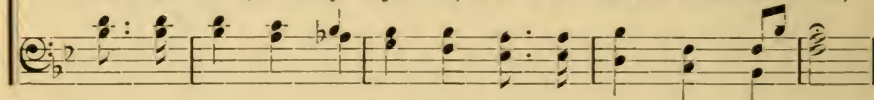
William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1895.



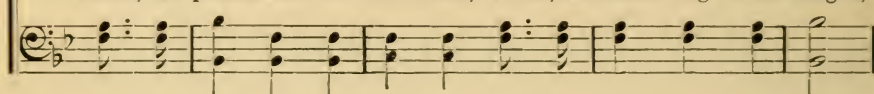
1. There's a won - der - ful Tem - ple, where the songs nev - er cease,
2. O the ju - bi - lant an - thems swelling there ev - er - more,
3. Help us do Thy good pleas - ure, help us hon - or Thee now,
4. Praise to Thee, God our Fa - ther, praise to Thee, gra - cious Son,



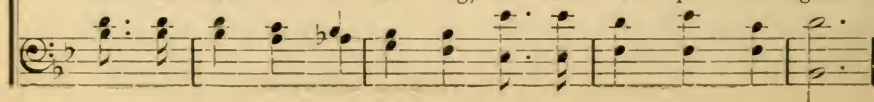
In the cit - y of Zi - on, in the king - dom of peace;
 Like the sound of great wa - ters as they break on the shore;
 Till we stand in Thy pres - ence, with Thy name on each brow;
 Praise to Thee, Ho - ly Spir - it, O Thou blest Three in One;



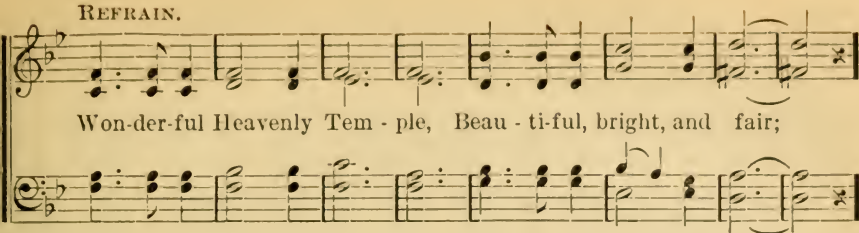
'Tis ef - ful - gent with glo - ry for the Lamb is its light
 Sweet ho - san - nas re - ech - o to the Lamb who was slain,
 We shall wear Thy blest like - ness in that Tem - ple a - bove,
 Thine, all power and do - min - ion, Thine, all bless - ing and might,



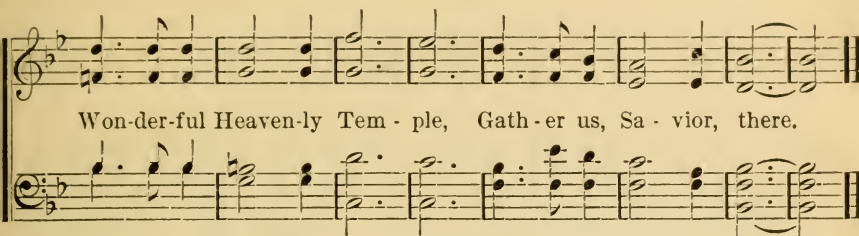
And the saints of all a - ges in His prais - es u - nite.
 Un - to Him who hath loved us, and hath washed ev - ery stain.
 And no sor - row shall min - gle with its serv - ice of love.
 In the land ev - er - last - ing, in the Tem - ple of light.



REFRAIN.



Won - der - ful Heav - enly Tem - ple, Beau - ti - ful, bright, and fair;



Won - der - ful Heav - enly Tem - ple, Gath - er us, Sa - vior, there.

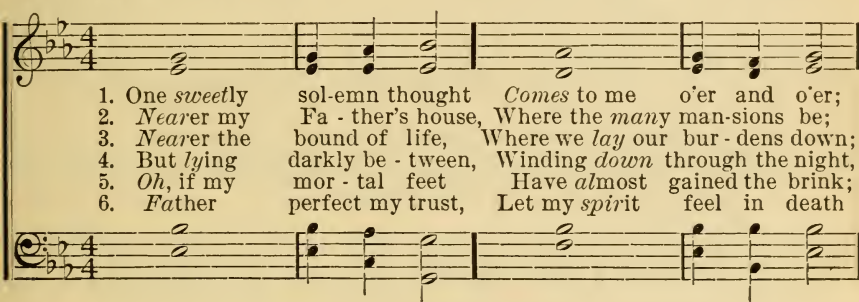
Copyright 1895 by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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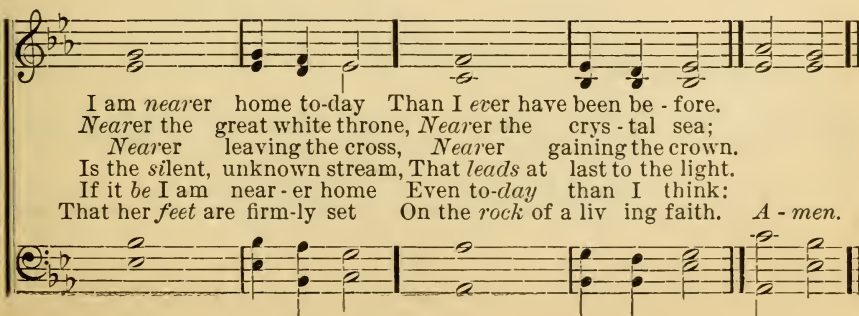
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

MISS PHOEBE CARY, (1824—1871) 1852.

Arthur Henry Dyke Troyte, (1811—1857) 1857.



1. One *sweetly* sol - emn thought *Comes* to me o'er and o'er;
 2. *Nearer* my Fa - ther's house, Where the *many* man - sions be;
 3. *Nearer* the bound of life, Where we *lay* our bur - dens down;
 4. But *lying* darkly be - tween, Winding *down* through the night,
 5. *Oh*, if my mor - tal feet Have *almost* gained the brink;
 6. *Father* perfect my trust, Let my *spirit* feel in death



I am *nearer* home to-day Than I *ever* have been be - fore.
Nearer the great white throne, *Nearer* the crys - tal sea;
Nearer leaving the cross, *Nearer* gaining the crown.
 Is the silent, unknown stream, That *leads* at last to the light.
 If it *be* I am near - er home Even to-day than I think:
 That her feet are firm - ly set On the rock of a liv - ing faith. A - men.

SAFE HOME, SAFE HOME IN PORT!

"Safe Home."

ST. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, (9TH CENTURY.)
TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1862.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842—)

1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cor-dage, shattered deck, Torn
2. The prize, the prize se - cure! The ath - lete near - ly fell, Bare
3. The lamb is in the fold, In per - fect safe - ty penned; The
4. The ex - ile is at Home! O nights and days of tears, O !

sails, pro - vi-sions short, And on - ly not a wreck: But O! the joy up -
all he could en - dure, And bare not al - ways well. But he may smile at
li - on once had hold, And thought to make an end: But One came by with
longings not to roam, O sins, and doubts and fears—What mat-ter now (when

on the shore To tell our voy - age - per - ils o'er.
troub - les gone, Who sets the vic - tor - gar - land on!
wound - ed side, And for the sheep the Shep - herd died.
so men say) The King has wiped these tears a - way? A - men.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

"Happy Land."

ANDREW YOUNG, (1807—1889) 1843.

Indian air.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubting stand,
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev - ery eye: Kept by a Father's hand,

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
 Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and
 Love can-not die. Oh, then to glo-ry run; Be a crown and

Sa-vior King," Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 sor-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!
 King-dom won, And bright, a-bove the sun, We'll reign for aye!

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COME UNTO ME WHEN SHADOWS DARKLY GATHER.

"Henley," 11s. & 10s.

MRS. CATHARINE HARBISON ESLING, (1812—) 1839.

Lowell Mason, (1792~1872) 1854.

1. Come un-to Me when shadows dark-ly gath-er, When the sad heart is
D. S.—Come un-to Me, and

FINE. *D. S.*

wear-y and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father. *A-men.*
 I will give you rest.

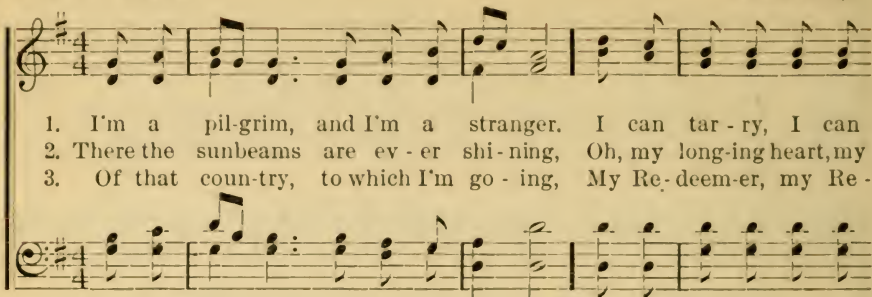
Per. O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed :
 Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness.
 Come unto Me, and I will give you rest !

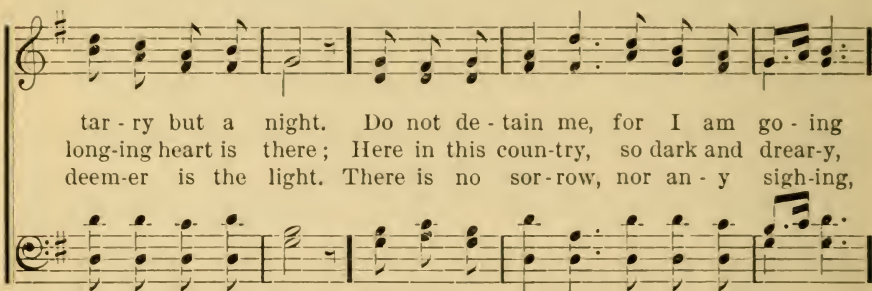
"Buona Notte."

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

Italian Melody.

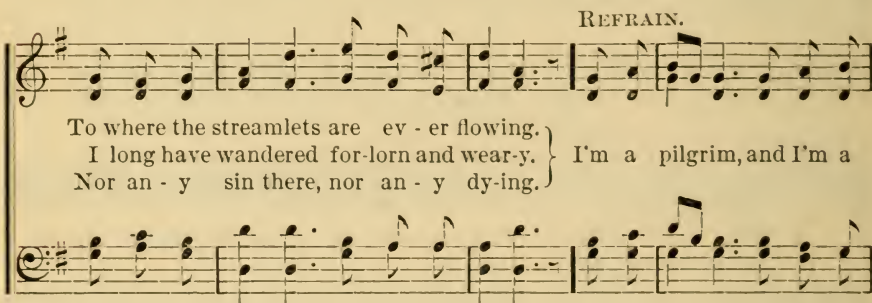


1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger. I can tar-ry, I can
 2. There the sunbeams are ev-er shi-ning, Oh, my long-ing heart, my
 3. Of that coun-try, to which I'm go-ing, My Re-deem-er, my Re-

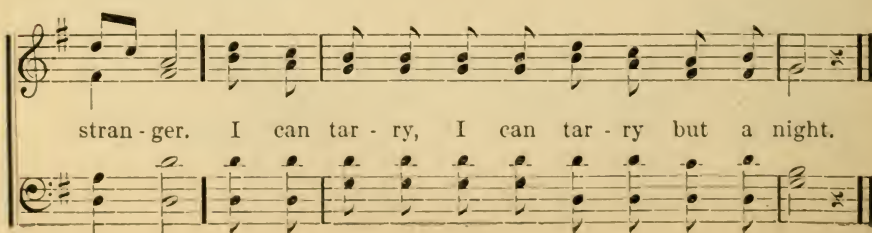


tar-ry but a night. Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing
 long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y,
 deem-er is the light. There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing,

REFRAIN.



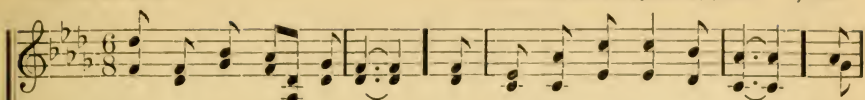
To where the streamlets are ev-er flowing.
 I long have wandered for-lorn and wear-y. } I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a
 Nor an-y sin there, nor an-y dy-ing. }




stran-ger. I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

"SALLIE MARTIN."


William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1885.



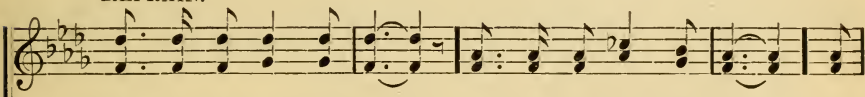
1. In - to the great be - yond, Fair land of the morning bright, Where
 2. In - to the great be - yond, Whose gates are of pearl and gold, Where
 3. In - to the great be - yond, Where summer e - ter - nal reigns, And
 4. In - to the great be - yond, Where voi - ces I love so well, Sweet



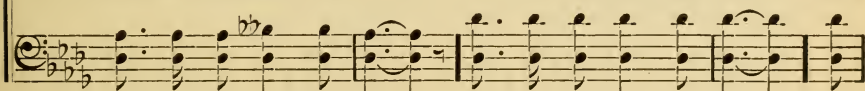
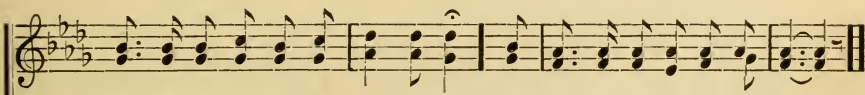
ri-seth the glo - ry of God most high O'er shadowless realms of light.
 murmur the wa - ters of life so clear, That sparkle with joy un - told.
 cov - ers with lil - ies of fade-less bloom The beau-ti-ful smiling plains.
 voi-ces that car - ol the glad new song, Are call-ing me home to dwell.



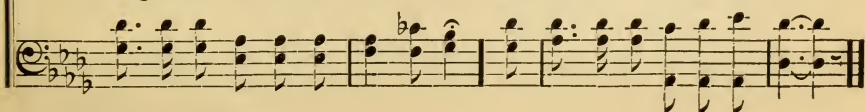
REFRAIN.



In - to the great be - yond, O - ver a wave - less sea, Bright

an-gels will car-ry my soul a-way With Je-sus for ev-er to be.



PROCESSIONAL.

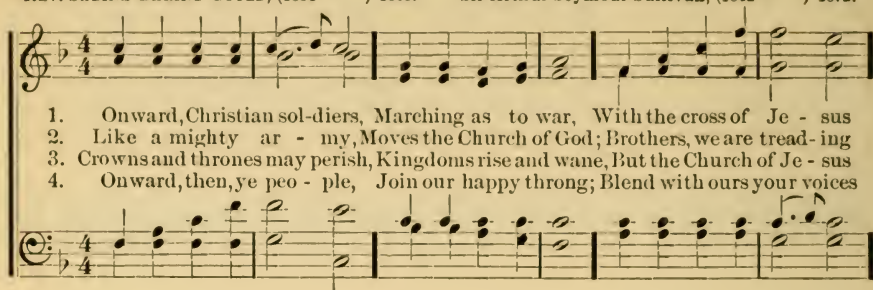
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ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

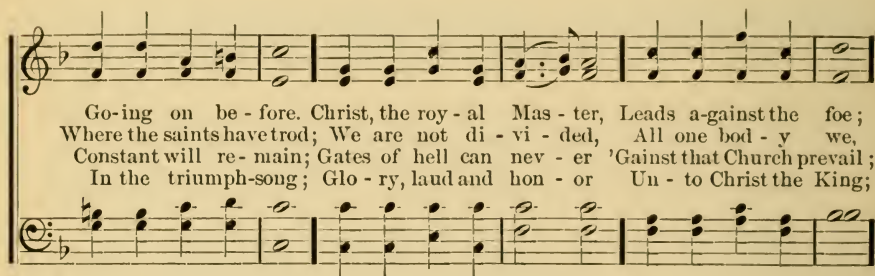
"St. Gertrude." 6s. & 5s.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, (1834—) 1865.

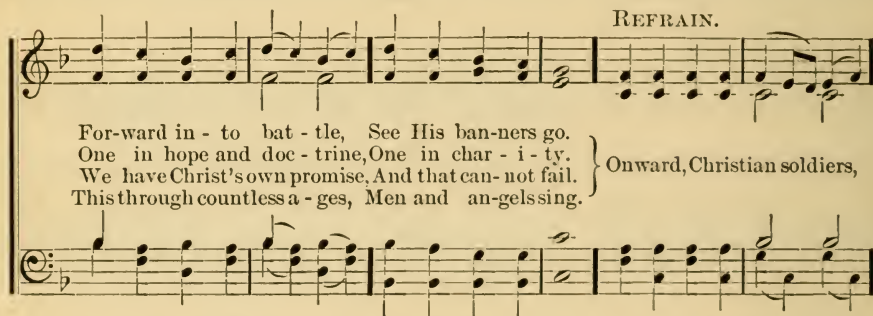
Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842—) 1872.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

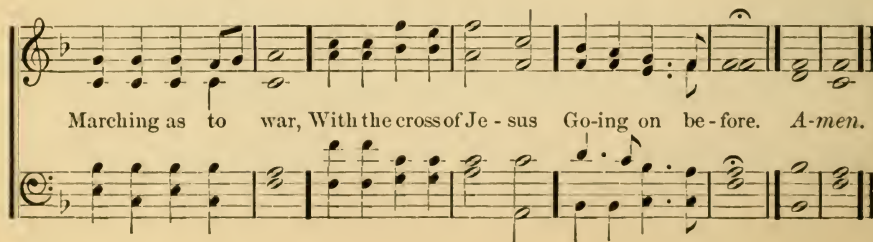


Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
 Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 In the triumph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;



REFRAIN.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. } Onward, Christian soldiers,
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 This through countless a - ges, Men and an - gel - sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

Adam Gelbel, (1855—) 1897.

1. Praise to Thee, our Fa - ther, In life's blooming hours; Bright-er than the
 2. Praise to Thee, dear Sa - vior; Thou hast been a child; Full of grace and
 3. Praise, O Ho - ly Spir - it! Help us while we sing; For Thy ten - der
 4. Prais - es, hap - py prais - es To the God of Love! Hon - or, might and

sun - shine, Mer - cy's gold - en showers; Joys, like sum - mer blos - soms,
 wis - dom, Lov - ing, meek, and mild. From Thy throne in glo - ry,
 guid - ance, Grate - ful thanks we bring. Teach us more of Je - sus,
 bless - ing, An - gels sing a - bove. Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it,

Clus - ter 'round our way; May our lov - ing ser - vice, Thank Thee ev - ery day.
 All Thy chil - dren see; Grant - ing us Thy bless - ing, Make us more like Thee.
 Teach us through Thy Word, Let Thy gen - tle whis - per In our hearts be heard.
 Ho - ly Trin - i - ty, One in power and glo - ry, We will wor - ship Thee.

REFRAIN.

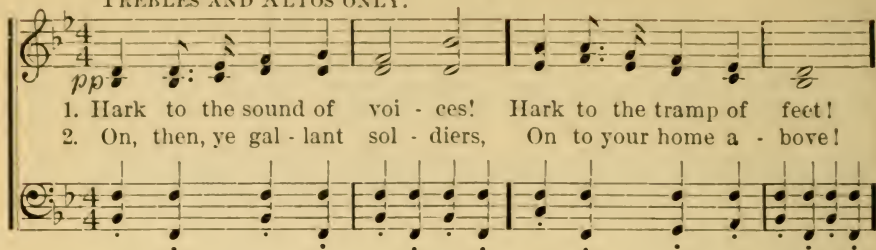
Prais - es, hap - py prais - es, As we march a - long;
 Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing, Glad tri - um - phant song.

COLIN STERNE, (1862—) 1896.

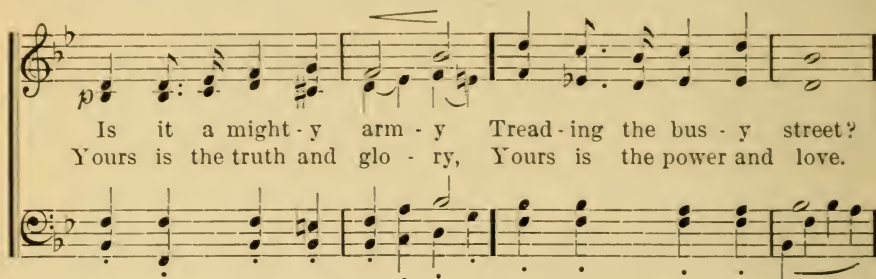
H. Ernest Nichol, (1862—) 1896.

In march time.

TREBLES AND ALTOS ONLY.

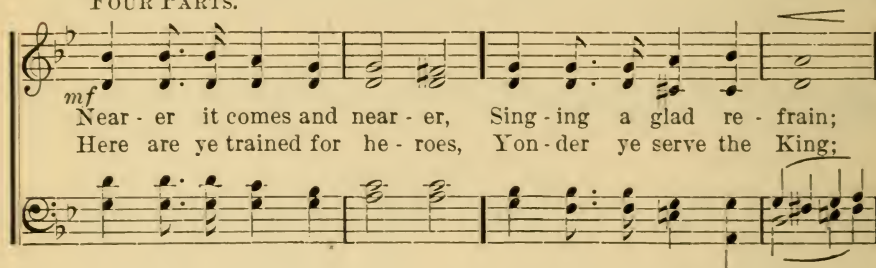


1. Hark to the sound of voi - ces! Hark to the tramp of feet!
2. On, then, ye gal - lant sol - diers, On to your home a - bove!

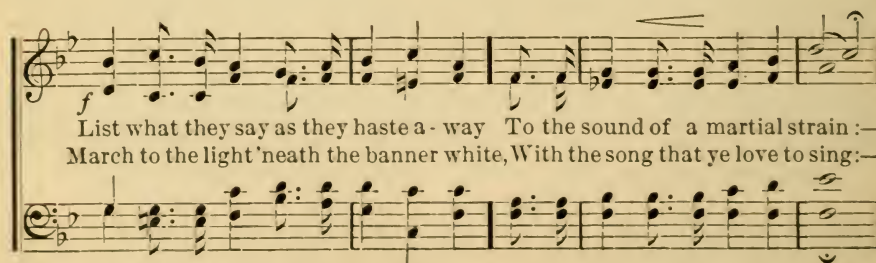


Is it a might - y arm - y Tread - ing the bus - y street?
Yours is the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the power and love.

FOUR PARTS.



Near - er it comes and near - er, Sing - ing a glad re - frain;
Here are ye trained for he - roes, Yon - der ye serve the King;



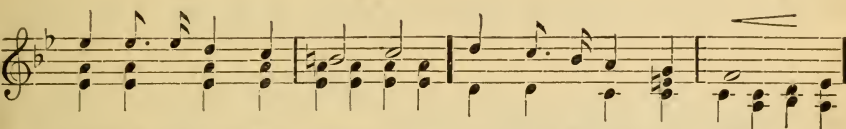
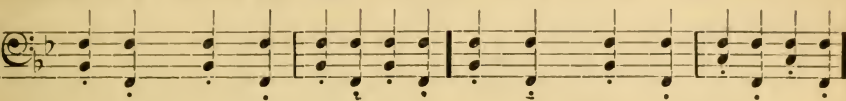
List what they say as they haste a - way To the sound of a martial strain:—
March to the light 'neath the banner white, With the song that ye love to sing:—

Well marked in the bass.

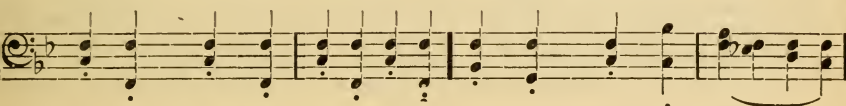
REFRAIN. *Unison.*



"Marching beneath the ban - ner, Fight - ing beneath the cross,

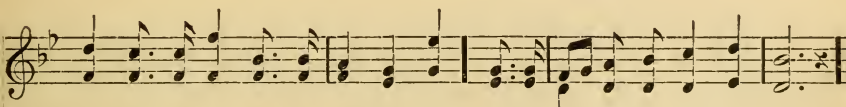
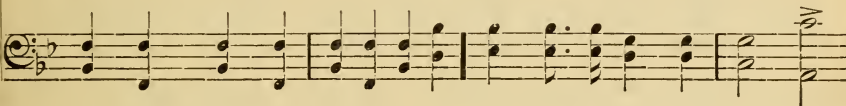


Trusting in Him who saves us, Ne'er shall we suf - fer loss;



Harmony.

Sing - ing the songs of home - land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings; We



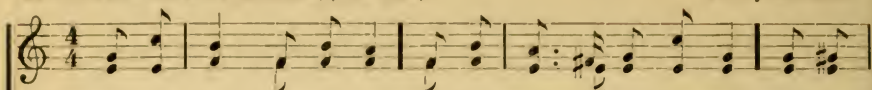
march to the fight in our ar - mor bright, At the call of the King of kings."



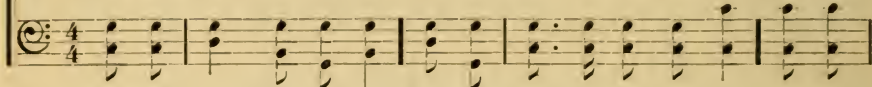
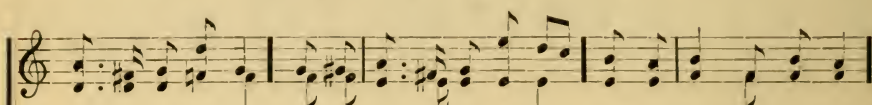
"Soldaten."

REV. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, (1829—1899)


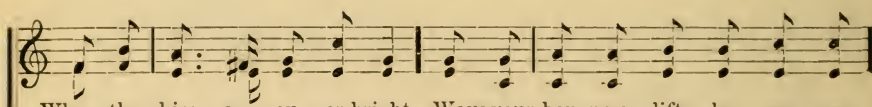
Arr. by Emmelar.



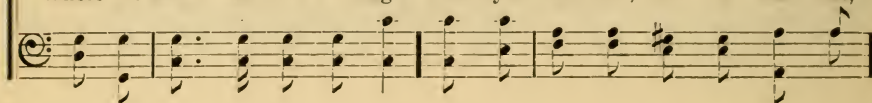
1. Marching on! marching on! In the ranks of Christ, our King; Through the
 2. For-ward go! for-ward go! As did Is - ra - el of old; Where they
 3. Trust in God! trust in God! When the calls to du - ty come; He will
 D. C.—Marching on! march-ing on! In the ranks of Christ, our King; Through the

fears and time of tears—Through the endless chime of years—Through the night into light
 trod, be-liev-ing God, Waves were parted with a rod: Manna bright, full and white,
 see for you and me Paths shall o - pen safe and free. Nev - er fear, God is near,
 fears and time of tears—Through the endless chime of years—Through the night into light

Where the skies are ev - er bright—Wave your ban - ners, lift ho - san - nas,
 Fell a - round them in the night: Prayers as - cen - ded, rocks were rend - ed—
 Faith - ful souls to Him are dear. Christ will meet you; He will greet you,—
 Where the skies are ev - er bright—Wave your ban - ners, lift ho - san - nas,




Shout and sing! shout and sing! For the toil is a - ba - ting, And the
 Love was bold, grace un - told! Still our Lord is command - ing, "For - ward
 "Child, come home! child, come home!" Far a - bove earth - ly val - leys Gold - en
 Shout and sing! shout and sing!





*D. C.**

crowns are now waiting: We are glad to be known When the Lord makes up His own!
go!" notwithstanding Mountains rise in the way; For the hills His will o - bey!
gleams heaven's pal-ace, And we see Je-sus there At the por-tal shi-ning fair!



* Repeat first eight lines of each stanza.

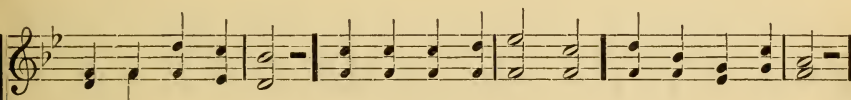
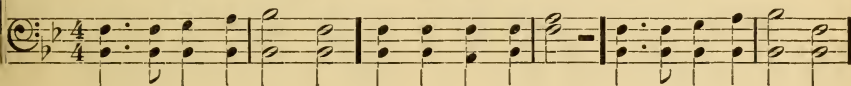
237

BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

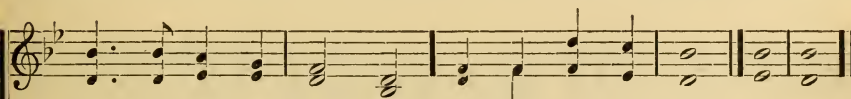
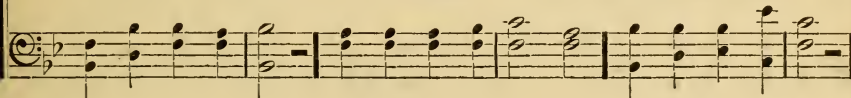
REV. THOMAS JOSEPH POTTER, (1827—1873) 1860.



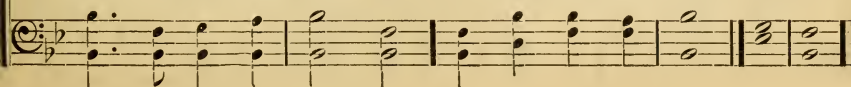
1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wa-ving wanderers onward
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing
3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to-rious



To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
See Thy children meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a-stray;
O - ver ev - ery foe: Bid Thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds lower;



And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heavenward way.
Keep us, might-y Sa - vior, In the nar - row way.
Par - don Thou and save us In the last dread hour. *A-men.*



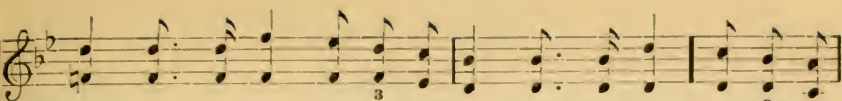
MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) Horatio Richmond Palmer, (1834) 1881.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho-san-na! Praise the Lord with
2. Praise we the Lord! He is the King e-ter-nal; Glo-ry be to

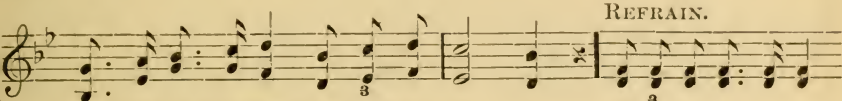
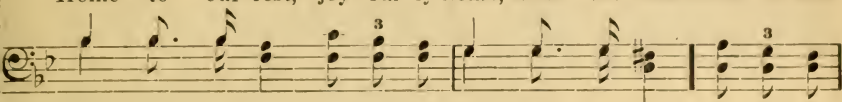
glad ac-claim; Lift up our hearts un-to His throne with gladness,
God on high! Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov-ing kind-ness,

Mag-ni-fy His ho-ly name. Marching a-long un-der His
Join the cho-rus of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i-ly

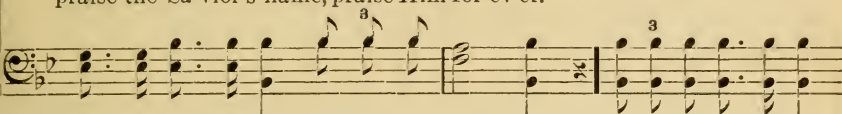
ban-ner bright, Trust-ing in His mer-cy as we go, (trusting we go),
march-ing on, In the ranks of Je-sus we will go, (ev-er we'll go),



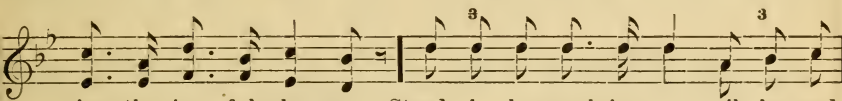
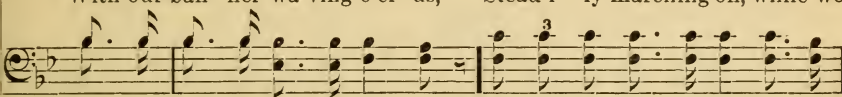
His light di-vine ten-der-ly o'er us will shine; We shall be
Home to our rest, joy-ful-ly home, where the blest Gath-er and



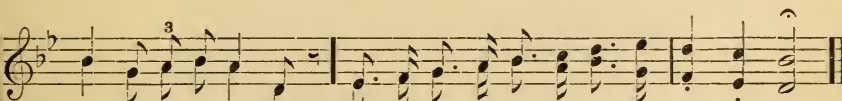
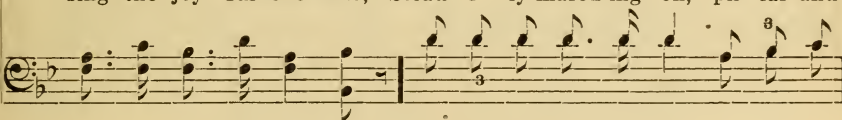
guid-ed by His hand now and for ev-er. } Stead-i-ly marching on,
praise the Sa-vior's name, praise Him for ev-er.



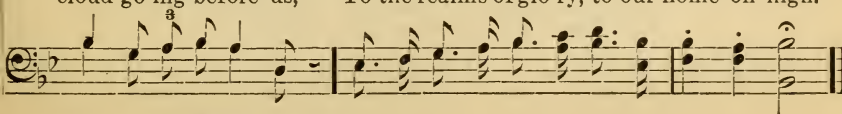
With our ban-ner wa-ving o'er us, Stead-i-ly marching on, while we



sing the joy-ful cho-rus; Stead-i-ly march-ing on, pil-lar and



cloud go-ing before us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.



"Ancient of Days."

BP. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, (1832—) 1886.

J. A. Jeffery.

*Maestoso.**f In Unison.*

1. Ancient of days, Who sit-test throned in glo - ry ;
2. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, Who hast led Thy chil - dren

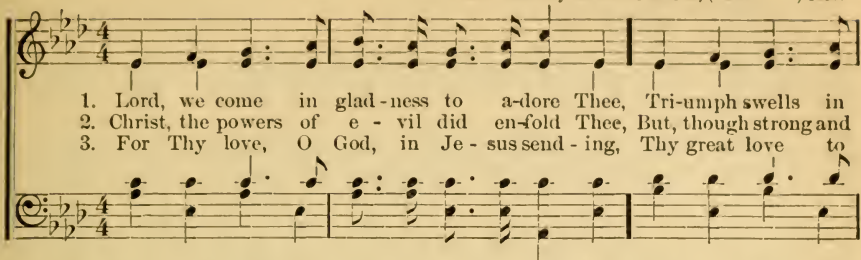
To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray ; Thy love has blessed the
In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud, Through seas dry-shod ; through

wide world's wondrous story, With light and life since Eden's dawning day.
weary wastes bewildering ; To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed. *A-men.*

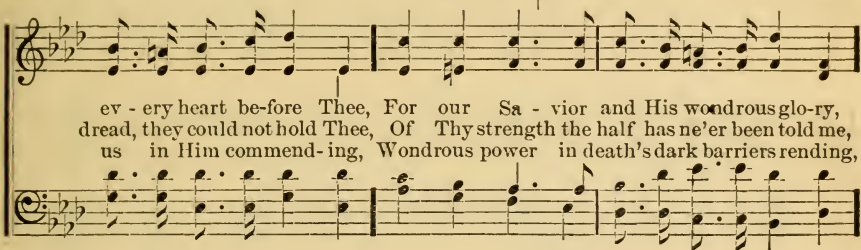
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Savior,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stillling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase :
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days ;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

240 LORD, WE COME IN GLADNESS TO ADORE THEE.

Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864—) 1897.

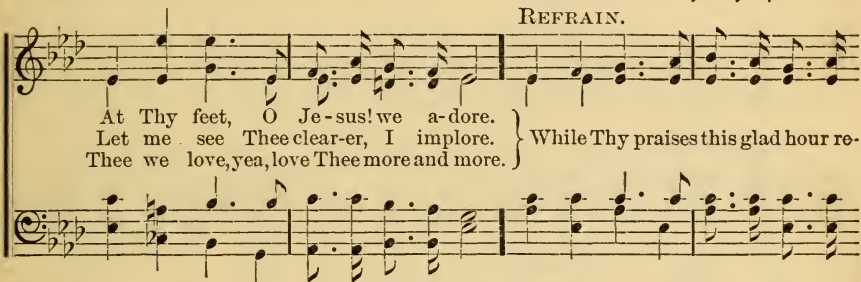


1. Lord, we come in glad-ness to a-dore Thee, Tri-umph swells in
 2. Christ, the powers of e - vil did en-fold Thee, But, though strong and
 3. For Thy love, O God, in Je - sus send - ing, Thy great love to

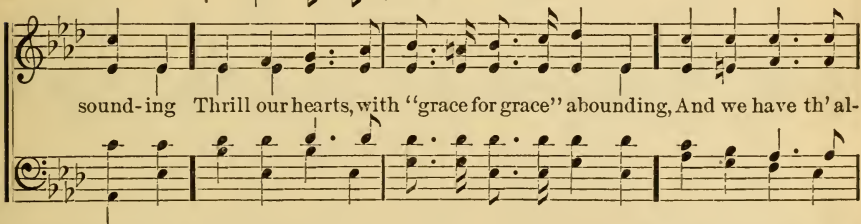


ev - ery heart be-fore Thee, For our Sa - vior and His wondrous glo-ry,
 dread, they could not hold Thee, Of Thy strength the half has ne'er been told me,
 us in Him commend-ing, Wondrous power in death's dark barriers rending,

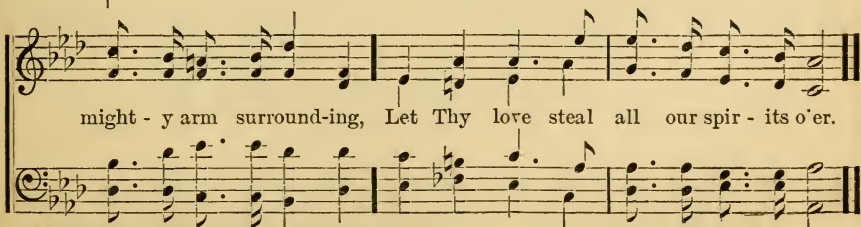
REFRAIN.



At Thy feet, O Je-sus! we a-dore.
 Let me see Thee clear-er, I implore. } While Thy praises this glad hour re-
 Thee we love, yea, love Thee more and more. }

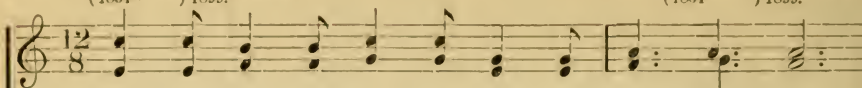


sound-ing Thrill our hearts, with "grace for grace" abounding, And we have th'al-

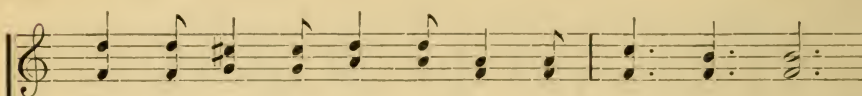
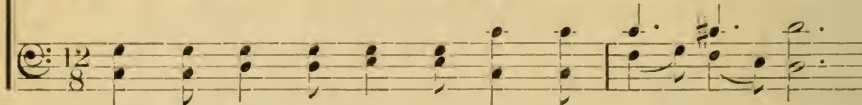


might - y arm surround-ing, Let Thy love steal all our spir - its o'er.

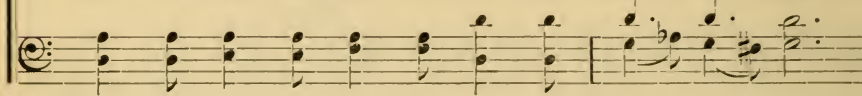
"Rally."

REV. STANLEY LEFEVRE KREBS,
(1864—) 1899.Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs,
(1864—) 1899.

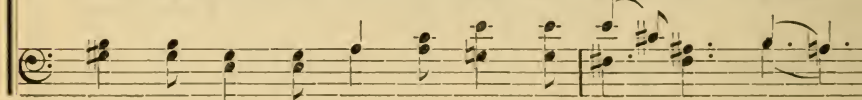
1. Come we now our bless - ed Sa - vior to a - dore;
 2. Like a might - y ar - my let us march a - long,



Bless - ings on our prayers and songs from Him im - plore.
 Dai - ly seek - ing oth - ers for our hap - py throng;



Je - sus, in our hearts the light of love re - store!
 Lead - ing them from er - ror and the paths of wrong



Draw us clos - er than we've ev - er been be - fore.
 To the feet of Je - sus, where we all be - long.



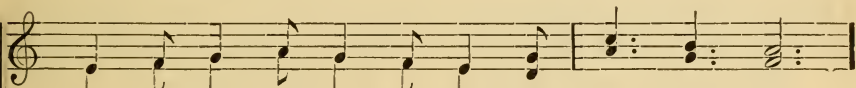
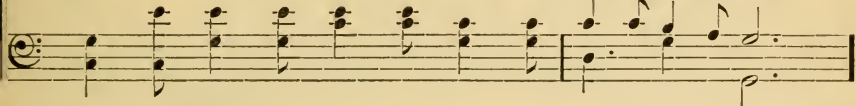
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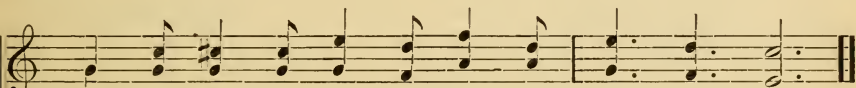
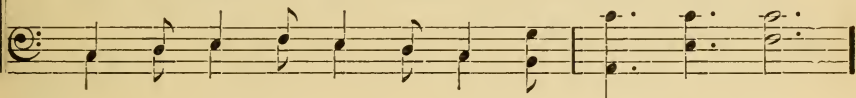
Ral - ly in the name of Je - sus, one and all!
Ral - ly one and all!



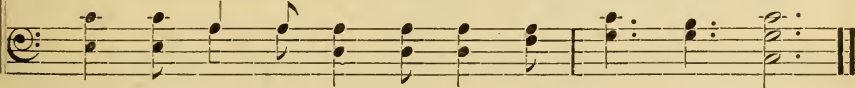
Ral - ly round our glo - rious Cap - tain, at His call!
Ral - ly at His call!



Let the tread of gath - ering sol - diers, great and small,



Be the an - swer sent to Him our hearts ex - tol.

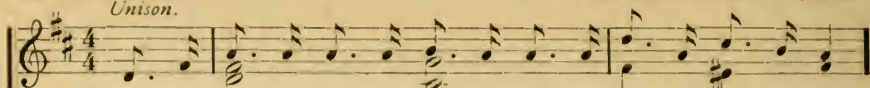


3 Jesus calls the glad ones and the sad ones too,
Rich and poor, the high and low, the false and true;
Brother! sister! hearken, and lay hold anew
For He has a work that's suited just to you.—REF.

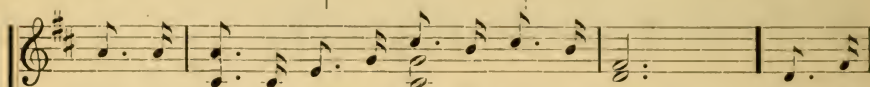
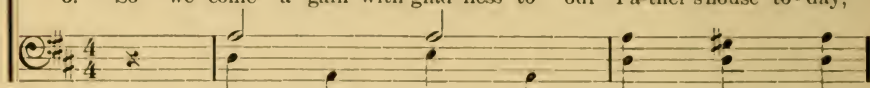
4 Sinner, comes there not a call to you, to-day?
Don't you hear a tender voice within you say,
"Come to Me, and there abide, both now and aye?"
When you hear, God help you come, without delay.—REF.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

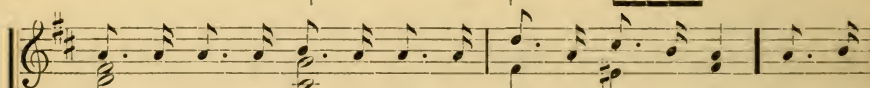
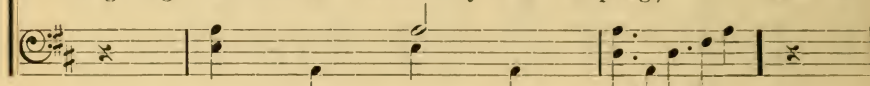
Adam Geibel, (1855—) 1896.

Unison.

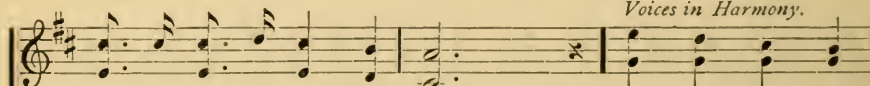
1. Wel - come, roy - al - heart - ed Sum - mer, crowned with beauty, light and flowers,
2. Thanks to Thee, O God, our Fa - ther, for the bless - ings of the year,
3. So we come a - gain with glad - ness to our Fa - ther's house to - day,



Scatter - ing ro - ses, blush - ing ro - ses, by the way; And we
 More in num - ber than the sands a - long the shore; Ev - ery
 Sing - ing car - ols like the mer - ry birds of Spring; Hith - er -

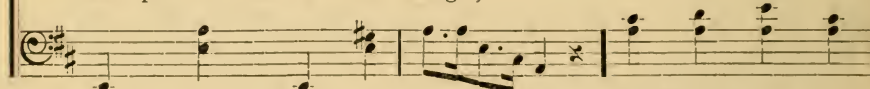


pray that grace unmeasur - ed shall at - tune these hearts of ours, To the
 need - ful good pro - vi - ded, Love and Mer - cy bend - ing near, May we
 to the Lord hath led us; still He'll guide us on our way, To the

**REFRAIN.***Voices in Harmony.*

sun - shine of the Chil - dren's Day.
 ren - der prais - es ev - er - more.
 Tem - ple of our Sa - vior - King.

Wel - come, wel - come,



hap - py Chil - dren's Day, At this shi - ning mile - stone on the



pil - grim way, Let us gath - er with re - joi - cing, and with

hearts and voi - ces say, Praise God, praise God, praise God.

243

COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE ANTHEM.

"Neander." 8s. & 7s. 6 lines.

REV. JOB HUPTON, (1762—1849) 1806.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1851.

Rev. Joachim Neander, (1640—1680)

1. { Come, ye faith-ful, raise the an-then; Cleave the skies with shouts of praise; }
 { Sing to Him who brought sal-va-tion, Won-drous in His works and ways; }
 2. { Ere He raised the loft-y mountains, Formed the sea, or spread the sky, }
 { Love e-ter-nal, free and boundless, Moved the Lord of life to die; }

God e - ter - nal! Word in - car - nate, Whom the heaven of heavens obeys.
 Fore - or - dained the Prince of prin - ces For the throne of Cal - va - ry. A - men.

3 Now above the sapphire pavement,
 High in unapproachèd light,
 Lo! He lives and reigns for ever,
 Victor after hard-won fight,
 Where the song of the redeemed
 Rings unceasing day and night.

4 Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims;
 Who shall pluck you from His hand?
 Pledged He stands for your salvation,
 Pledged to give the promised land,
 Where among the ransomed nations
 Ye too round His throne shall stand.

DEAN HENRY ALFORD, (1810-1871) 1871.

Henry Smart, (1813-1879) 1872.

1. Forward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be-
 2. Forward, flock to Je - sus, Salt of all the earth, 'Till each yearning
 3. Glo-ries up-on glo - ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that

fore us, Not a look be - hind: Burns the fier - y pil - lar
 pur - pose Spring to glo - rious birth: Sick, they ask for heal - ing,
 love Him One day to be shared; Eye hath not be - held them,

At our ar - my's head; Who shall dream of shrink - ing,
 Blind, they grope for day; Pour up - on the na - tions
 Ear hath nev - er heard; Nor of these hath ut - tered

By Je - ho-vah led? Forward through the des-ert, Through the toil and fight;
 Wisdom's lov-ing ray; Forward, out of er - ror, Leave be-hind the night;
 Thought or speech a word; Forward, marching east-ward Where the heaven is bright,

Jor - dan flows be - fore us; Zi - on beams with light.
 For - ward, through the dark - ness, For - ward, in - to light!
 Till the veil be lift - ed. Till our faith be sight.

NATIONAL AND THANKSGIVING.

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

"America." 6s. & 4s.

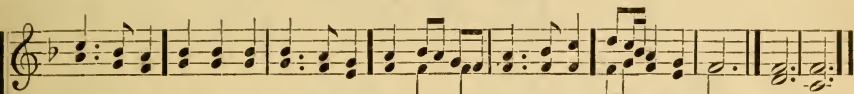
245

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, (1808—1895) 1832.

Henry Carey, (1685—1743) 1743.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee—Land of the no-ble free—Thy name I love: I love thy



fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above. *A-men.*



- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

- 4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

246

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND!

6s. & 4s.

REV. JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT, (1812—1893) 1844.

- 1 God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

247

PRaise YE JEHOVAH'S NAME.

6s. & 4s.

REV. JOHN GOODE, (1762—1816) 1811.

- 1 Praise ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through His courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound His great acts of love,
While His rich grace we prove,
Vast as His power.

There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with His name.

- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as His fame;

- 3 While His high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose.
Praise ye the Lord.

"National Hymn."

REV. DANIEL C. ROBERTS, (1841—) 1876.

George William Warren, (1828—)

Voices alone.

Trumpets (before each verse). *f* 1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might - y
March time $\text{♩} = 60$. 2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pest - i -
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil some

With organ.

hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
past, In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
lence, Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence;
way, Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

cres.

Of shi - ning worlds in splen - dor through the skies,
Be Thou our rul - er, guard - ian, guide and stay,
Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - crease,
Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,

Slargando.

ff Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine. Amen.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

"Nun Danket." P. M.

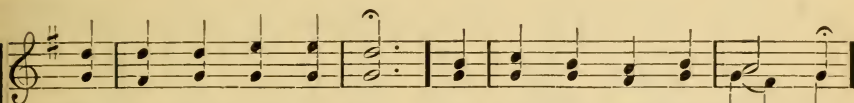
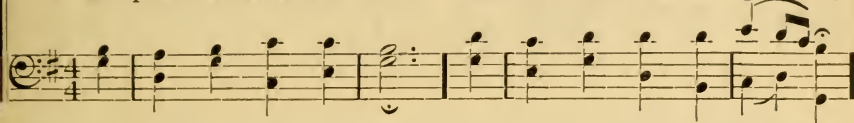
REV. MARTIN RINKART, (1586—1649) 1644.

TR. BY MISS CATHERINE WINKWORTH, (1829—1878) 1858.

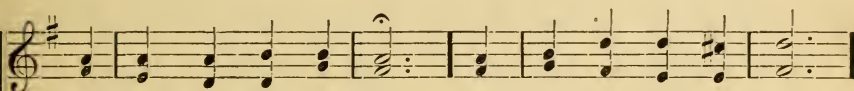
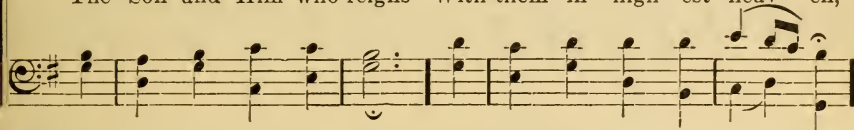
Johann Crüger, (1598—1662) 1649.



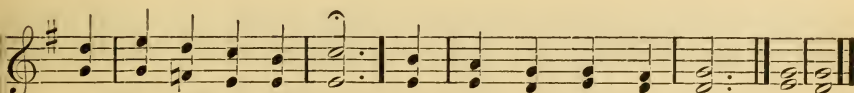
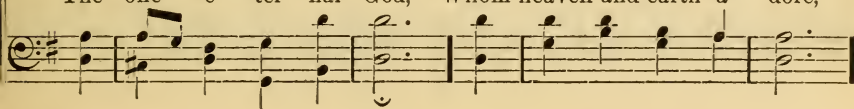
1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces,
 2. Oh, may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us,
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,



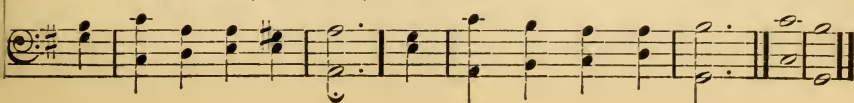
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces;
 With ev - er - joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us,
 The Son and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,



Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
 And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
 The one e - ter - nal God, Whom heaven and earth a - dore,



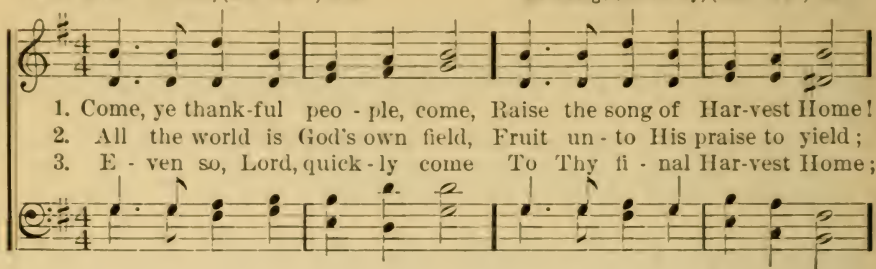
With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
 And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more. Amen.



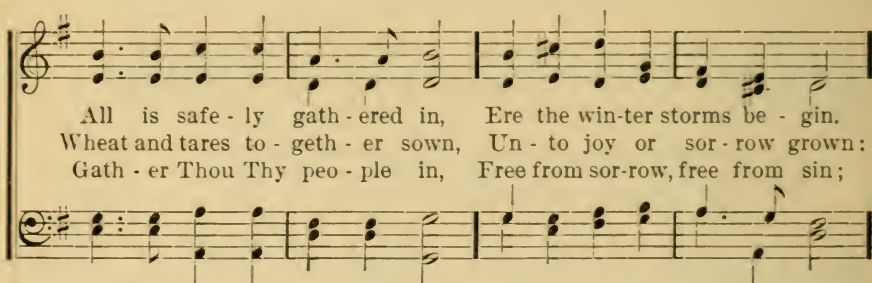
"St. George's, Windsor."

DEAN HENRY ALFORD, (1810—1871) 1845.

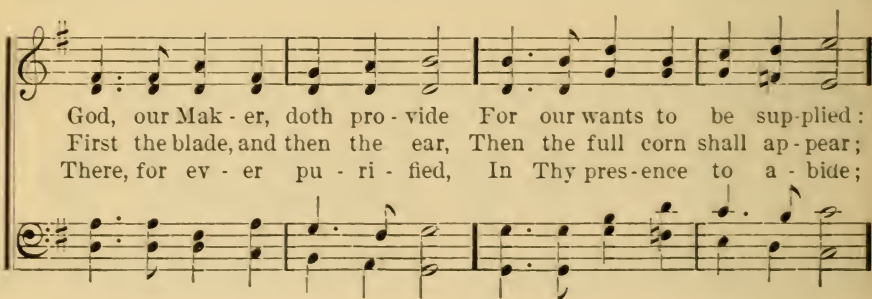
Sir George Job Elvey, (1816—1893) 1858.



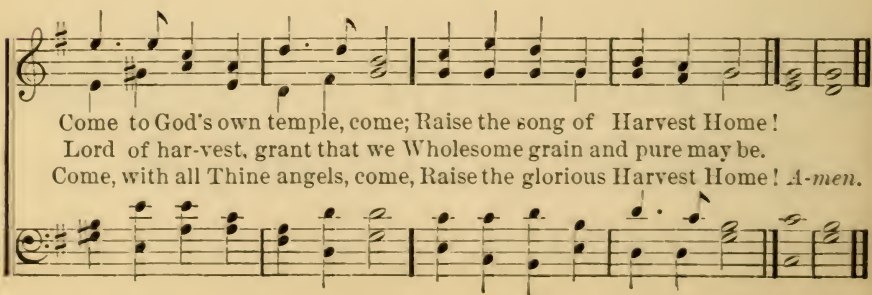
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest Home!
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
 3. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal Har-vest Home;



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin.
 Wheat and tares to- geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown:
 Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;
 There, for ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide;



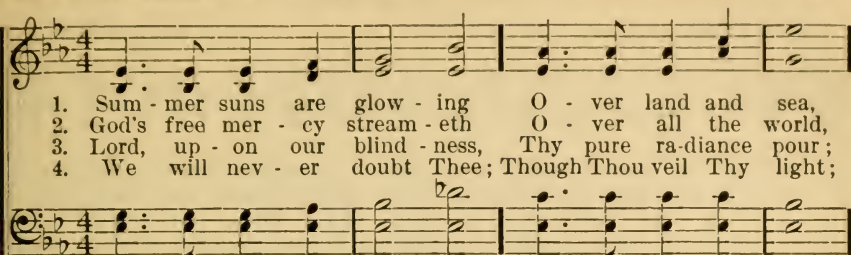
Come to God's own temple, come; Raise the song of Harvest Home!
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 Come, with all Thine angels, come, Raise the glorious Harvest Home! A-men.

SUMMER SUNS ARE GLOWING.

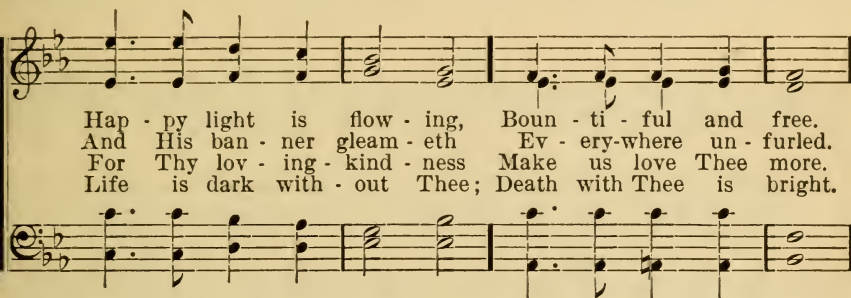
"Ruth."

BP. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, (1823-1897) 1864.

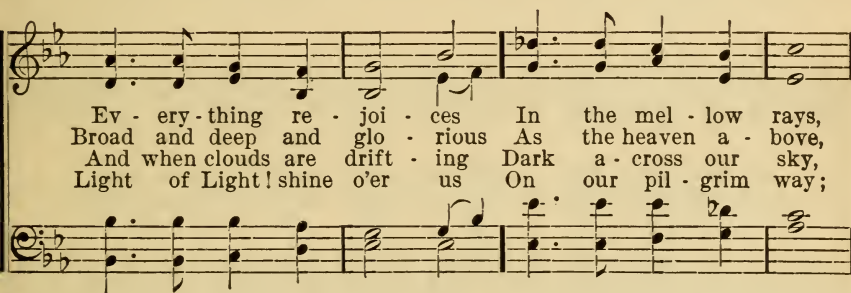
Samuel Smith, (1821-1873) 1865.



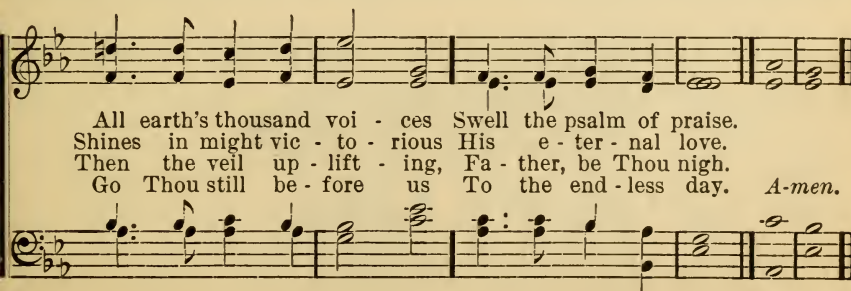
1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea,
 2. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world,
 3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness, Thy pure ra - diance pour;
 4. We will nev - er doubt Thee; Though Thou veil Thy light;



Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free.
 And His ban - ner gleam - eth Ev - ery - where un - furled.
 For Thy lov - ing - kind - ness Make us love Thee more.
 Life is dark with - out Thee; Death with Thee is bright.



Ev - ery - thing re - joi - ces In the mel - low rays,
 Broad and deep and glo - rious As the heaven a - bove,
 And when clouds are drift - ing Dark a - cross our sky,
 Light of Light! shine o'er us On our pil - grim way;

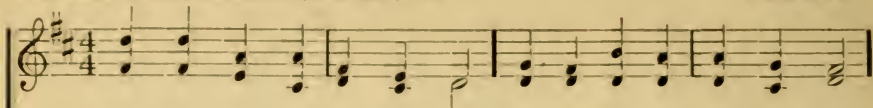


All earth's thousand voi - ces Swell the psalm of praise.
 Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.
 Then the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.
 Go Thou still be - fore us To the end - less day. A-men.

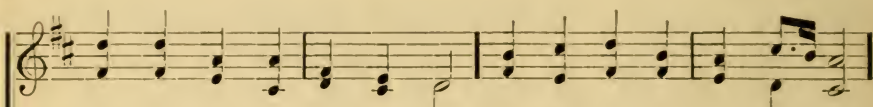
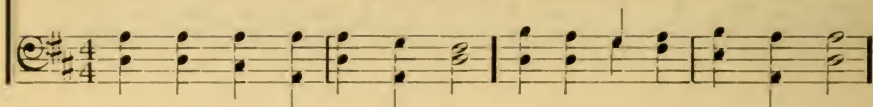
"Day-Spring." 7s. 6 lines.

MRS. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, (1743—1825) 1772.

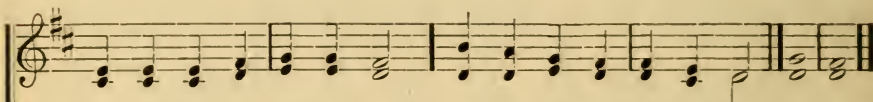
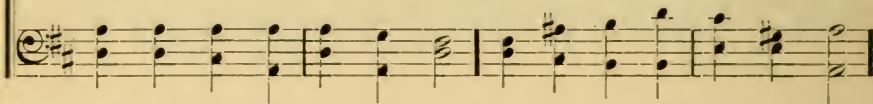
Prussian Air.



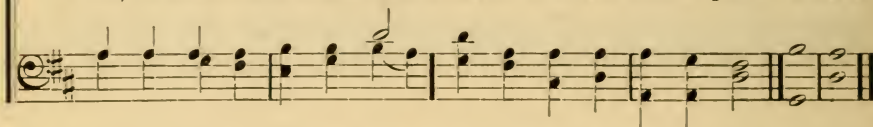
1. Praise to God, im-mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days ;
 2. All the plen - ty sum-mer pours ; Au-tumn's rich o'er-flowing stores ;



- Bounteous Source of ev - ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ ;
 Flocks that whi - ten all the plain ; Yel-low sheaves of ri - pened grain ;



- All to Thee, O God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow.
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise. *A-men.*



- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
 All the plenty summer pours,
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores :
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss, and public wealth,
 Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
 Pure religion's holier beams :
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

PRAISE TO THE LORD! HE IS KING.

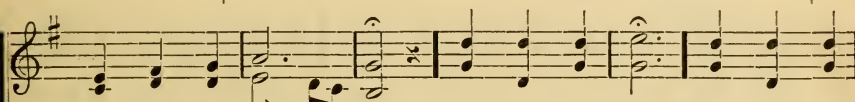
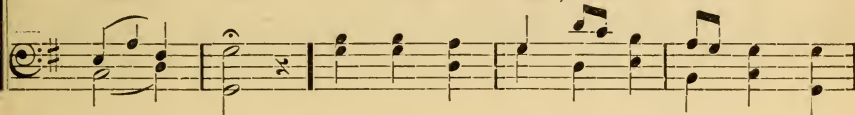
"Lobe den Herren." P. M.

REV. JOACHIM NEANDER, (1640—1680)
TR. BY THOMAS C. PORTER.Peter Sohren, 1660.
Arr. by F. C. Moyer.

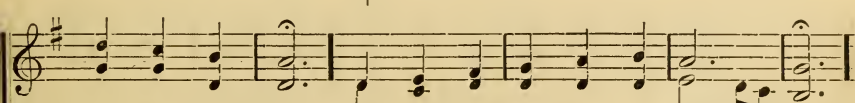
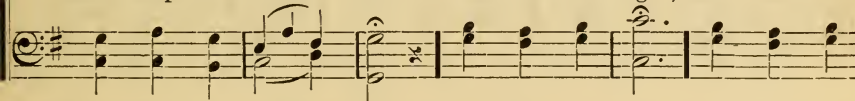
1. Praise to the Lord! He is King o - ver all the cre -
 2. Praise thou the Lord, who in glo - ri - ous ma - jes - ty
 3. Praise thou the Lord, who with hon - or and bless - ing hath
 4. Praise to the Lord, and let all that is in me a -



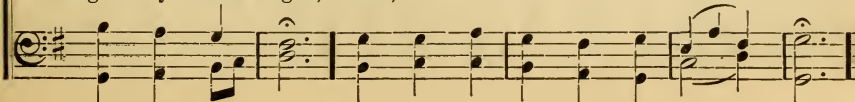
a tion; Praise, O my soul, with the an - gels, the
 reign - ing, Guid - eth thee on - ward, in ev - er - y
 crowned thee, Pour - ing His gifts out of heav - en like
 dore Him! All that have breath, with his ran - somed ones



God of sal - va - tion! Join in their song; Psal - tery and
 per - il sus - tain - ing! Thee to up - hold, Arms of His
 show - ers a - round thee! Think of it too, What the Al -
 wor - ship be - fore Him! He is our light, Foun - tain of

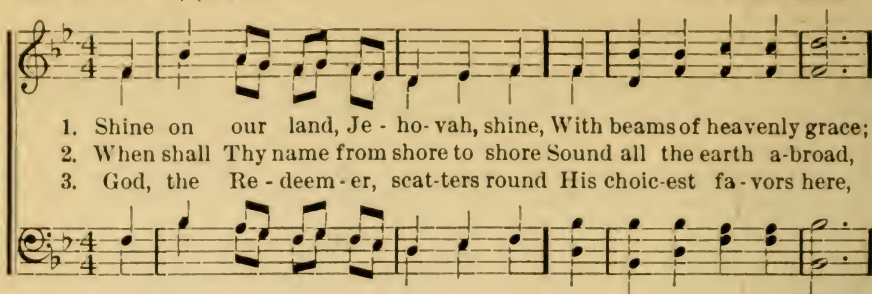


harp, roll a - long, Praise in each sol - emn vi - bra - tion.
 mer - cy en - fold, — Pa - tient 'mid all thy com - plain - ing.
 might - y can do — How by His love He hath bound thee.
 glo - ry and might, Come, let us kneel and a - dore Him!

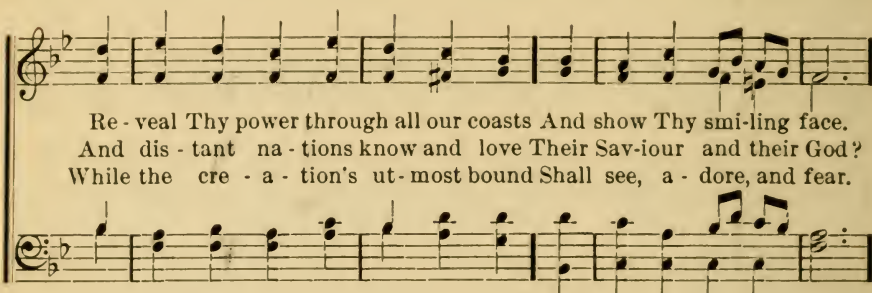


REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674-1748)

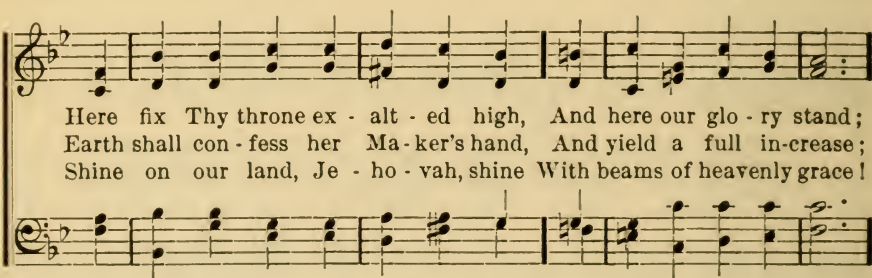
W. A. H. Hinnershitz.



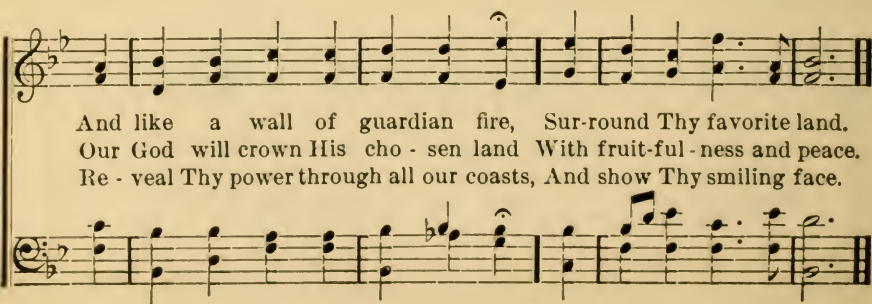
1. Shine on our land, Je - ho - vah, shine, With beams of heavenly grace;
 2. When shall Thy name from shore to shore Sound all the earth a-broad,
 3. God, the Re - deem - er, scat - ters round His choic - est fa - vors here,



Re - veal Thy power through all our coasts And show Thy smi - ling face.
 And dis - tant na - tions know and love Their Sav - iour and their God?
 While the cre - a - tion's ut - most bound Shall see, a - dore, and fear.



Here fix Thy throne ex - alt - ed high, And here our glo - ry stand;
 Earth shall con - fess her Ma - ker's hand, And yield a full in - crease;
 Shine on our land, Je - ho - vah, shine With beams of heavenly grace!



And like a wall of guardian fire, Sur - round Thy favorite land.
 Our God will crown His cho - sen land With fruit - ful - ness and peace.
 Re - veal Thy power through all our coasts, And show Thy smiling face.

EARTH BELOW IS TEEMING.

REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, (1811—1875) 1863.

1. Earth be-low is teem-ing, Heaven is bright a-bove; Every brow is beaming
 2. For the sun and show-ers, For the rain and dew, For the nurturing hours
 3. Earth's broad harvest whitens In a brighter sun Than the orb that lightens

In the light of love; Ev-ery eye re-joi - ces, Every thought is praise;
 Spring and summer knew; For the golden au-tumn, And its precious stores,
 All we tread up - on; Send out laborers, Father! Where fields ripening wave,

REFRAIN.

Hap py hearts and voices Gladden nights and days.
 For the love that brought them Teeming to our doors. } O Almighty Giv-er!
 All the na-tions gather, Gath-er in and save.

Bounti-ful and free, As the joy in har-vest, We rejoice in Thee. Amen.

ONWARD, CHILDREN! ONWARD!

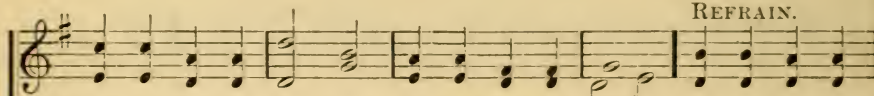
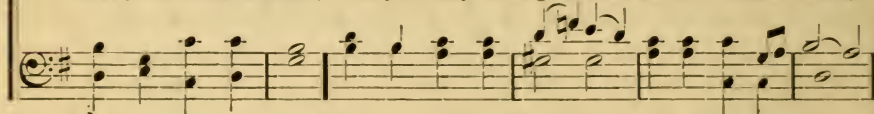
"St. Alban." 6s. & 5s. D. Franz Josef Haydn, (1732-1809)



1. Onward, children! Onward! leave the paths of sin; Hasten to the straight gate,
2. Onward, children! Onward! in the narrow way, Christ, your Lord, shall lead you
3. Onward, children! Onward! seek no cross to shun; Mind when night approaches

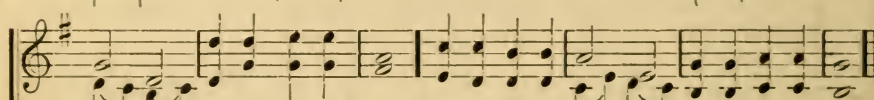
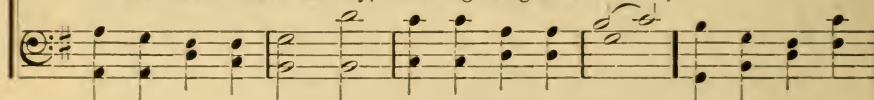


strive to en - ter in; None can knock un - heed - ed, none can strive in vain,
safe - ly day by day; And with such a Lead - er, what have you to fear?
that your work is done; That you may, with gladness, as life closes here,

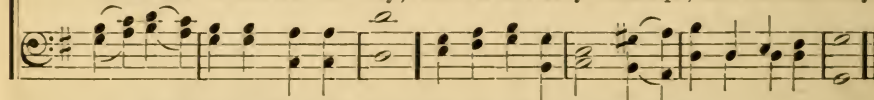


REFRAIN.

For the Saviour's wel - come all that seek ob - tain.
Sa - tan may op - pose you, but your King is near. } Onward, children!
En - ter death's dark val - ley, hav - ing naught to fear.



On - ward! is the call to - day; Come with ready footsteps, and the call obey.



- 4 Onward, children! Onward! guardian angels sing;
Hasten to the palace of your God and King;
Clad in heavenly armor to the end endure;
You with Christ shall triumph, victory is sure.—REF.

- 5 Onward, ever onward! till you join the throng,
Who, in dazzling raiment, sing the triumph-song,
And to heavenly music cry with one accord,—
"Holy! Holy! Holy! is our sovereign Lord."—REF.

PRIMARY HYMNS.

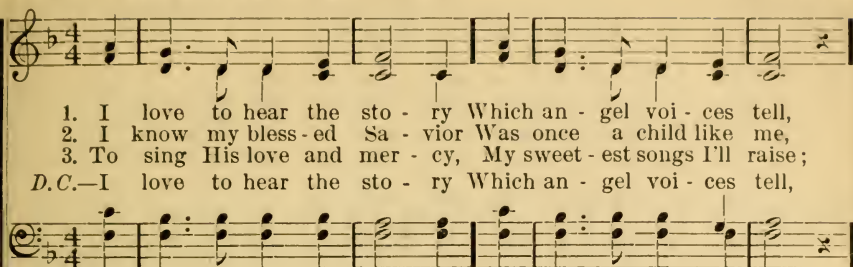
257

I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

"Bowdler."

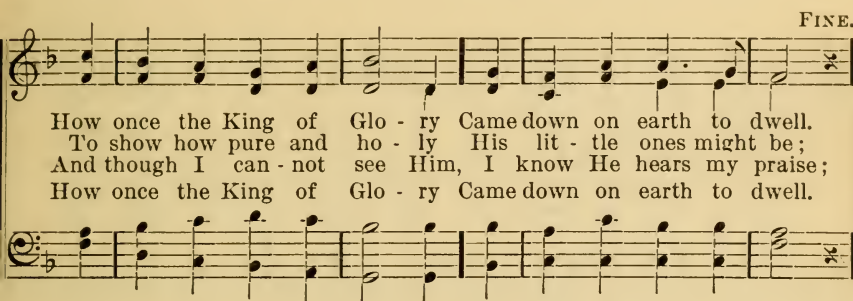
MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, (1833—) 1867.

Cyril Bowdler.

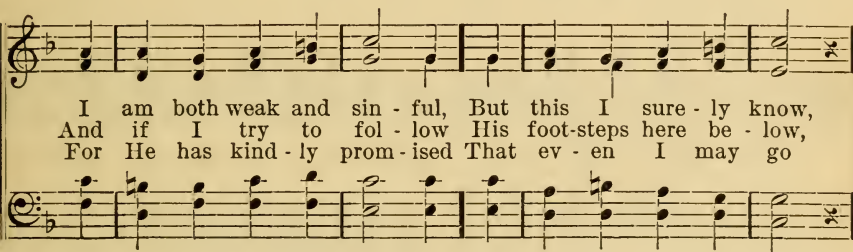


1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell,
 2. I know my bless - ed Sa - vior Was once a child like me,
 3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise;
D. C.—I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell,

FINE.

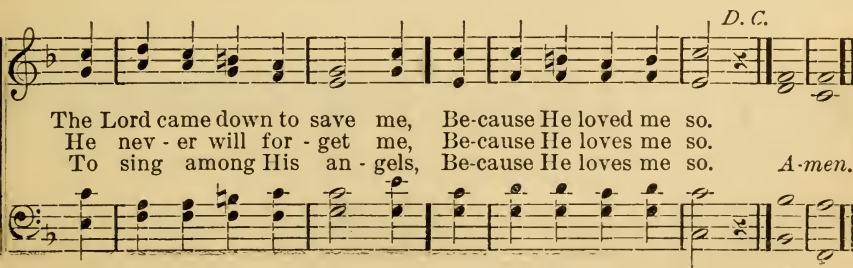


How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.
 To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
 And though I can - not see Him, I know He hears my praise;
 How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.



I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
 And if I try to fol - low His foot-steps here be - low,
 For He has kind - ly prom - ised That ev - en I may go

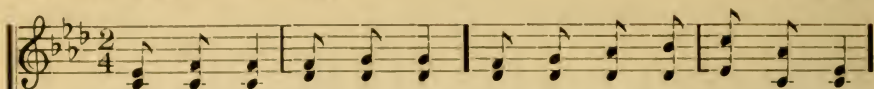
D. C.



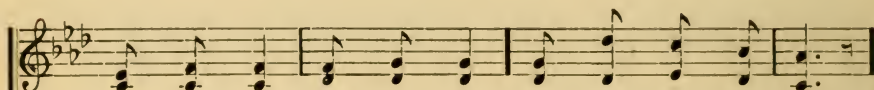
The Lord came down to save me, Be-cause He loved me so.
 He nev - er will for - get me, Be-cause He loves me so.
 To sing among His an - gels, Be-cause He loves me so. *A-men.*

REV. J. C. LEINBACH, (1845—) 1894.

F. K. HILL.



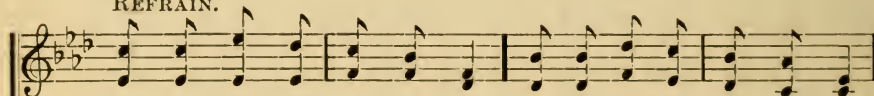
1. Hap - py hearts, light and gay, Have we chil - dren on this day;
2. Gen - tle hearts, ev - er fair, Beat - ing with the love we bear;
3. Ma - ry's Child, Bethlehem's babe, Lit - tle chil - dren He will save;
4. Ho - ly babe, ev - ery day Keep us in the nar - row way,



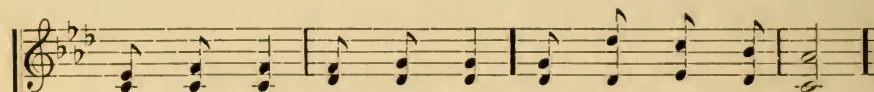
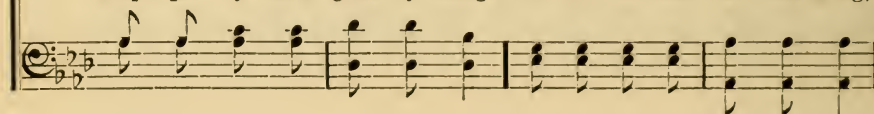
Christ is born, let us sing Prais - es to our King.
 Pre - cious buds, full of life, Keep us from all strife.
 Ev - ery heart may be bright, Je - sus gives the light.
 Help us all strive to be Thine e - ter - nal - ly.



REFRAIN.



Hap - pi - ly we'll glad - ly sing Al - le - lu - ias to our King,



Bethlehem's Babe, born to - day— Sing our mer - ry lay.



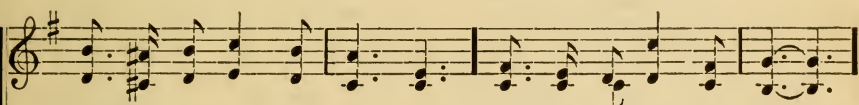
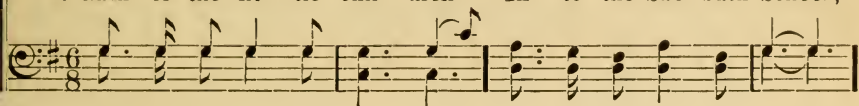
GATHER THEM ALL FOR JESUS.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

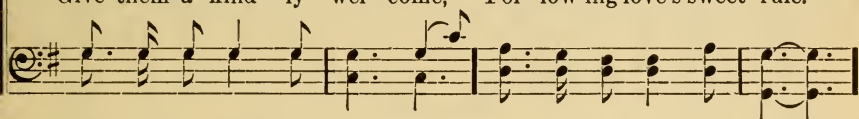
Daniel B. Townner, (1853—) 1899.



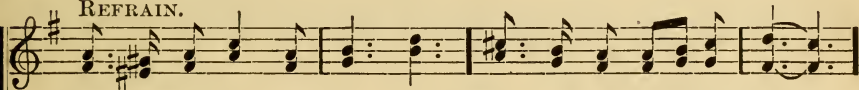
1. Gath - er the fair - est rose - buds, Spark - ling with morning dew ;
2. Out in the gold - en sun - shine, Out in the shad - ows dim,
3. Tell them the dear old sto - ry, Won - der - ful words of love ;
4. Gath - er the lit - tle chil - dren In - to the Sab - bath School ;



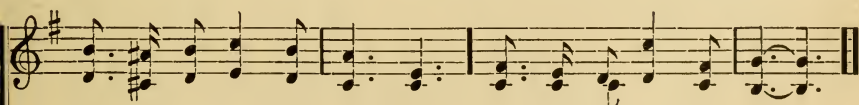
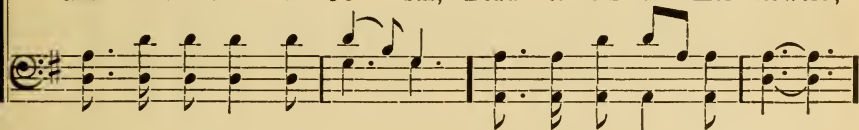
Gath - er the pur - est lil - ies, Blossoms of brightest hue.
 Gath - er the lit - tle chil - dren, Gath - er them all for Him.
 Tell them of Christ, the Sa - vior, Liv - ing for them a - bove.
 Give them a kind - ly wel - come, Fol - lowing love's sweet rule.



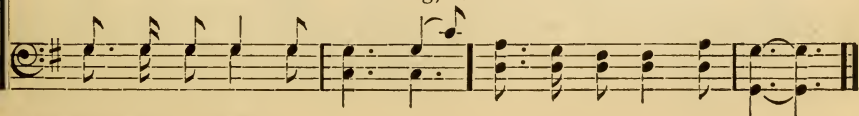
REFRAIN.



Gath - er them all for Je - sus, Beau - ti - ful sum - mer flowers ;

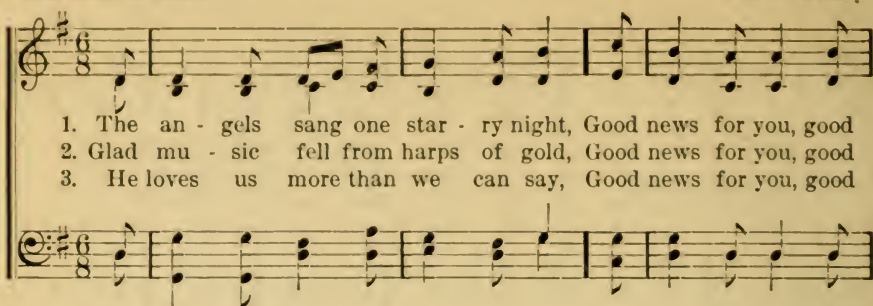


Yet will the sweet - est of - fer - ing, Come from these hearts of ours.

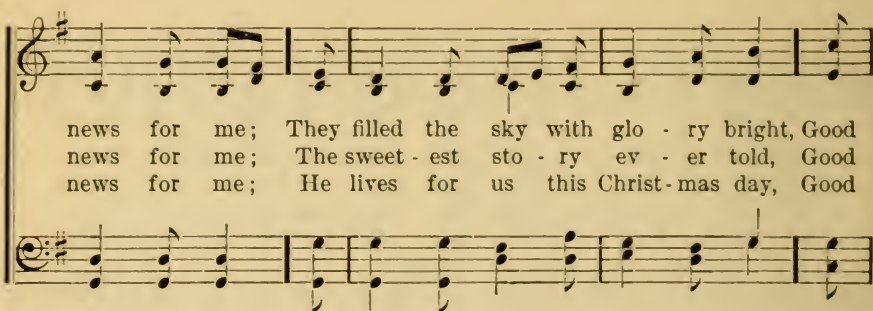


MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

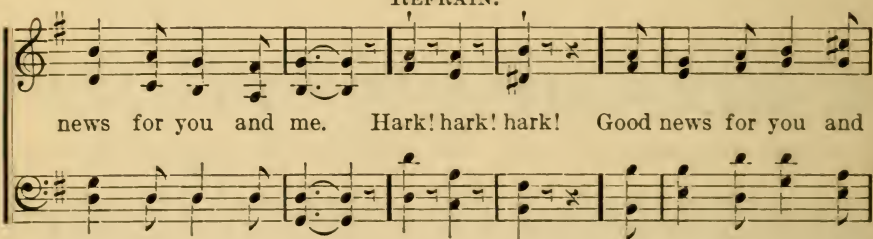


1. The an - gels sang one star - ry night, Good news for you, good
 2. Glad mu - sic fell from harps of gold, Good news for you, good
 3. He loves us more than we can say, Good news for you, good

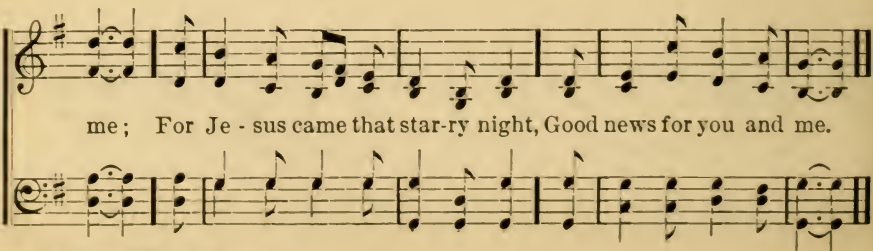


news for me; They filled the sky with glo - ry bright, Good
 news for me; The sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told, Good
 news for me; He lives for us this Christ - mas day, Good

REFRAIN.



news for you and me. Hark! hark! hark! Good news for you and



me; For Je - sus came that star-ry night, Good news for you and me.

LIFT UP, O LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Surse."

MISS MARY ANNE LATHBURY, (1841—)

M. C. Seward.

1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voi - ces clear and sweet,
 2. Lift up, O ten - der lil - ies, Your whiteness to the sun;
 3. Ring, all ye bells, in wel - come, Your chimes of joy a - gain!

And sing the bless - ed sto - ry Of Christ, the Lord of glo - ry,
 The earth is not our pris - on, Since Christ Him - self hath ris - en,
 Ring out the night of sad - ness, Ring in the morn of glad - ness,

And wor - ship at His feet! And wor - ship at His feet!
 The life of ev - ery one, The life of ev - every one.
 For death no more shall reign, For death no more shall reign.

REFRAIN.

Oh, sing the bless - ed sto - ry! The Lord of life and glo - ry

Is ris - en—as He said— Is ris - en from the dead!

JESUS LOVES ME.

"Brocklesbury." 8s. & 7s. (*First Tune.*)

Mrs. Charlotte Alington Barnard, (1830—1869)

1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; He is al-ways, al-ways near;

If I try to please Him tru-ly, There is naught that I can fear. A-men.

2 Jesus loves me; well I know it,
For to save my soul He died;
He for me bore pain and sorrow,
Nailed hands and piercéed side.

4 Jesus loves me; and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends His holy angels
Safe to keep me till I die.

3 Jesus loves me; night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray,
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

5 Jesus loves me; O Lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee by Thy love,
Keep me ever pure and holy,
Till I come to Thee above.

JESUS LOVES ME.

8s. & 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

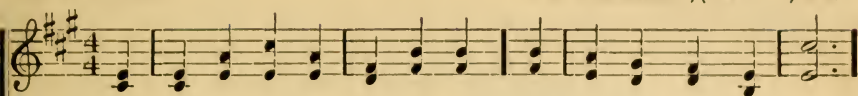
J. I. Tucker. (?)

1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, He is al-ways, al-ways near;

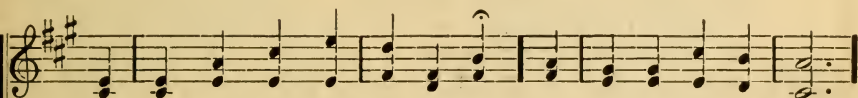
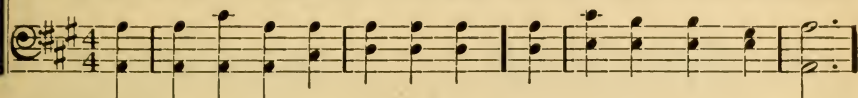
If I try to please Him tru-ly, There is naught that I can fear. A-men.

REV. E. UNANGST.

J. H. Kurzenknabe, (1840—) 1868.



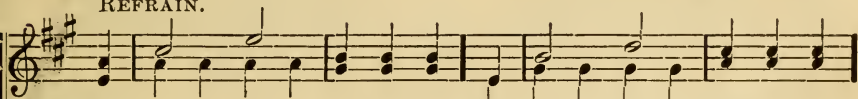
1. 'Tis Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, And calls them as His own,
2. Let lit - tle ones sing Je - sus' name, He loves to hear them sing,
3. He loves to be with lit - tle ones, And hear their child-like prayer,



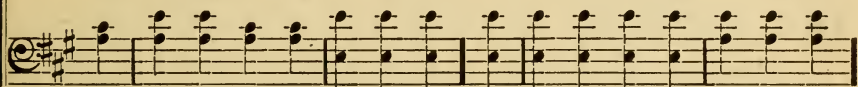
He's al - ways with the lit - tle ones, They're nev - er left a - lone.
 And fill His courts with joy - ful sound, And make His praises ring.
 And ten - der - ly He takes them up, In - to His lov - ing care.



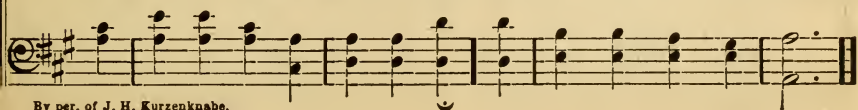
REFRAIN.



The lov - ing lit - tle ones, The love - ly lit - tle ones,
 The lov - ing, lov - ing lit - tle ones, The lovely, love - ly lit - tle ones,



The bless - ed lit - tle ones, The hap - py lit - tle ones.
 The bless - ed, bless - ed lit - tle ones, The hap - py lit - tle ones.



1. Lit - tle children, can you tell, Do you know the story well, Every girl and
2. Yes, we know the story well; Listen now and hear us tell, Every girl and

ev - ery boy, Why the angels sing for joy, On the Christmas morn-ing?
ev - ery boy, Why the angels sing for joy, On the Christmas morn-ing.

- 3 Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
When a brightness filled the sky,
When a voice was heard on high
On the Christmas morning.
- 4 "Joy and peace!" the angels sang;
Far the pleasant echoes rang;
"Peace on earth, to men good-will!"
Hark! the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

- 5 For a little Babe that day
Cradled in a manger lay,
Born on earth our Lord to be;
This the wondering angels see
On the Christmas morning.
- 6 Joy our little hearts shall fill,
Peace and love, and all good-will;
This fair Babe of Bethlehem
Children loves, and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.

S. C. HAMERTON.

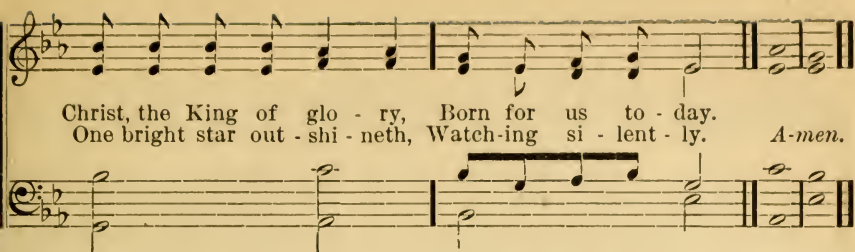
6s. & 5s. D.

English.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Waken, Christian children, Up, and let us sing With glad hearts and voices,
2. In a manger lowly Sleeps the heavenly Child, O'er Him fondly bendeth

Of our new-born King. Up! 'tis meet to wel-come, With a joy-ous lay,
Ma - ry, mother mild. Far above that sta - ble, Up in heaven so high,



Christ, the King of glo - ry, Born for us to - day.
One bright star out - shi - neth, Watch-ing si - lent - ly. *A-men.*

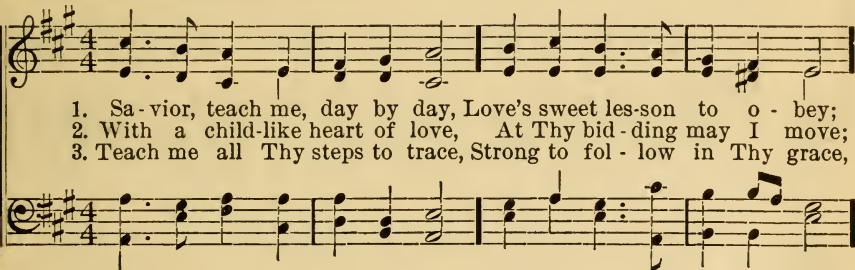
3 Fear not, then, to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold or myrrh or incense
Fitting for a King.
Gifts He asketh richer,
Offering costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

4 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, He loveth
Infant purity.
Haste we, then, to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of glory,
Born for us to-day.

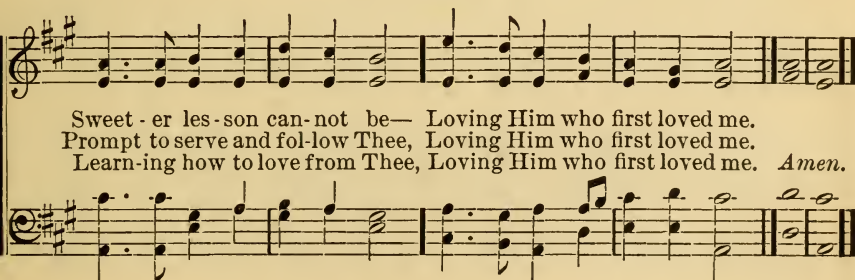
266 SAVIOR, TEACH ME, DAY BY DAY.

"Percivals." 7s.

MISS JANE E. LEESON, (1815—1883) 1842.



1. Sa - vior, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o - bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace,



Sweet - er les-son can-not be— Loving Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low Thee, Loving Him who first loved me.
Learn-ing how to love from Thee, Loving Him who first loved me. *Amen.*

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

MRS. SKELLEY.

"Lucerne." 8. 7. 8. 7.

T. A. Willis.

1. Lord, a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to sing to Thee;
 2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus, And of heaven where He is gone;
 3. For we know the Lord of Glo - ry Al-ways sees what chil-dren do,
 4. Let our sins be all for - giv - en, Make us fear what-e'er is wrong;

Thou art great, and high, and ho - ly, O how ho - ly should we be.
 And let noth - ing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up - on.
 And is writ - ing now the sto - ry Of our thoughts and actions, too.
 Lead us on our way to heav - en, There to sing a no - bler song. *A-men.*

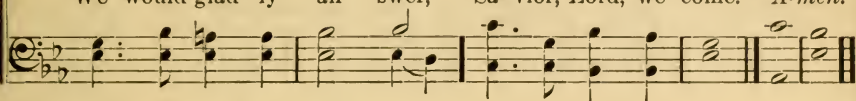
"St. Wistan." 6. 5. 6. 5.

Lord T. Butler.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a lis - tening ear;
 2. Though Thou art so ho - ly, Heaven's Al - might - y King,
 3. We are lit - tle chil - dren, Weak and apt to stray;
 4. Save us, Lord, from sin - ning, Watch us day by day;
 5. Then, when Je - sus calls us To our heaven - ly Home



When we bow be - fore Thee, Children's prais - es hear.
 Thou wilt stoop to lis - ten When Thy praise we sing.
 Sa - vior, guide and keep us In the heavenly way.
 Help us now to love Thee; Take our sins a - way.
 We would glad - ly an - swer, "Sa - vior, Lord, we come." *A-men.*

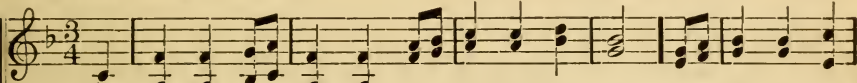


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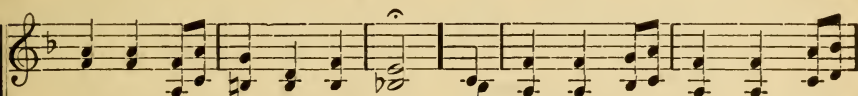
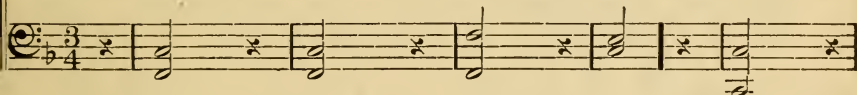
THE LITTLE LORD JESUS.

REV. MARTIN LUTHER, (1483—1546)

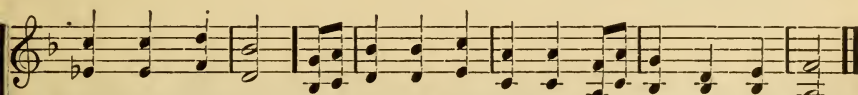
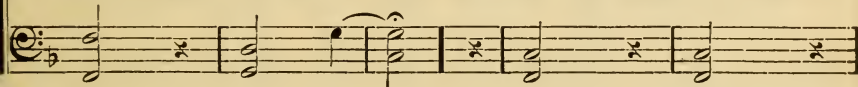
William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1895.



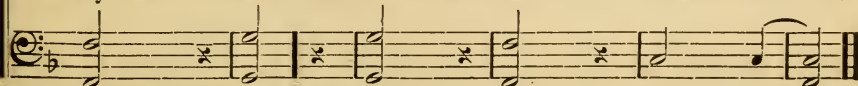
1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay Close by me for -

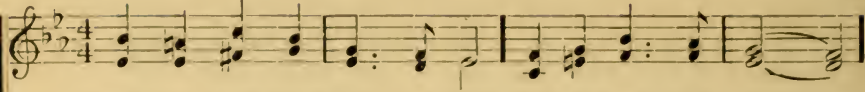


Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky looked
 Je - sus no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! look
 ev - er, and love me I pray. Bless all the dear chil - dren in

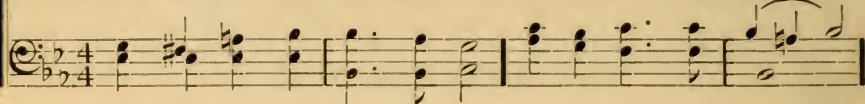
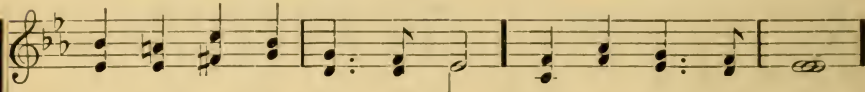


down where He lay— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.
 Thy ten - der care And fit us for heav - en to live with Thee there.

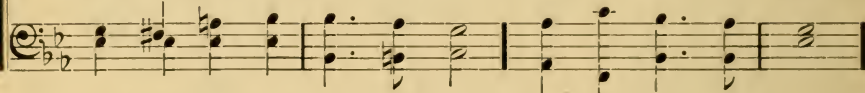




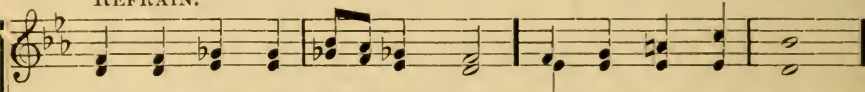
1. Gent - ly, gent - ly kneel and pray, Gent-ly come and go;.....
 2. Kind - ly, kind - ly speak to all, At our work or play;.....
 3. Dear - ly, dear - ly let us love Ev - ery one we know—...
 4. Sweet - ly, sweet - ly sing the praise Of our glo - rious King,

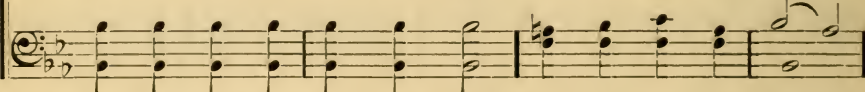
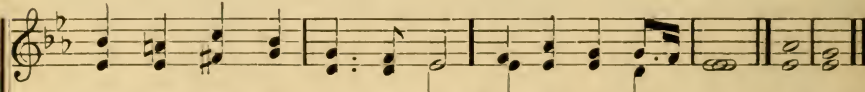
Je - sus Christ is watch - ing us, He would have it so.
 Je - sus Christ can al - ways hear Ev - ery word we say.
 Broth - ers, sis - ters, friends we are— Je - sus makes us so.
 With our hearts and with our voice; Je - sus hears us sing.



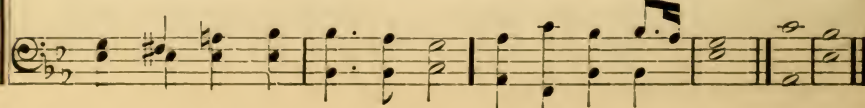
REFRAIN.



Gent - ly, gent - ly shine the stars, Gent - ly grow the flowers,

Gent - ly smiles the love of God, And His love is ours! A-men.



Otis R. Greene.

1. Two lit - tle feet to walk the way to Heaven, Two lit - tle

hands for lov - ing la - bor given, Two lit - tle eyes to

read God's Ho - ly Word, Two lit - tle lips to praise the

Bless - ed Lord, One death-less soul, beam - ing with love and

light, So shall we live al-way in Je - sus' sight. A - men.

"Woodleigh." 7s.

MISS ANNA B. WARNER, () 1859.

Arr. by S. Smith, (1821—)

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
 3. Je - sus loves me, loves me still, When I'm ver - y weak and ill;
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
 From His shi - ning throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.

REFRAIN.

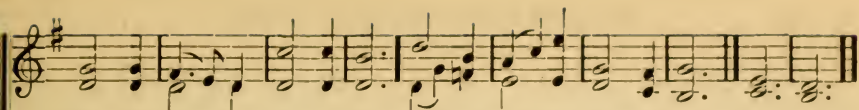
Yes, Je - sus loves me, the Bi - ble tells me so.

7s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854)

Johann C. W. G. Mozart, (1756—1791)

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live;
 2. Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
 3. Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Ghost, He re - claims the sin - ner lost;
 4. Glo - ry in the high - est be To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty,



Children's prayers He deigns to hear, Children's songs delight His ear.
Children, raise your sweetest strain, To the Lamb, for He was slain.
Children's minds may He inspire, Touch their tongues with holy fire.
For the Gos- pel from a-bove, For the word that "God is love." *A - men.*



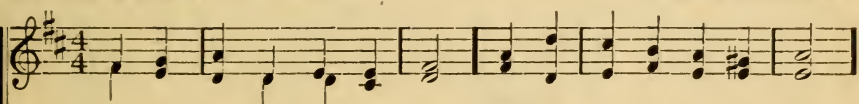
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GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

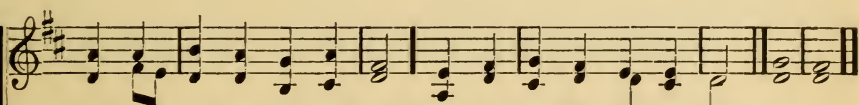
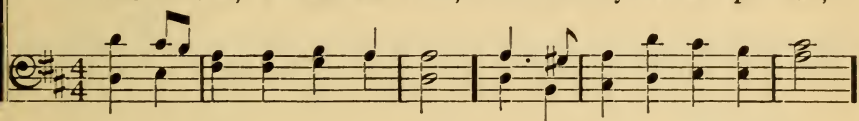
78.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1742.

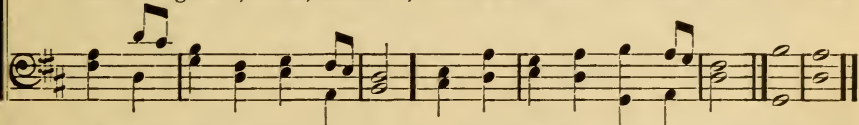
Anglican Hymn Book.



1. Gen- tle Je- sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit- tle child;
2. Put Thy hands up - on my head; Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
3. Hold me fast in Thine em-brace; Let me see Thy smi-ling face;
4. Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex-am-ple be;



Pit - y my sim- plic - i - ty; Suf-fer me to come to Thee.
Let me lean up - on Thy breast; Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give; Pray for me, and I shall live.
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit- tle Child. *A - men.*



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 Let me, above all, fulfill
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.</p> | <p>7 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.</p> |
| <p>6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Savior, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart,</p> | <p>8 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be,</p> |

E. S. A.

Charles Edward Prior, (1856—), 1899.

1. In the dear Lord's gar - den, Plant - ed here be - low,
 2. Christ, the lov - ing Gar - dener, Tends these blos - soms small;
 3. Lord, Thy call we an - swer, Take us in Thy care;

Ma - ny ti - ny flow - erets, In sweet beau - ty grow.
 Loves the lit - tle lil - ies, As the ce - dars tall.
 Train us in Thy gar - den, In Thy work to share.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus calls the chil - dren, Bids them come and stand

In His pleas - ant gar - den, Wa - tered by His hand.

CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

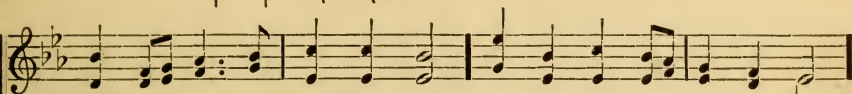
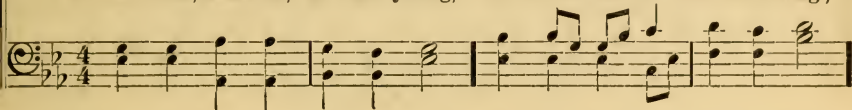
"Infant Praises."

JOHN HENLEY, (1800—1842)

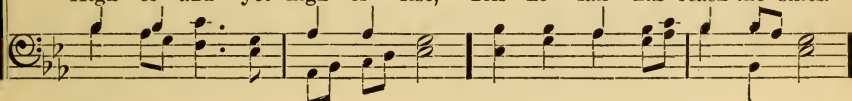
English Melody.



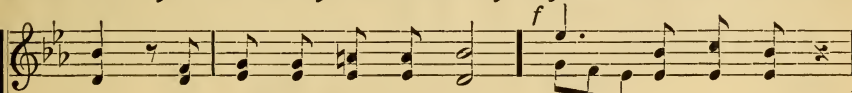
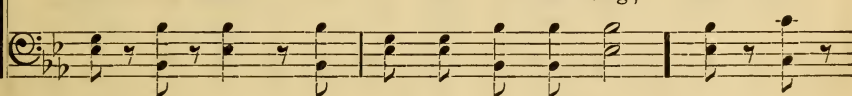
1. Chil - dren of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' Name;
 2. We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalm-ist said,—
 3. We are taught to love the Lord; We are taught to read His Word;
 4. Pa - rents, teach - ers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the song;



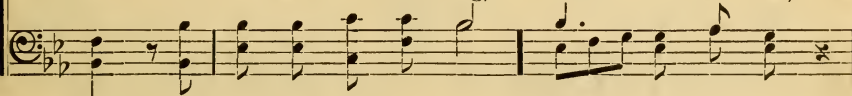
Chil - dren, too, of mod - ern days, Join to sing the Sa - vior's praise.
 Babes' and suck - lings' art - less lays, Shall pro - claim the Sa - vior's praise.
 We are taught the way to heaven, Praise for all to God be given!
 High - er and yet high - er rise, Till ho - san - nas reach the skies.

REFRAIN. *p*

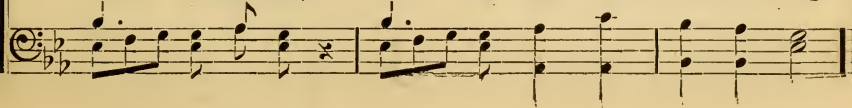
Hark! hark! hark! while in - fant voi - ces sing; Hark! hark!



hark! while in - fant voi - ces sing, Loud ho - san - nas,



loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas to our King.



"My Savior Dear." 7s. & 6 lines.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, (1824—1899)

Theodore Edson Perkins, (1831—) 1868.

1. Thou that once on moth-er's knee Wert a lit - tle one like me,
 2. Be be - side me in the light, Close be - side me all the night;
 3. Thou art near me when I pray, Though thou art so far a - way;

When I wake or go to bed, Lay Thy hand a - bout my head;
 Make me gen - tle, kind, and true, Do what moth - er bids me do;
 Thou my lit - tle hymn wilt hear, Je - sus Christ, my Sa - vior dear;

Let me feel Thee ver - y near, Je - sus Christ, my Sa - vior dear.
 Help and cheer me when I fret, And for - give when I for - get.
 Thou that once on moth-er's knee Wert a lit - tle one like me.

Copyright by Theo. E. Perkins.

MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

6s. & 5s.

Arr. by A. Rhodes.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
 2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble though they be,
 3. And our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way
 4. Lit - tle deeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth - ful hands,
 5. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,

Make the might - y o - cean And the beauteous land.
 Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
 From the paths of vir - tue, Far in sin to stray.
 Grow to bless the na - tions, Far in hea - then lands.
 Make our earth an E - den, Like the Heavens a - bove.

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JESUS, FROM THY THRONE ON HIGH.

"Septem Voces." 7. 7. 7. 6.

REV. THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, (1836—1896) 1870.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842—)

1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
 2. Lit - tle chil - dren need not fear, When they know that Thou art near;
 3. Lit - tle hearts may love Thee well, Lit - tle lips Thy love may tell,
 4. Lit - tle lives may be di - vine, Lit - tle deeds of love may shine,

Look on us with lov - ing eye; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!
 Thou dost love us, Sa - vior dear; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!
 Lit - tle hymns Thy prais - es swell; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!
 Lit - tle ones be whol - ly Thine; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!

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JESUS ONCE AN INFANT SMALL.

7. 7. 7. 6.

REV. THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, (1836—) 1870.

1870.

- 1 Jesus, once an infant small,
 Cradled in the oxen's stall,
 Though the God and Lord of all;
 Hear us, Holy Jesus!
- 2 Once a child so good and fair,
 Feeling want, and toil, and care,
 All that we may have to bear;
 Hear us, Holy Jesus!
- 3 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
 And it is Thy holy will
 That we should be safe from ill;
 Hear us, Holy Jesus!
- 4 Be Thou with us every day,
 In our work and in our play,
 When we learn and when we pray;
 Hear us, Holy Jesus!
- 5 When we lie asleep at night,
 Ever may Thy angels bright
 Keep us safe till morning's light;
 Hear us, Holy Jesus!
- 6 Make us brave, without a fear,
 Make us happy, full of cheer,
 Sure that Thou art always near;
 Hear us, Holy Jesus!

REV. W. O. CUSHING, (1823—)

George Frederick Root, by per. (1820—1895)

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re -

jew - els, All His jew - els, precious jewels, His loved and His own.
 kingdom : All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 deem - er, Are the jew - els, precious jewels, His loved and His own.

REFRAIN.

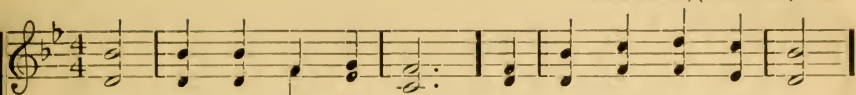
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a -

dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

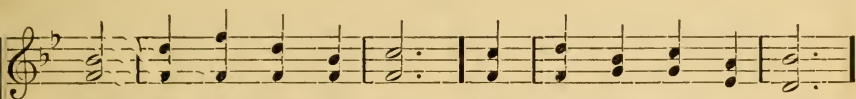
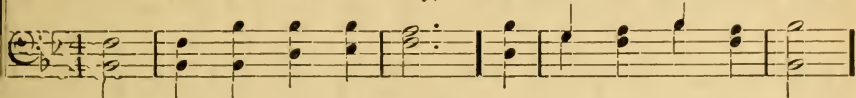
WHEN LITTLE SAMUEL WOKE.

"Lenox."

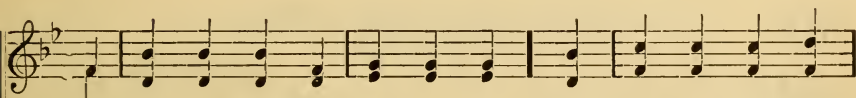
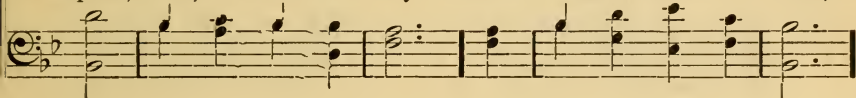
Lewis Edson, (1748—1820) 1782.



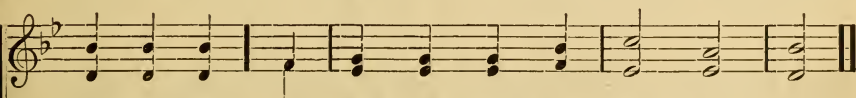
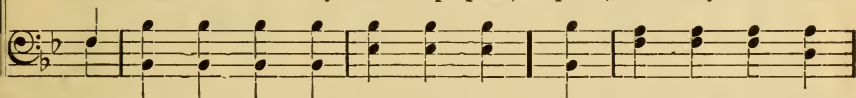
1. When lit - tle Sam - uel woke And heard His Ma - ker's voice,
 2. If God would speak to me, And say He was my Friend,
 3. And does He nev - er speak? Oh yes, for in His word
 4. Like Sam - uel let me say, When - e'er I read His word,



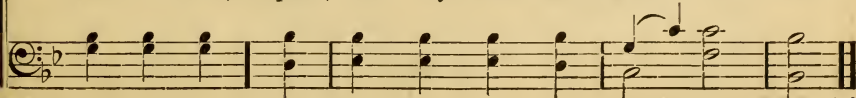
At ev - ery word He spoke How much did he re - joice!
 How hap - py I should be! Oh how I would at - tend!
 He bids me come and seek The God that Sam - uel heard.
 "Speak, Lord; I would o - bey The voice that Sam - uel heard;"



Oh bless - ed, hap - py child, to find The God of heaven so
 The small - est sin I then would fear If God al - might - y
 And ev - ery sin I well may fear, Since God al - might - y
 And when I in Thy house ap - pear, "Speak, for Thy ser - vant



near and kind, The God of heaven so near and kind.
 were so near, If God al - might - y were so near.
 is so near, Since God al - might - y is so near.
 waits to hear," "Speak, for Thy ser - vant waits to hear."



283

JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.

"St. Lucian." 6s. & 5s.

REV. GEORGE RUNDLE PRYNNE, (1818—) 1856.

Johann C. H. Rinck, (1770—1846)

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High,
 2. Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap - tive chains,
 3. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love,

Pit - ying, lov - ing Sa - vior, Hear Thy children's cry.
 Break down ev - ery i - dol, Which our soul de - tains.
 Draw us, Ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove. A - men.

4 Lead us on our journey ;
 Be Thyself the way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
 Son of God Most High,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

284

HOLY JESUS, BE MY LIGHT.

"Maud." P. M.

Alfred Scott Gatty, (1847—)

1. Ho - ly Je - sus, be my light, Shine up - on my way,
 2. As the wise men came of old, Trav - el - ing a - far,
 3. So be Thou my con - stant Guide, Lead me all the way,

Through this tempting, changing life Lead me day by day.
 Guid - ed to Thy cra - dle throne By a wondrous star;
 Till I reach Thy home at last, Nev - er - more to stray. A - men.

FATHER, HOLY FATHER.

"Upton Cressett." 6s. & 5s.

G. Hinton.

1. Fa - ther, Ho - ly Fa - ther, Now the sun has come,
 2. We Thy lit - tle chil - dren, To Thy throne a - bove,
 3. Thou art wise and lov - ing, Thou art great and strong;
 4. Hear us, Ho - ly Fa - ther, As to Thee we pray,
 5. Fa - ther, God, our Fa - ther, Guide us ev - ery hour;

Bring - ing light and glo - ry From Thy heav - en - ly home.
 We would hymn Thy prais - es, We would sing Thy love.
 Glad when we do right - ly, Grieved when we do wrong.
 Ask - ing Thee to keep us Safe from harm to - day.
 Keep us safe, and shield us From temp - ta - tion's power. A - men.

GRACIOUS SAVIOR, GENTLE SHEPHERD.

"St. Sylvester." P. M.

MISS JANE E. LEESON, (1815—1882)

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.

1. Gra - cious Sa - vior, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lit - tle ones are dear to Thee;
 2. Ten - der Shepherd, nev - er leave us From Thy fold to go a - stray;
 3. Taught to lisp the ho - ly prais - es Which on earth Thy children sing,

Gathered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bo - som may we be.
 By Thy look of love di - rect - ed, May we walk the nar - row way.
 May we with Thy saints in glo - ry Join to praise our Lord and King.

287 HOSANNA WE SING, LIKE THE CHILDREN DEAR.

"Hosanna."

REV. GEORGE SAMUEL HODGES, (1827—) 1876.

3/4

1. { Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear
He blessed lit - tle chil - dren and smiled on them
D.S.—fol - low their Shep - herd with lov - ing eyes,

8:

FINE.

In the old - en days when the Lord lived here; }
As they chant - ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. }
Through the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - a - dise.

Al - le - lu - ia! we sing like the chil - dren bright;

D.S.

With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white; As they A - men.

2 Hosanna we sing, for He lends His ear
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
"Alleluia!" we sing in the Church we love,
"Alleluia!" resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

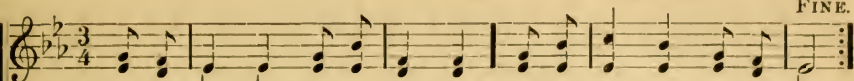
JESUS, HOLY CHILD FROM HEAVEN.

"Nettleton." 8. 7. & 7s. D.

John Wyeth, (

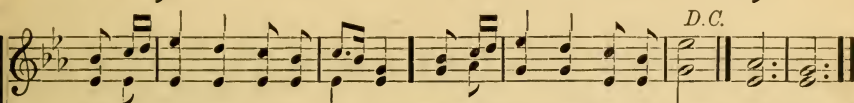
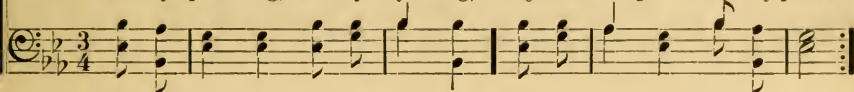
) 1812.

FINE.

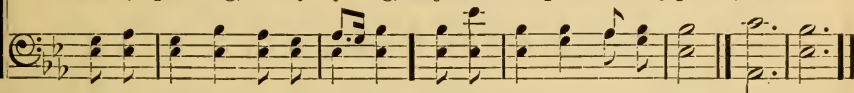


1. { Je - sus, ho - ly Child from heav - en, Thou for chil - dren wast a child ; }
 { In - fant mar - tyrs gathered round Thee, And, un - con - sci - ous, for Thee died. }

D.C.—Not by speak - ing, but by dy - ing, Slaughtered babes pro - claim Thy praise.



Not by speak - ing, but by dy - ing, Slaughtered babes proclaim Thy praise; *A - men.*



- 2 Hail, sweet band of lovely infants,

Welcoming the holy Child,

First-fruits of His martyr-glory,

Innocent and meek and mild.

||: Not by willing, but by dying,

They gave up their all for Thee. :||

- 3 Jesus, holy Child from heaven,

Who for children wast a child,

Lambs upon Thine altar laying,

Make us humble, meek, and mild;

||: That in living and in dying

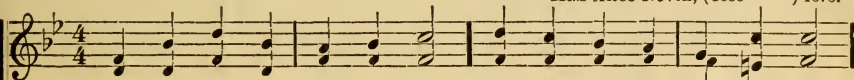
We may evermore be Thine. :||

JESUS, SAVIOR, SON OF GOD.

"Elsie." 7s.

Miss Alice Nevin, (1838—

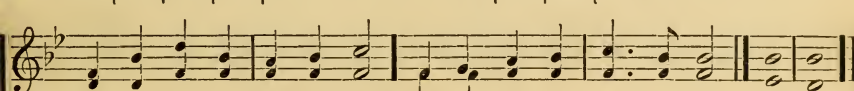
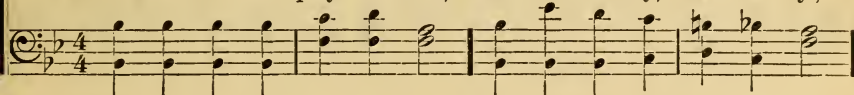
) 1878.



1. Je - sus, Sa - vior, Son of God, Who for me life's path - way trod,

2. I Thy lit - tle lamb would be; Je - sus, I would fol - low Thee;

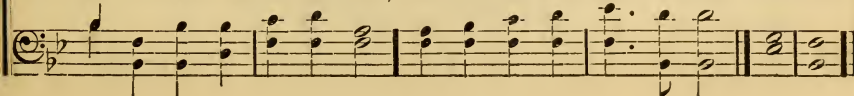
3. Teach me how to pray to Thee, Make me ho - ly, heav - en - ly;



Who for me be - came a child, Make me hum - ble, meek, and mild.

Sam - uel was Thy child of old, Take me, too, with - in Thy fold.

Let me love what Thou dost love, Let me live with Thee a - bove. *A - men.*



1. The morning bright, With ro - sy light, Hath waked me from my sleep ;
 2. All through the day, I hum-bly pray, Be Thou my Guard and Guide ;
 3. Oh make Thy rest With-in my breast, Great Spir - it of all grace ;

Fa - ther, I own Thy love a-lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
 My sins forgive, And let me live, Blest Je - sus, near Thy side.
 Make me like Thee, Then shall I be Prepared to see Thy face. *A - men.*

1. Do no sin - ful ac - tion, Speak no an - gry word ;
 2. Christ is kind and gen - tle, Christ is pure and true,
 3. We are new - born Chris - tians ; We must learn to fight
 4. Christ is our blest Mas - ter, He is good and true,

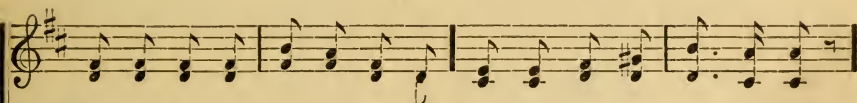
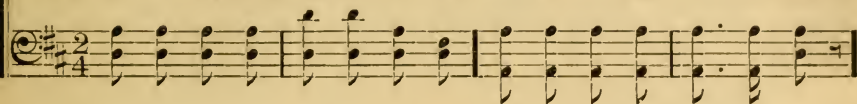
We be-long to Je - sus, Chil - dren of the Lord.
 And His own dear chil - dren Must be ho - ly too.
 With the bad with - in us, And to do the right.
 And His own dear chil - dren Must be ho - ly too. *A - men.*

LITTLE CHILDREN, COME TO JESUS.

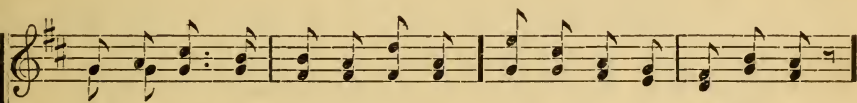
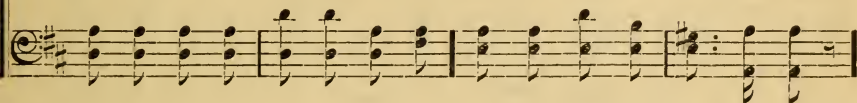
S. B. Saxton, (1827—)



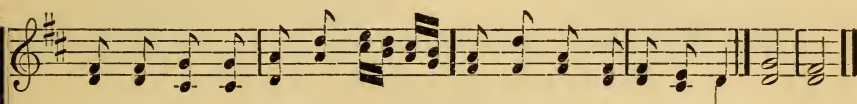
1. Lit - tle chil-dren, come to Je - sus; Hear Him saying, "Come to me;"



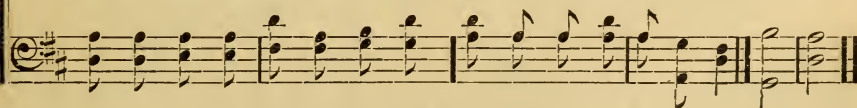
Bless - ed Je - sus, who to save us Shed His blood on Cal - va - ry.



Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him, All His ho - ly law ful - fill;



Lit-tle hearts were made to love Him, Lit-tle hands to do His will. A - men.



- 2 Little eyes to read the Bible
 Given from the heavens above;
 Little ears to hear the story
 Of the Savior's wondrous love;
 Little tongues to sing His praises,
 Little feet to walk His ways,
 Little bodies to be temples
 Where the Holy Spirit stays.

1. The fields are all white, And the reapers are few; We children are
2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak, We cannot teach

will - ing, But what can we do To work for our Lord in His
oth - ers; How, then, shall we seek To work for our Lord in His

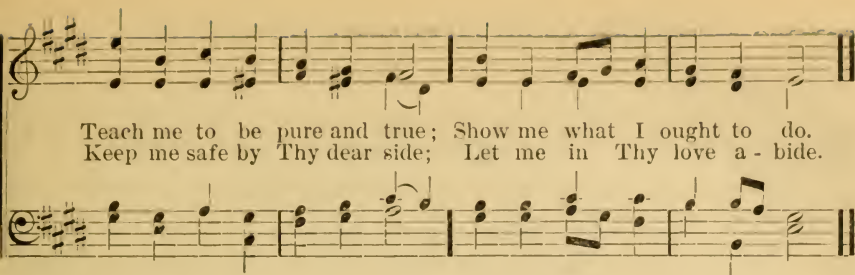
har - vest, To work for our Lord in His har - vest?
har - vest, To work for our Lord in His har - vest? Amen.

3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing

4 Until, by and by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength

May work for our Lord in His harvest. To work for our Lord in His harvest.

1. Fa-ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;
2. When in dan-ger, make me brave; Make me know that Thou canst save;



Teach me to be pure and true; Show me what I ought to do.
Keep me safe by Thy dear side; Let me in Thy love a - bide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

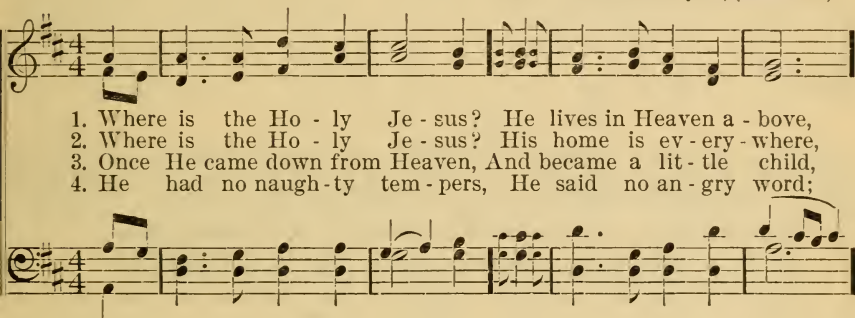
4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

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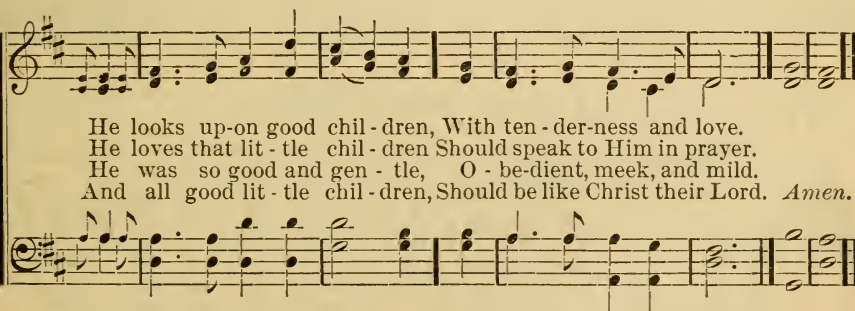
WHERE IS THE HOLY JESUS?

7s. & 6s.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876)



1. Where is the Ho - ly Je - sus? He lives in Heaven a - bove,
2. Where is the Ho - ly Je - sus? His home is ev - ery - where,
3. Once He came down from Heaven, And became a lit - tle child,
4. He had no naugh - ty tem - pers, He said no an - gry word;



He looks up-on good chil-dren, With ten-der-ness and love.
He loves that lit-tle chil-dren Should speak to Him in prayer.
He was so good and gen-tle, O-be-dient, meek, and mild.
And all good lit-tle chil-dren, Should be like Christ their Lord. *Amen.*

5 For He will make them holy,
And teachable and mild,
And has sent His Blessed Spirit
To every Christian child.

6 Then every night and morning
When I kneel down to pray,
I will ask the Holy Jesus,
To help me day by day.

ALBERT MIDLANE, (1825—) 1859.

1. There's a Friend for little children Above the bright bluesky— A Friend that never
 2. There's a home for little children Above the bright blue sky, Where Jesus reigns in
 3. There's a crown for little children Above the bright blue sky, And all who look for
 4. There's a song for little children Above the bright bluesky, And a harp of sweetest

change, Whose love will nev - er die. Our earthly friends may fail us, And
 glo - ry— A home of peace and joy; No home on earth is like it, Nor
 Je - sus Shall wear it by and by— A crown of brightest glo - ry, Which
 mu - sic And palms of vic - to - ry. All, all a - bove is treasured, And

change with changing years; This Friend is always worthy Of that dear name He bears.
 can with it compare, For ev - ery one is happy, Nor could be happier, there.
 He will then be - stow On those who found His favor And loved His name below.
 found in Christ alone; Lord, grant Thy little children To know Thee as their own. A - men.

MRS. JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE, (1813—) 1841.

English.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
 3. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
 arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
 ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly
 all who are washed and for - given; And ma - ny dear chil - dren are

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 looks when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove:—
 gath - er - ing here, "For of such is the king - dom of heaven."

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I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

HENRIETTA LOUISA VON HAYN.

7. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7.

German.

FINE.

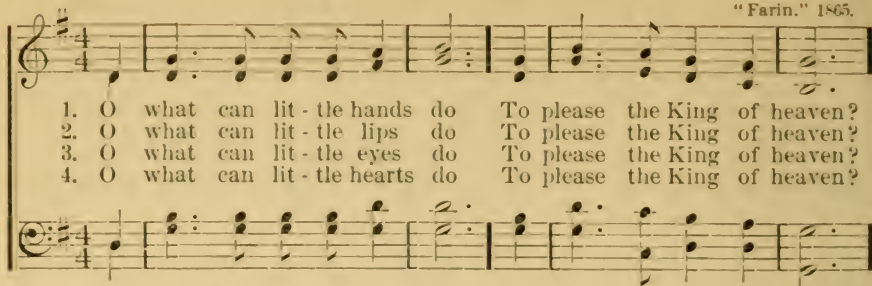
1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, There - fore glad and gay I am;
 D.C.—Tends me ev - ery day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus knows me, All that's good and fair He shows me; A - men.

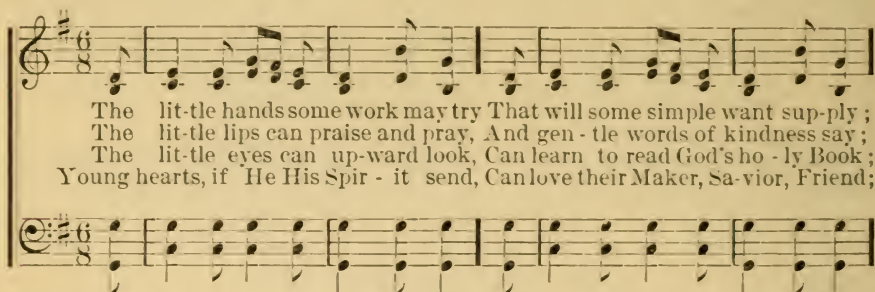
2 Out and in I safely go,
 Want and hunger never know;
 Soft green pastures He discloseth,
 Where His happy flock reposeeth;
 When I faint or thirsty be,
 To the brook He leadeth me,

3 Should not I be glad and gay,
 In this blessed fold all day,
 By this holy Shepherd tended,
 Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
 Bear me to the world of light?
 Yes, oh, yes, my lot is bright,

"Farin." 1865.

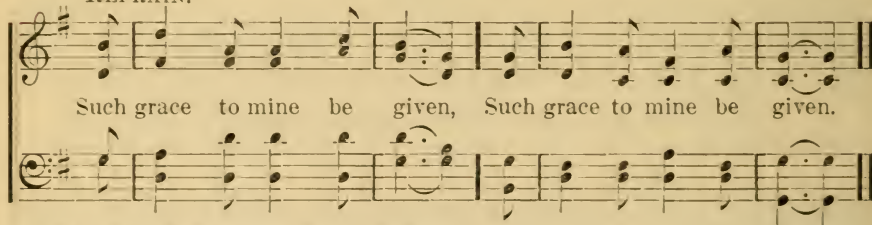


1. O what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heaven?
 2. O what can lit - tle lips do To please the King of heaven?
 3. O what can lit - tle eyes do To please the King of heaven?
 4. O what can lit - tle hearts do To please the King of heaven?



The lit - tle hands some work may try That will some simple want sup - ply ;
 The lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of kindness say ;
 The lit - tle eyes can up - ward look, Can learn to read God's ho - ly Book ;
 Young hearts, if He His Spir - it send, Can love their Maker, Sa - vior, Friend ;

REFRAIN.

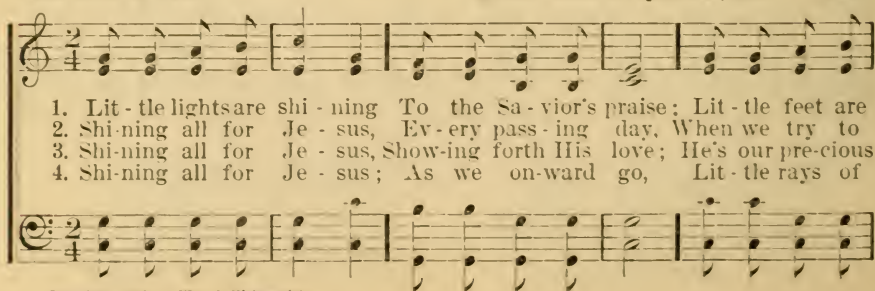


Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.

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MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

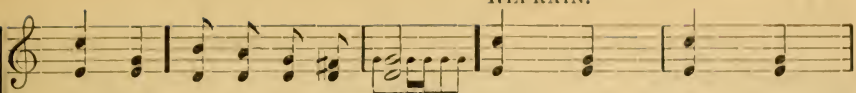
William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1898.



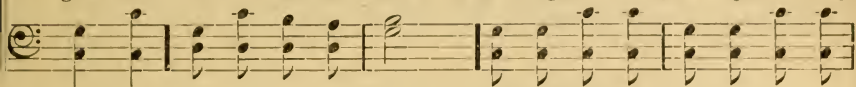
1. Lit - tle lights are shi - ning To the Sa - vior's praise ; Lit - tle feet are
 2. Shi - ning all for Je - sus, Ev - ery pass - ing day, When we try to
 3. Shi - ning all for Je - sus, Show - ing forth His love ; He's our pre - cious
 4. Shi - ning all for Je - sus ; As we on - ward go, Lit - tle rays of

Copyright 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

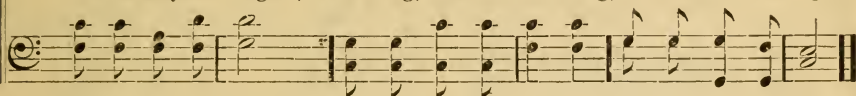
REFRAIN.



march-ing In His pleasant ways. } March - ing, march - ing,
 please Him, And His word o - bey. }
 Sa - vior, He's our Friend a - bove. }
 glad-ness We a-round us throw. } Marching, marching, marching, marching,



In His ways so bright ; Marching, onward marching, Children of the Light.



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JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

MISS MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN, (1814—1840) 1839.

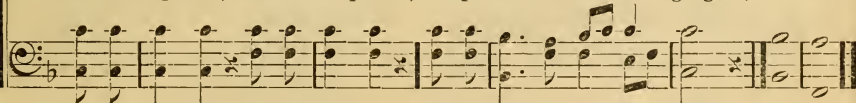
German.
FINE.



1. { Je - sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me ; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night ; }
 { Through the darkness be Thou near me ; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. }
 D. C.—Through the darkness be Thou near me ; Keep me safe till morn-ing light.



Tender Shepherd, ten-der Shepherd, Keep me safe till morning light ; A-men.



2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
 Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed
 Listen to my evening prayer. :|| [me,
 Tender Shepherd, etc,

3 May my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well ;
 Take us, Lord, at last, to heaven.
 Happy there with Thee to dwell. :||
 Tender Shepherd, etc.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

John R. Sweney, (1828-1899) 1893.

John H. Clevens

John H. Clevens, (1888-1957) 1938.

1. Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads,.... Je- sus leads,....
2. All a-long life's rug-ged road Je-sus leads,.... Je- sus leads,....
3. Through the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads,.... Je- sus leads,....
Je-sus leads, Jesus leads,

Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je- sus leads,..... Je- sus leads;.....
 Till we reach yon blest a- bode, Je- sus leads,..... Je- sus leads;.....
 Through the warrings and the strife Je- sus leads,..... Je- sus leads;.....
 Je-sus leads, Jesus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
 All the way, before, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
 When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound - ary line recedes,
 If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.
 Safe in - to the fold of God, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.
 He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.
 Je - sus leads,

rit.

CLOSING.

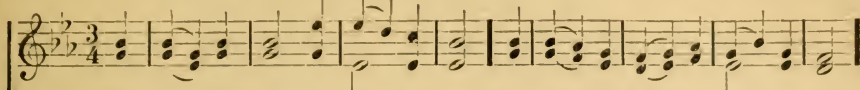
303

SWEET SAVIOR, BLESS US ERE WE GO.

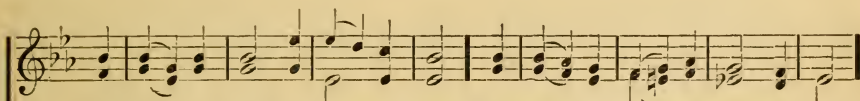
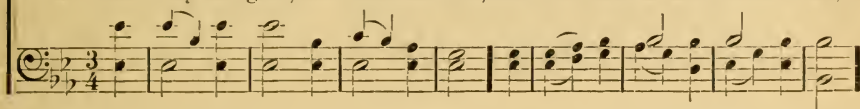
"Stella." 8s. & 6 lines.

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1840.

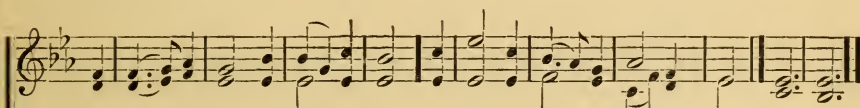
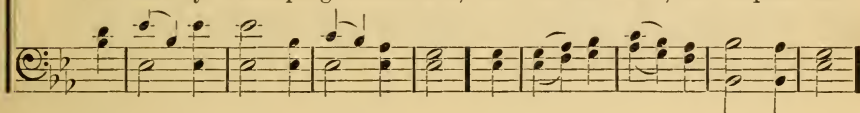
From "Crown of Jesus."



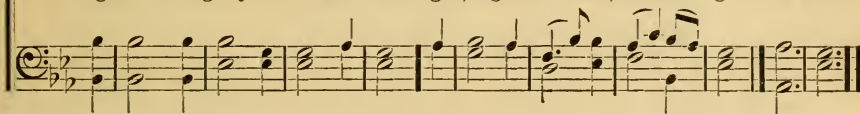
1. Sweet Sa-vior, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in-stil,
2. The day has gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast ta-ken count of all,



And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer-vent will.
The scan-ty triumphs grace hath won, The bro-ken vow, the fre-quent fall.



Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Je-sus, be our light.
Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Je-sus, be our light. *A-men.*



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.</p> | <p>5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.</p> |
| <p>4 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never! let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light,</p> | <p>6 Sweet Savior, bless us: night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be,
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light,</p> |

ADAM GEIBEL, (1855—) 1899.

Arr. from Franz Schubert, (1797—1828)

1. Bless-ed Je - sus, hear Thy chil-dren At the close of this glad
2. Bless-ed Je - sus, watch Thou o'er us All through-out our earth - ly

day; Ere we part from one an-oth - er, Ere we home-ward take our
life; Be Thou e'er our balm in sor-row, Be Thou e'er our stay in

way. Let Thy heaven-ly ben - e - diction Fall up - on us
strife. And when life's long day is end - ed, And the jour - ney

peace-ful - ly; And to Thee we'll give the glo - ry, Fa - ther,
is com - plete, May we dwell in Heaven for ev - er, Rest - ing



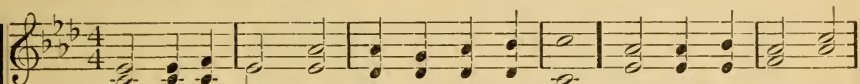
Son, and Spir - it three, Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it three.
at the Sa-vior's feet, Rest;ing at the Sa-vior's feet.

305 SAVIOR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME WE RAISE.

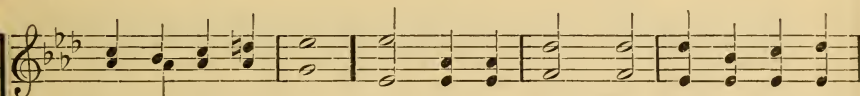
"Ellers." 10s.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON,, (1826—1893) 1866.

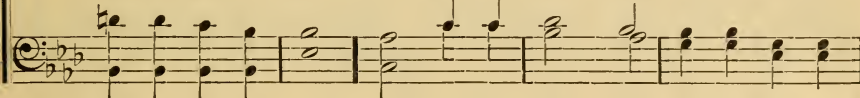
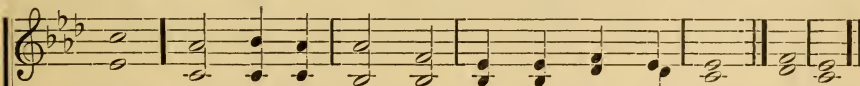
Edward John Hopkins, (1818—) 1867.



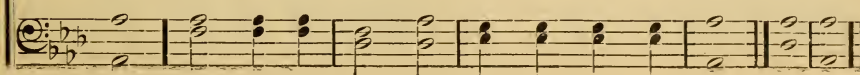
1. Sa - vior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way ; With Thee began, with
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night; Turn Thou for us its
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row,

part-ing hymn of praise; We rise to bless Thee ere our wor-ship
Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy children
and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-flict

cease, And now, de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A-men.

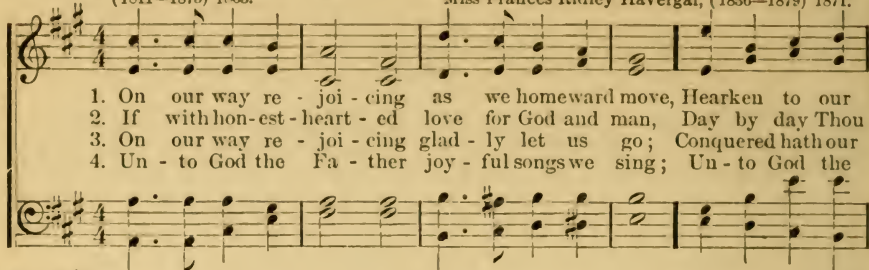


306 ON OUR WAY REJOICING, AS WE HOMEWARD MOVE.

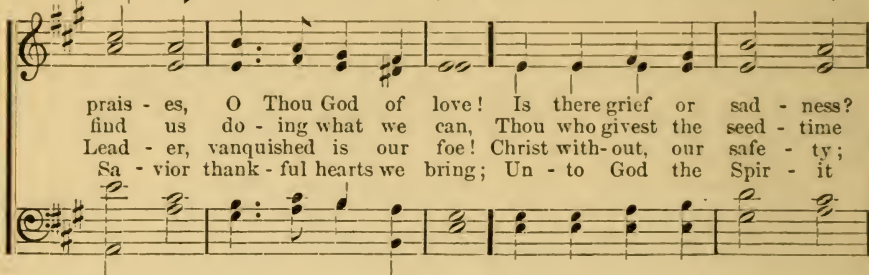
"Hermas." 11s. (With Refrain.)

REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL,
(1811-1875) 1863.

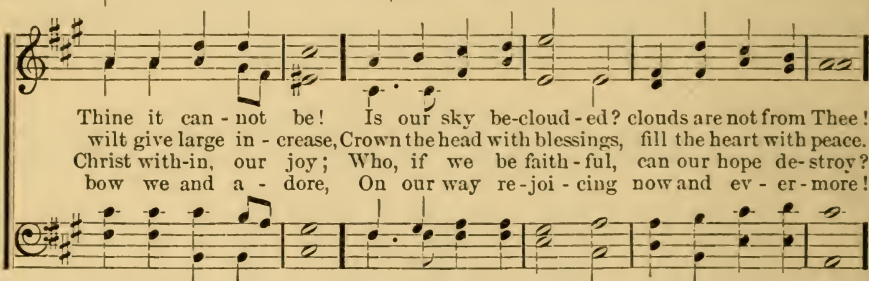
Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, (1836-1879) 1871.



1. On our way re - joi - cing as we homeward move, Hearken to our
2. If with-hon-est-heart - ed love for God and man, Day by day Thou
3. On our way re - joi - cing glad - ly let us go; Conquered hath our
4. Un - to God the Fa - ther joy - ful songs we sing; Un - to God the

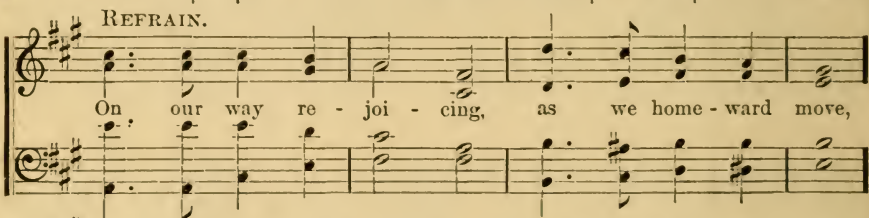


prais - es, O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness?
find us do - ing what we can, Thou who givest the seed - time
Lead - er, vanquished is our foe! Christ with-out, our safe - ty;
Sa - vior thank - ful hearts we bring; Un - to God the Spir - it

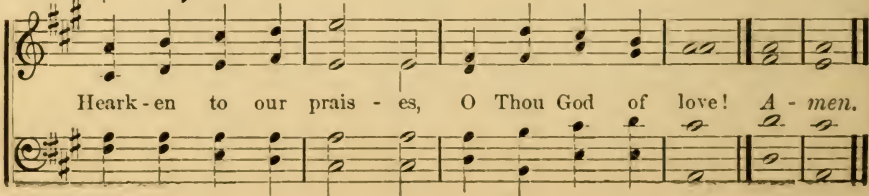


Thine it can - not be! Is our sky be-cloud-ed? clouds are not from Thee!
wilt give large in - crease, Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
Christ with-in, our joy; Who, if we be faith - ful, can our hope de-destroy?
bow we and a - dore, On our way re-joi - cing now and ev - er-more!

REFRAIN.



On our way re - joi - cing, as we home - ward move,

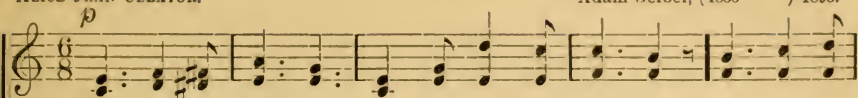


Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! A - men.

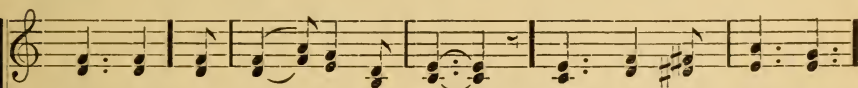
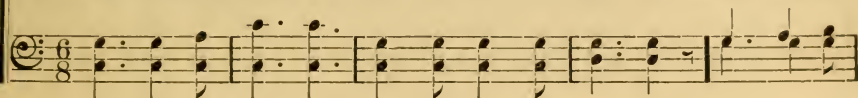
HEAVENLY FATHER AS WE BOW.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

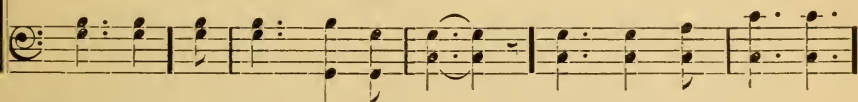
Adam Geibel, (1855—) 1893.



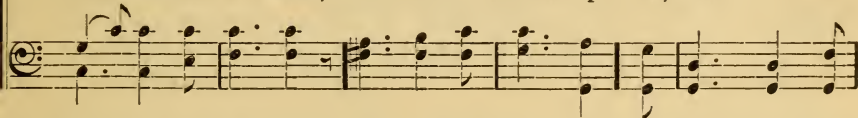
1. Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, as we bow be - fore Thee, Look on Thy
 2. Show us Thy pres - ence that we may be - hold Thee In all the
 3. When comes the drear - y day of earth - ly part - ing, When swift the



chil - dren In pit - y and love; Send us Thy bless - ing;
 sweet - ness Of Thy sa - ving power; Help us in tri - al;
 sur - ges And strong bil - lows roar, Lead us through darkness,

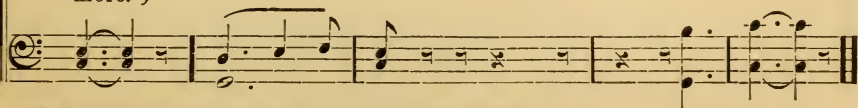


Grant Thy for - give - ness; Raise our af - fec - tions To glo - ries a -
 Heal our af - flic - tions; Light - en the dark - ness Of sor - row's lone
 Guide us safe on - ward, On - ward to Heaven's por - tal, Safe ev - er -



bove.
 hour.
 more. }

A - - men, a - - - men, a - men.



"Solitude." 7s.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1776.

Lewis Thomas Downes, (1827—) 1851.

1. For a sea-son called to part, Let us now our-selves commend
 2. Je - sus, hear our hum - ble prayer; Ten - der Shepherd of Thy sheep,
 3. What we each have now been taught, Let our mem - o - ries re - tain;
 4. Then, if Thou in - struc - tion bless, Songs of prais - es shall be given;

To the gracious eye and heart Of our ev - er pres - ent Friend.
 Let Thy mer - cy and Thy care All our souls in safe - ty keep.
 May we, if we live, be brought Here to meet in peace a - gain.
 We'll our thankfulness express, Here on earth and when in heaven. *Amen.*

Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 309.

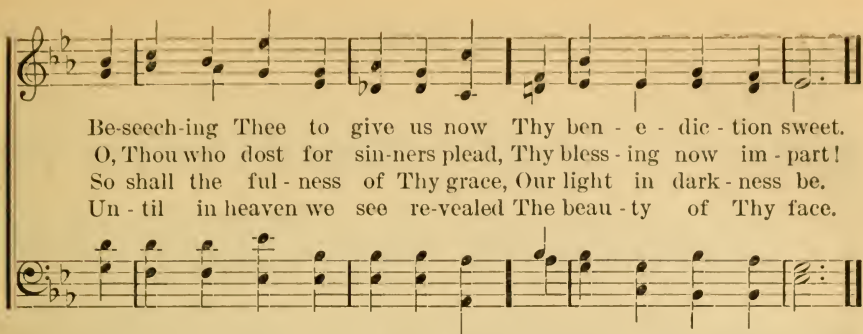
S. M.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

Adam Geibel, (1855—) 1898.

1. Lord Je - sus, low we bow Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat,
 2. Thou know - est ev - ery need, In ev - ery wait - ing heart;
 3. So shall we leave this place, As still "in touch" with Thee;
 4. Be Thou our Sun and Shield, Our safe a - bi - ding Place,

Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 310.



Be-seech-ing Thee to give us now Thy ben - e - dic - tion sweet.
 O, Thou who dost for sin-ners plead, Thy bless - ing now im - part!
 So shall the ful - ness of Thy grace, Our light in dark - ness be.
 Un - til in heaven we see re-vealed The beau - ty of Thy face.

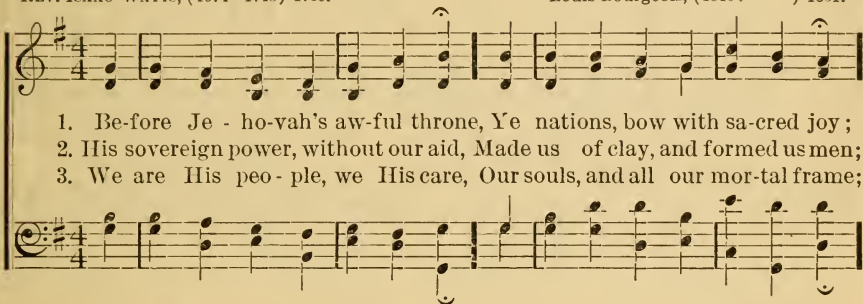
310

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

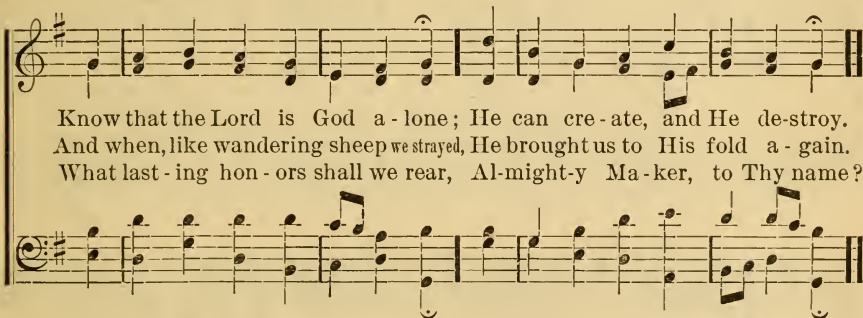
"Old Hundredth." L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719.

Louis Bourgeois, (1510?—) 1551.



1. Be-fore Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy;
 2. His sov-er-eign power, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 3. We are His peo-ple, we His care, Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame;



Know that the Lord is God a-lone; He can cre-ate, and He de-destroy.
 And when, like wan-dering sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a-gain.
 What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al-might-y Ma-ker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thank-ful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sound-ing praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy com-mand,
 Vast as eter-nity, Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
 When roll-ing years shall cease to move.

Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 311.

Rev. JEREMIAH E. RANKIN, (—) 1882.

William G. Tomer, (—) 1882.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Put His lov - ing arms a - round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Till we meet, till we meet again, God be with you till we meet a - gain!

Copyright by J. E. Rankin, D. D., Washington, D. C.

Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 308.

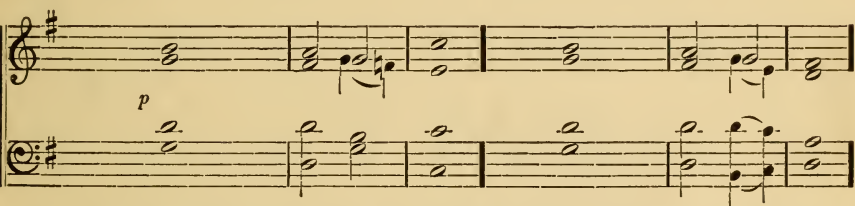
Old Chant.



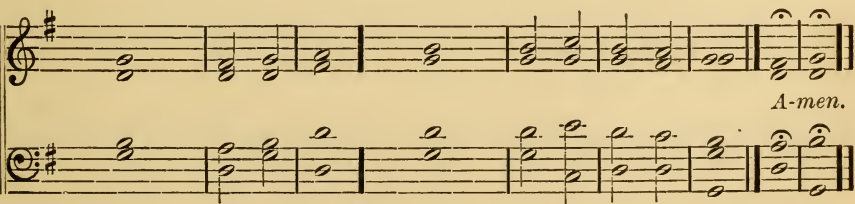
GLORY be to | God on | high : || and on *earth* | peace, good- | will toward | men.
 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee*, we | wor-ship | Thee : || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord *God*, | heavenly | King : || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- = | mighty.
 O Lord, the only-begotten *Son*, | Je-sus | Christ : || O Lord God, Lamb of *God*, |
 Son = | of the | Father,

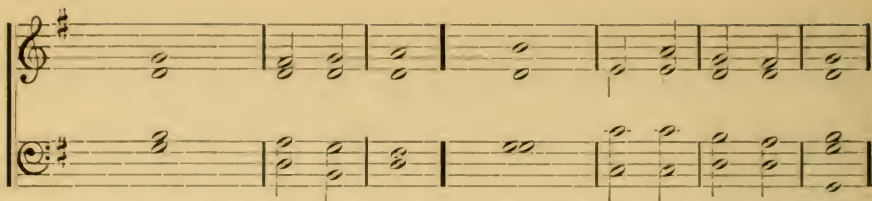


That takest *away* the | sin . of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on = | us.
 Thou that takest *away* the | sin . of the | world : || have *mercy* up- | on = | us.
 Thou that takest *away* the | sin . of the | world : || *re-* | ceive our | prayer.
 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father : || have *mercy* up- | on = | us.

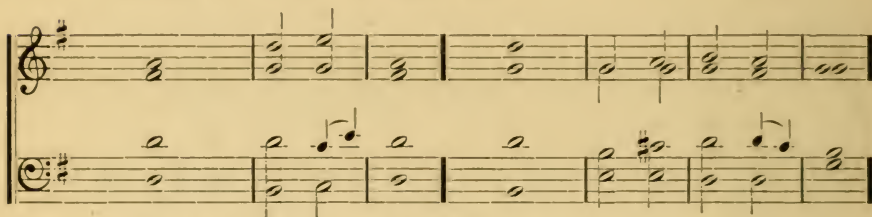


A-men.

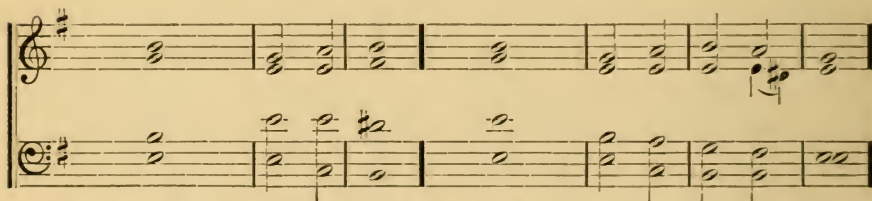
For *Thou* | only . art | Holy : || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.
 Thou only, O *Christ*, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost : || art most *high* in the | glory . of |
 God the | Father. || A- | men.



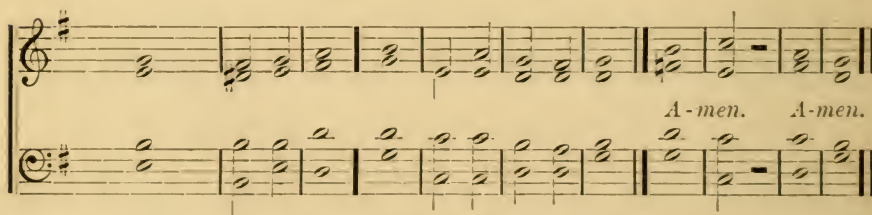
GLORY *be* to | God on | high : || and on *earth* | peace, good- | will . towards | men.
We praise Thee, we bless *Thee*, we | worship | Thee : || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord *God*, | heavenly | King : || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- = | mighty.
O Lord, the only-begotten *Son*, | Je-sus | Christ : || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* |
Son = | of the | Father,



That takest away the | sin . of the world : || *have* | mercy up- | on = | us.
Thou that takest away the | sin . of the | world : || *have* | mercy up- | on = | us.
Thou that takest away the | sin . of the | world : || *re-* | ceive = | our = | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father: || *have* | mercy up- | on = | us.



For *Thou* | only . art | Holy : || *Thou* on-ly | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O *Christ*, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost : || art most *high* in the | glory . of |
God the | Father.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

In F.

Wm. Jackson of Exeter.

Tempo ordinario.

We praise Thee, O God; we ac-knowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth wor-ship Thee, the Fa-ther ev - er - last - ing. To

Thee, all An-gels cry a-loud. The Heavens, and all the Powers therein. To

Thee, Cher-u-bim and Ser - a-phem con-tin-ual-ly do cry,

f Ho - ly, *p* Ho - ly, *f* Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth.

Heaven and earth are full of the Ma-jes-ty of Thy glo-ry.

Duo.

The glo-rious com-pa-ny of th'A-pos-tles

Tutti.

praise Thee. The good-ly fel-low-ship of the Prophets

Tutti. *Duo.* *Tutti.*

praise Thee. The no-ble ar-my of Mar-tyrs praise Thee. The

ho-ly Church throughout all the world doth ac-knowl-edge Thee; The

f

Fa-ther, of an in - fin - ite Ma - jes - ty; Thine a - dor - a - ble,

p

true, and on - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost, the Com - fort - er.

rall.

Andante maestoso.

f

Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O Christ, Thou art the ev - er - last - ing

Trio.

Son of the Fa - ther. When Thou tookest up - on Thee to de -

liv - er man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Vir - gin.

Quartet.

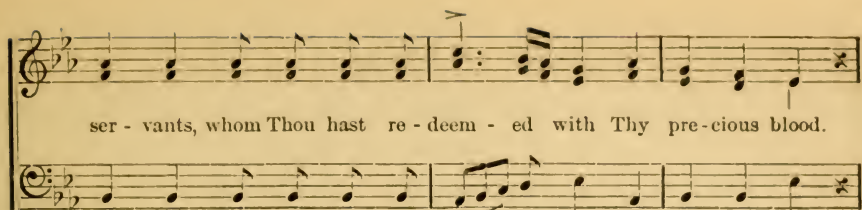
When Thou hadst o - ver - come the sharp - ness of death, Thou didst

o - pen the King - dom of Heaven to all be - liev - ers.

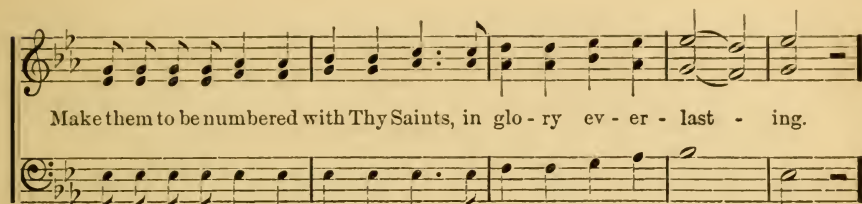
f, Tutti.
Thou sit - test at the right hand of God, in the

p Trio.
Glo - ry of the Fa - ther. We be - lieve that Thou shalt come to

be our Judge. We there - fore pray Thee, help Thy

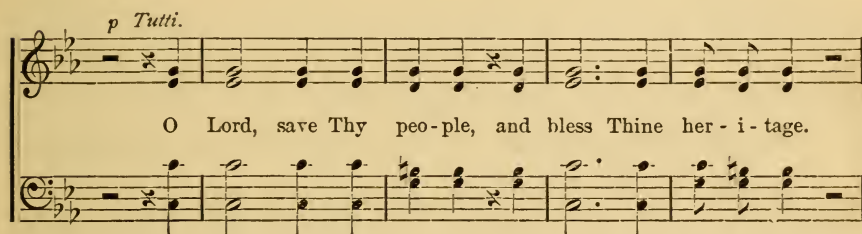


ser - vants, whom Thou hast re - deem - ed with Thy pre - cious blood.

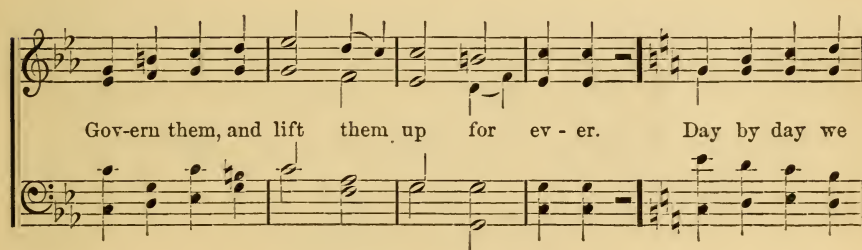


Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints, in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing.

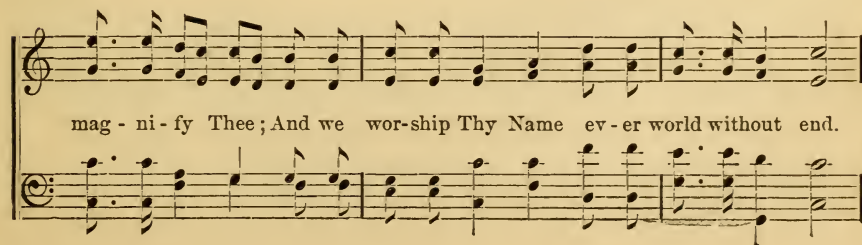
p Tutti.



O Lord, save Thy peo - ple, and bless Thine her - i - tage.



Gov - ern them, and lift them up for ev - er. Day by day we



mag - ni - fy Thee; And we wor - ship Thy Name ev - er world without end.

p

Vouch-safe, O Lord, to keep us this day with - out sin. O

Largo. p

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us.

Tempo mo.

p

O Lord, let Thy mer - cy be up - on us, as our trust, our

f

trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee, in Thee have I trust -

ed; let me nev - er, let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

314

KYRIE.

O God, the Father in *Heaven*, have mer - cy up - on us.

O God, the Son, Redeem-
er of the *world*, have... } mer - cy up - on us. O God, the Holy *Ghost*, have

mer - cy up - on us, And grant us Thy peace. A - men.

315

GLORIA PATRI. No. 1.

Gregorian.

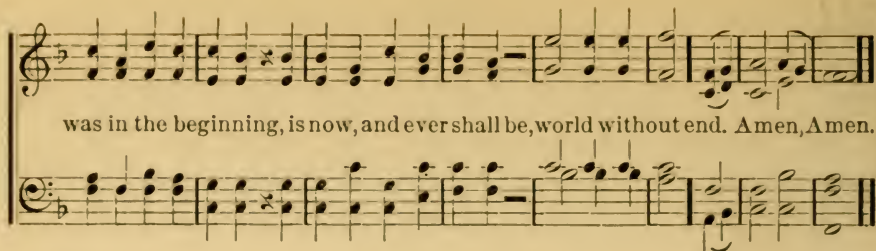
Glory be to the *Father*, and..... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

315

GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.

Henry Wellington Greathorex, (1811—1858)

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost ; As it

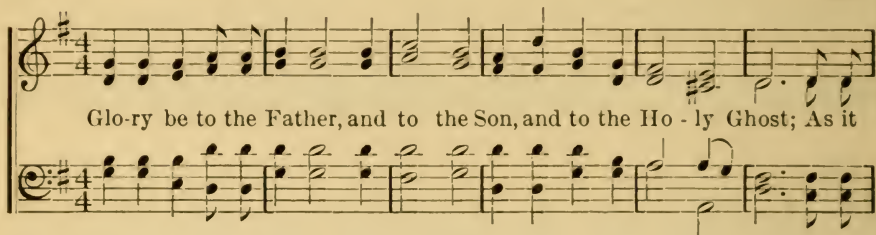


was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

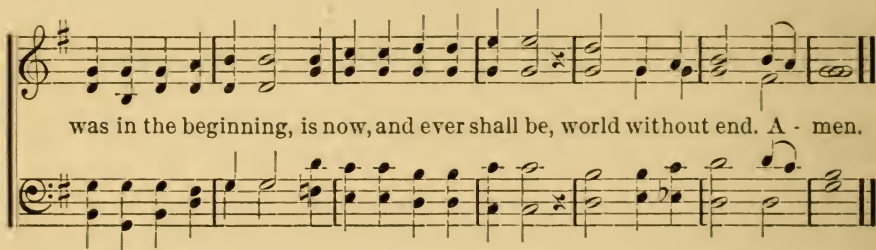
315

GLORIA PATRI. No. 3.

Irr.



Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it

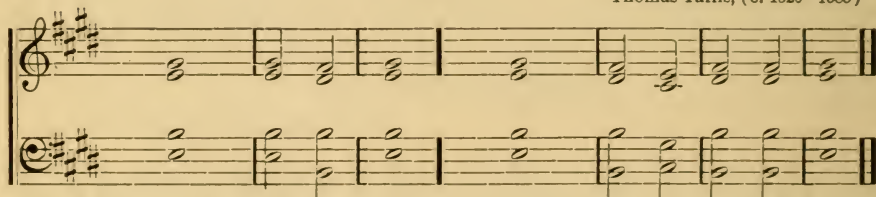


was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men.

316

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Thomas Tallis, (c. 1520—1585)



Our Father, which art in heaven, *hallowed* | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom
come; Thy will be *done* on | earth · as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this *day* our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our *debts*, as | we for- |
give our | debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but *deliver* | us from | evil; || for Thine is
the kingdom, and the power, and the *glory*, for | ever · and | ever.
A - | men.

CHANTS.

Suggestions on Chanting.

1. The words, from the commencement of each verse and half-verse, up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation.

2. On reaching the the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

3. If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

4. An asterisk (*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (;, :) must be attended to as in good reading.

5. As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

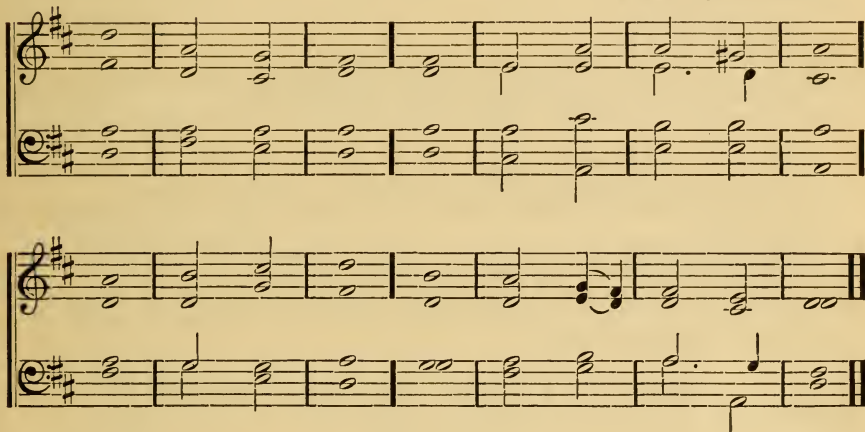
6. Final *ed* is always pronounced as a separate syllable.

317

O COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD.

Venite.

William Boyce, (1710—1779.)



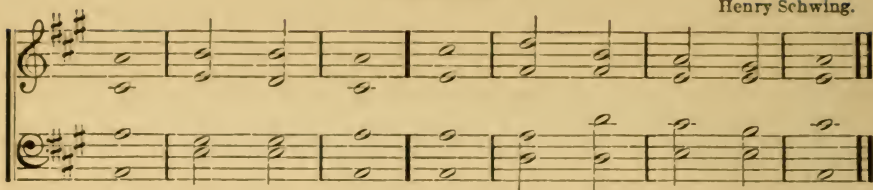
Psalm 95.

1. O come, let us *sing* un- | to the | Lord: || let us make a joyful *noise* to the | Rock of | our sal- vation.
2. Let us come before His *presence* with | thanks- = | giving: || and make a joyful *noise* | unto | Him with | psalms.
3. For the *Lord* is a | great = | God: || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
4. In His hand are the deep *places* | of the | earth: || the *strength* of the | hills is | His = | also.
5. The sea is *His*, | and He | made it: || and His *hands* | formed • the | dry = | land.
6. O come, let us *worship* and | bow = | down: || let us *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

Glory be to the *Father*, | and • to the | Son, || and | to • the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: || *world* without | end, = | A- = | men.

Benedictus.

Henry Schwing.

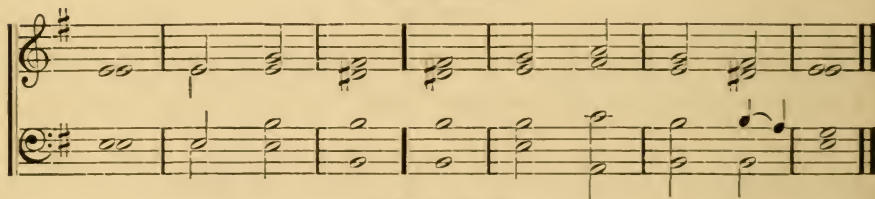


Luke 1: 68-79.

1. Blessed be the *Lord* | God of | Israel: || for He hath *visited* | and re- | deemed • His | people;
2. And hath raised up a *horn* of sal- | vation | for us: || in the *house* | of His | servant | David;
3. As He spake by the *mouth* of His | holy | prophets: || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan;
4. That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies: || and *from* the | hand of | all that | hate us;
5. To perform the *mercy* *promised* | to our | fathers: || and to re- | member His | holy | covenant;
6. The *oath* | which He sware: || to our | father | Abra- | ham.
7. That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the *hand* * of our | ene- | mies: || *might* | serve Him | without | fear;
8. In holiness and *righteous-* | ness be- | fore Him: || *all* the | days = | of our | life.
9. And Thou, Child * shalt be called the *Prophet* | of the | Highest: || for Thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways;
10. To give knowledge of *salvation* | unto • His | people: || *by* the re- | mission of | their | sins.
11. Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God: || whereby the day-*spring* from on | high hath | visit- • ed | us;
12. To give light to them that sit in darkness, * and *in* the shadow • of | death: || to guide our *feet* | into • the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the *Father*, etc.

Nunc Dimittis.



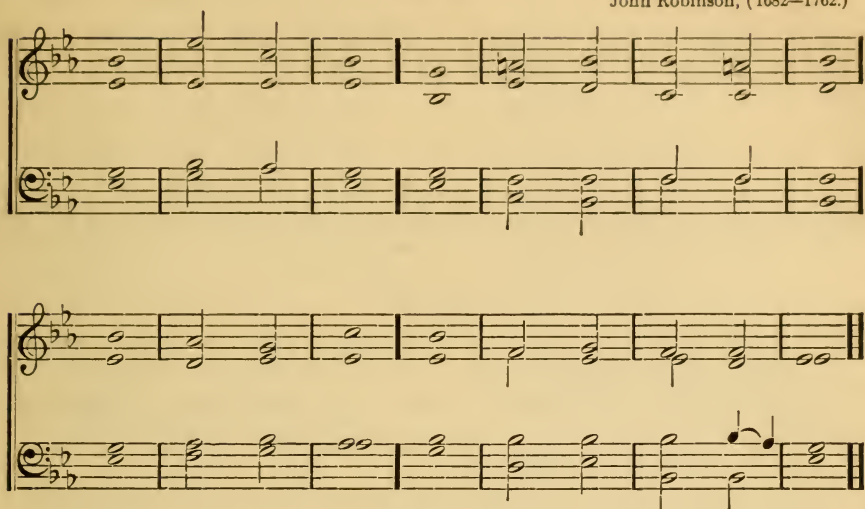
Luke 2: 29-32.

1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy *servant* de- | part in | peace: || ac- | cording | to Thy | word.
2. *For* mine | eyes have | seen: || *Thy* | = sal- | va- = | tion,
3. Which *Thou* | hast pre- | pared: || *before* the | face of | all = | people;
4. To be a *light* to | lighten • the | Gentiles: || and to be the *glory* of Thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.

Glory be to the *Father*, etc.

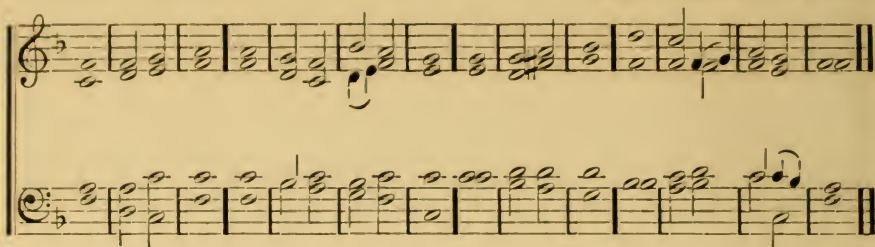
Magnificat.

John Robinson, (1682—1762.)



Luke 1 : 46-55.

1. My soul doth *magni-* | fy the | Lord : || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced • in |
God my | Savior.
2. For He | hath re- | garded : || The *low* e- | state of | His hand- | maiden.
3. For be- | hold from | henceforth || all *gene-* | rations • shall | call me | blessed.
4. For He that is mighty * hath *done* to | me great things ; || and | ho-ly | is
His | Name.
5. And His *mercy* is on | them that | fear Him : || from *gene-* | ration . to | gene- |
ration.
6. He hath shewed *strength* | with His | arm : || He hath scattered the proud in
the *imagi-* | nation | of their | hearts.
7. He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seats : || and *exalted* | them of |
low de- | gree.
8. He hath filled the hungry with | good= | things : || and the *rich* He | hath
sent | empty • a- | way.
9. He hath holpen His | servant | Israel : || *in* re- | membrance | of His= | mercy.
10. As He *spake* | to our | fathers : || to Abraham, | and his | seed for | ever.
Glory be to the *Father*, | and to the | Son, || and | to • the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be : || *world* without |
end. = | A- = | men.



Psalm 51.

1. Have mercy upon *me*, | O = | God : || according | to Thy | loving | kindness :
 2. According unto the multitude of Thy | tender | mercies : || blot out | my
trans- | gres = | sions.
 3. Wash me thoroughly from mine in- |iqui- | ty : || and | cleanse me | from my |
sin.
 4. For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions : || and my *sin* is | ever • be- | fore =
| me.
 5. Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned * and done this evil | in Thy | sight : ||
that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be | clear = |
when Thou | judgest.
 6. Behold, I was *shapen* in in- |iqui- | ty : || and in *sin* did my | mother • con- |
ceive = | me.
 7. Behold, Thou desirest *truth* in the | inward | parts : || and in the hidden *part*
Thou shalt | make me • to | know = | wisdom
 8. Purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean : || wash *me*, and I | shall be |
whiter • than | snow.
 9. Make me to *hear* | joy and | gladness : || that the bones which *Thou* hast |
bro-ken | may re- | joice.
 10. Hide Thy *face* | from my | sins : || and blot out | all • mine in- |iqui- | ties.
 11. Create in me a clean *heart*, | O = | God : || and renew a right | spirit • with- | in =
| me.
 12. Cast me not *away* | from Thy | presence : || and take not Thy | Holy | Spirit |
from me.
 13. Restore unto me the *joy* of | Thy sal- | vation : || and uphold me | with Thy |
free = | spirit.
 14. Then will I *teach* trans- | gressors Thy | ways : || and sinners shall be con- |
verted | unto | Thee.
 15. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God * Thou *God* of | my sal- | vation : || and
my tongue shall sing *aloud* | of Thy | righteous- | ness.
 16. O *Lord*, open | Thou my | lips : || and my *mouth* shall | shew forth | Thy = |
praise.
 17. For Thou desirest not *sacrifice*, else | would I | give it : || Thou *delightest* |
not in | burnt = | offering.
 18. The sacrifices of *God* are a | broken | spirit : || a broken and a contrite heart,
O *God*, | Thou wilt | not de- | spise.
 19. Do good in Thy good *pleasure* | unto | Zion : || build Thou the *walls* | of Je- |
rusa- | lem.
 20. Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness * with burnt
offering and | whole burnt | offering : || then shall they *offer* | bullocks
up- | on Thine altar.
- Lordy be to the Father, etc.

322 Tune—"Old Hundredth"—No. 310. *L. M.*

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell ;
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETHE, about 1562.

323 Tune—"Watchman." *7s. D.*

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are ;
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell ?

Traveler, yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends ;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends ;
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveler, ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn ;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn ;
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home !
Traveler, lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come !

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

324

Tune—"Penitence"—No. 162. *6s. & 5s. D.*

Savior, blessed Savior,
Listen while we sing ;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee :
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die :
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there ;
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

GODFREY THRING, 1862.

325 Tune—"Solitude"—No. 308. *7s.*

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear !

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength ! be Thou our stay !
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own ;
Help, O help us to endure ;
Fit us for Thy promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings!
 HENRY DOWNTON, 1841.

326 7s. & 6s. D.

Tune—"Webb"—No. 112.

Hail to the Lord's anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore Him;
 His praise all people sing;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion,
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The heavenly dew shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blessed.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever;
 That name to us is Love!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

327 7s. D.

Tune—"Spanish Hymn"—No. 60.

Hasten, Lord! the glorious time
 When beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the Gospel's call obey.

Mightiest kings His power shall own,
 Heathen tribes His name adore;
 Satan and His host o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Then shall wars and tumult cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness and joy and peace
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
 Ever praise His glorious name;
 All His mighty acts record,
 All His wondrous love proclaim.
 HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

328 Tune—"Work." P.M.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon:
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies:
 Work till the last beam fadeth—
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

ANNA L. WALKER, 1860.

329 Tune—"Hamburg"—No. 216. L. M.

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue de-
 clare;
 Unite my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there.

Thy love, how cheering is its ray !
All pain before its presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

O let Thy love my soul inflame,
And to Thy service sweetly bind ;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.

Thy love, in suffering, be my peace ;
Thy love, in weakness, make me
strong ;

And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be, in heaven, my song.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1659. Transl. by JOHN WESLEY,
1739.

330 Tune—"Mornington"—No. 140. *S. M.*
Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee ;

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend ;
In all I do, be Thou the Way,
In all, be Thou the End.

All may of Thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;
The meanest work, divine.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1632.

331 Tune—"Geer"—No. 89. *C. M.*
Thou art the way ; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that Way to know ;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824.

332 Tune—"Woodworth." *L. M.*
Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind !
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am ; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am ; Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

333 Tune—"Martyn." *7s. D.*
Jesus ! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high ;

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

334 Tune—"Louvan"—No. 136. *L. M.*
Jesus ! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days ?

Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star :
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

335 Tune—"Schuman"—No. 12. *S. M.*
Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,—
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

336 *Ss. & 7s. D.*
Tune—"Guidance"—No. 110.
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
[:]Bread of heaven ! Bread of heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.[:]

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through.
 ¶: Strong Deliverer ! Strong Deliverer !
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.:¶

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 ¶: Songs of praises, songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.:¶

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1772.

337 Tune—"Rathbun." 8s. & 7s.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

338 Tune—"Cowper." C. M.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 ¶: Lose all their guilty stains.:¶

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 ¶: Washed all my sins away.:¶

Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 ¶: Be saved to sin no more.:¶

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 ¶: And shall be till I die.:¶

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 tongue

¶: Lies silent in the grave.:¶

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

339 Tune—"Serenity"—No. 192. C. M.

For ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy wounded side ;
 This all my hope and all my plea—
 For me the Savior died !

My dying Savior and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

340 Tune—"Hewetson"—No. 95. 7s.

Father of eternal grace,
 Glorify Thyself in me ;
 Meekly beaming in my face,
 May the world Thine image see.

Happy only in Thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown ;
 Fix my thoughts on things above,
 Stay my heart on Thee alone.

Humble, holy, all-resigned
 To Thy will :—Thy will be done.
 Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of Thy well beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod ;
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with Him, to Thee, my God.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1808.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
 My path of life attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

341 Tune—"Olivet." 6s. & 4s.

My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Savior divine !
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire.
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside !

When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Savior ! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul !

RAY PALMER, 1830.

343 Tune—"Manoah"—No. 138. C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is His own Interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

342 Tune—"Lambeth"—No. 148. C. M.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

344 Tune—"Retreat." L. M.

From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads :—
A place than all beside more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL, 1828.

345 Tune—"Austria"—No. 106. *Ss. 7s. & 4s.*

Savior, like a shepherd lead us ;
Much we need Thy tender care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us ;
For our use Thy folds prepare.
||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.:||

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.

||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.:||

Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will ;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill.

||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.:||

DOROTHY ANN THRUPE, 1838.

346 Tune—"Lake Enon"—No. 140. *S. M.*

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith.

Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame,
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee !

JOSEPH HART, 1759.

347 Tune—No. 311.

God, we bless Thee that we meet again :
Thou hast heard the prayer we brought
Thee,

Given the good that we besought Thee ;
God, we bless Thee that we meet again.

REFRAIN: That we meet, etc.

God, we bless Thee that we meet again:
Kind Thy bonds our hearts enchaining,
Gentle all Thy love's constraining;
God, we bless Thee that we meet again.

[REF.]

God, we bless Thee that we meet again:
Be Thy praise and our thanksgiving
Sound out in holy living;

God, we bless Thee that we meet again.

[REF.]

God, we bless Thee that we meet again:
Though we part when ends life's story,
O how sweet to sing in Glory—

God, we bless Thee that we meet again.

[REF.]

EDWARD A. COLLIER, 1900.

348 Tune—"Harwell." *Ss. 7s. & 7s.*

Hark ! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love ;

! : See, He sits on yonder throne !
Jesus rules the world alone. :]

Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlighthens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth :
! : When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine. :]

King of glory, reign for ever !
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
own :
! : Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face. :]

Savior, hasten Thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
! : Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
" Glory, glory to our King ! " :]

THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

349 Tune—"Williamson"—No. 129. *S. M.*
We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christlike thing.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854.

350 Tune—"Mornington"—No. 140. *S. M.*
I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode ;
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Savior, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

351 Tune—"Lyons"—No. 109. *10s. & 11s.*
O worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His power and His
love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His
grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space ;

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the
storm.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies, how tender, how firm to
the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and
Friend.

O measureless might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee
above,
The humbler creation, though feeble
their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy
praise.

ROBERT GRANT, 1830.

352 Tune—"Moyer"—No. 94. *S. M.*

Soldiers of Christ, arise !
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God sup-
plies,
Through His eternal Son.

Strong, in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

From strength to strength go on ;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

353 Tune—"Manoah"—No. 133. *C. M.*

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within !

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

354 Tune—"Innocents"—No. 10. 7s.

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light !
Zion's city is in sight ;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismayed go on.

Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Seal our love, our labors end ;
Let us to Thy bliss ascend ;
Let us to Thy kingdom come ;
Lord ! we long to be at home.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

355 Tune—"Lambeth"—No. 148. *C. M.*
How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road ;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God !

Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

356 Tune—"The Solid Rock," *L. M.*
My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

REFRAIN.

On Christ the Solid Rock, I stand ;
¶ : All other ground is sinking sand. : ¶

When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.—REF.

His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.—REF.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found ;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne !

—REF.

EDWARD MOTE, 1825.

357 Tune—"Eric." *8s. & 7s. D*
What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear.
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior,
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—REF.

I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!—REF.

ANNIE S. HAWKS, 1872.

I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat

What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—REF.

I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.—REF.

KATHERINE HANKEY, 1870.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

REFRAIN.

Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.—REF.

Pass me not, O tender Savior,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
For I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me!
—REF.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—REF.

Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify it all in me.—REF.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent
 word!
 What more can He say than to you He
 hath said,
 To you who for refuge to Jesus have
 fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not
 dismayed,
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee
 aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand,
 Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent
 hand.

"When through the deep waters I call
 thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway
 shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
 supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee: I only
 design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
 refine.

"E'en down to old age all My people
 shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
 love;
 And then, when gray hairs shall their
 temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
 be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
 repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should en-
 deavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

GEORGE KEITH, 1787.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
 coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where
 the grapes of wrath were stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
 His terrible, swift sword;
 His truth is marching on.

REFRAIN.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Our God is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
 shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before
 His judgment-seat;
 O be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
 be jubilant, my feet;
 Our God is marching on.—REF.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
 across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that trans-
 figures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die
 to make men free,
 While God is marching on.—REF.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

When, Lord, to this our western land,
 Led by Thy providential hand,
 Our wandering fathers came;
 Their ancient homes, their friends in
 youth,
 Send forth the heralds of Thy truth,
 To keep them in Thy name.

Then through our solitary coast,
 The desert features soon were lost,
 Thy temples there arose;
 Our shores, as culture made them fair,
 Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer,
 And blossomed as the rose.

And Oh ! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
 Within our spreading land !
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
 Still guided by Thy hand.

Savior ! we owe this debt of love ;
O shed Thy spirit from above,
 To move each Christian breast ;
Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix Thy name,
 Through all our desert west.

HENRY USTIC ONDERDONK, 1826.

364 Tune—No. 117. *L. M. D.*

Upon the holy hills of God,
 Thro' vales and o'er the stormy sea,
My Savior's sacred footsteps trod,
 To bring redemption full and free.
From heavenly peace to earthly strife
 He came as love's victorious sign ;
And all His pure, unselfish life
 Revealed the depth of Love Divine.

To bring relief in every need
 This Ensign stood amid the gloom ;
By loving word and wondrous deed
 He made this earthly desert bloom.
The poor, the blind, the lame, the lost,
 Beneath His glance forgot their woes ;
His pity counted not the cost,—
 E'en wept and prayed for mortal foes.

Love's banner raised on Calvary's hill,
 Shall e'er a sweet attraction prove,
And by that sign we conquer still
 The world for Christ, constrained by
 love.

Let every heart, like Christ of old,
 With love and holy purpose beat ;
To bring the stray within the fold,
 Like His, be beautiful our feet.

C. W. E. SIEGEL, 1899.

365 Tune—"Russia"—No. 70. *L. M.*

Great God of nations ! now to Thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer Thee our song of praise.

Thy name we bless, Almighty God !
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.

Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;
Here Thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

We praise Thee that the Gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

Great God ! preserve us in Thy fear ;
In dangers still our guardian be ;
O spread Thy truth's bright precepts
 here ;

Let all the people worship Thee.

ALFRED ALEXANDER WOODHULL, 1829.

366 Tune—"Varina." *C. M. D.*

There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeckoned eyes ;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

367

7s. & 6s. D.
 Tune—"Ewing"—No. 221.

There is a wondrous river,
 Whose living waters flow
 As bright and clear as crystal :
 Life-giving as they go.
 Beneath the throne eternal
 Those living waters spring,—
 The throne of God, our Father,
 And of the Lamb, our King.

Where'er this river cometh,
 It maketh all things live ;
 And to the faint and weary
 Doth sweet refreshment give.
 And every one that thirsteth,
 Yea, all ye sons of men,
 May freely drink, and never,
 No, never thirst again.

No heat doth ever parch it,
 Nor cold its waters lock,
 It is no desert-vision
 Which doth the thirsty mock.
 Life, healing, cleansing, comfort,
 None seeketh here in vain,
 While God, its fountain fullness,
 Doth still His throne maintain.

This wondrous crystal river,
 May we, O Lord, behold
 Within Thy holy city,
 Amid its streets of gold !
 And see, in beauty blooming,
 On that side and on this,
 The tree of life that yieldeth
 Its twelffold fruits of bliss.

EDWARD A. COLLIER, 1899.

368

Tune—"Dennis."

S. M.

Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

369

8s. & 7s. D.
 Tune—"Nettleton"—No. 288.

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee ;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it ;
Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1757.

370 Tune—"Salzburg"—No 23. *8s. 7s. & 4s.*
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;

[: O refresh us, :]
Traveling thro' this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
[: May Thy presence :]
With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
[: We shall surely :]
Reign with Christ in endless day.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1774.

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